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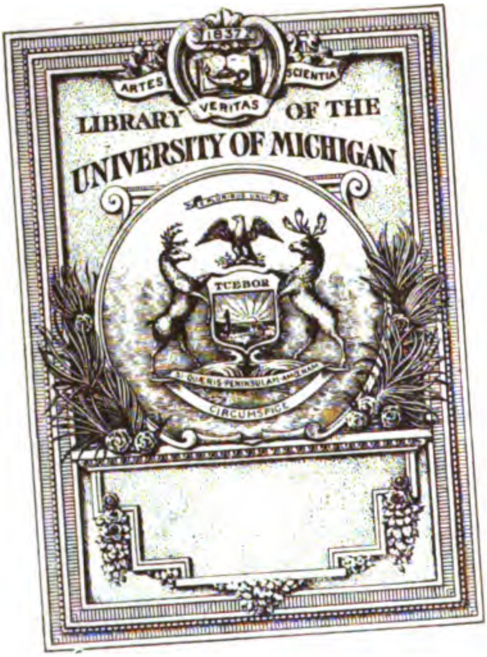
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F. J. Blake

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME X.

PARTS LV. TO LX. JULY—DECEMBER, 1870.

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CONTENTS.

Page

A Visit to the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard 271

Bygones . 74, 149, 239, 351, 473, 569
Bits from a Note Book . . 308, 623

Cameos from English History 9, 219, 437
Correspondence:—
  A Letter on Fashion . . 99
  Baron Swinburne and the Defence of Scharnitz 311
  Restoration of Salisbury Cathedral 526
  St. Luke's Mission . . . 626
  St. Swithun's Home . . . 624
  Two Hours in Strasburg . . 523
Conseils de Lectures Françaises . 310

East London Nursing Society . . 306
Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association 192

For the Sick and Wounded . . 608

Girlhood of Laurette Permon . . 30

Hints on Italian Reading . . 93
Hints on Reading . . . 98, 423
Historical Sketches of Illumination . 87
Homburg during the War . 378, 492
How to Help the Wounded . . 391
Hymn-Poems on Notable Texts 8, 115, 217, 322, 435, 536

Magnetism of the Earth . . . 538
Mission Work at Home . . 195
Musings over the Christian Year and Lyra Innocentium 6, 108, 214, 319, 431

Nunn's Court 82, 143, 248, 360, 486, 588

Passions Spiel at Ober Ammergau 259, 368

Page

Poetry:—
  After a Festival at Oxford . 218
  Christmas Eve 537
  Die Wacht am Rhein, with a Translation 377
  Glorified Saints . . . 436
  'My Life' 621
  Pallas de Velletri . . . 422
  The Transfiguration . . . 116
  The War, 1870 309
  Three Poems by the Rev. J. Keble 105
  Two War Pictures . . . 521
  'Who Giveth Songs in the Night' 529
Polyglott Parsing 208
Practical Hints on Illumination 266, 600

Queen Louisa's Grave . . . 519

Recollections of Manxland . . 183

Sketches from Hungarian History 117
Sketches from Indian Life . . 255
St. Andrew's Waterside Mission . 201
St. Stephen's, Clewer . . . 522

The Divina Commedia of Dante 1, 110, 209, 318, 425, 531
The Eight-pointed Cross . . 604
The Flower Sermon . . . 291
The Four Giant Planets . . 330
The Hermit's Pillar . . . 158
The Pillars of the House 57, 128, 224, 343, 448, 550
The Song of the Three Children . 323
The Twentieth Anniversary of the Prince Consort's Association . 295
The Two Last Sundays at Ammergau 368
The White Man 417
The Women of La Vendée . . 300
Things 614
Thoughts of a Lover of Old English Prose 19
Traditions of Tirol . 172, 286, 410, 498

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JULY, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

The twenty-fifth Canto resumes the narration of the robbers' punishment in the seventh gulf. Vanni Fucci having ended his speech to Dante with a prophecy of no friendly import, still further displays his angry temper and shame at being recognized, in the action of blasphemous insult towards God, instantly punished by the ministers of the divine vengeance, with which the Canto opens. Line 15 refers to the obstinate profanity of Capaneus beneath the shower of flames, which was described in the fourteenth Canto, and will be still in our readers' recollection. Dante himself accounts for the introduction of Cacus here: the other centaurs, having been given to deeds of violence upon earth, have already been met with at the river of blood; but Cacus, who had stolen the herds which Hercules was bringing from Spain as the spoils of his victory over Geryon, and had attempted in vain to conceal their track by dragging them by the tail backwards into his cave, was rightly placed on his disappearance from the upper world, in the circle of the fraudulent. The account that follows, from line 49 to 78, is one of the most difficult parts of the whole Inferno to understand. The course of events, according to the commentators' explanation, is as follows.

The three spirits who interrupt Virgil's narrative in line 37 are Agnello Brunelleschi, Buoso Donati, and Puccio Sciancato. To them appears their friend Cianfa, (whom they have just missed,) in the guise of a six-footed serpent, who throws himself upon Brunelleschi, and the two become one monster. After him comes Guercio de' Cavalcanti, transformed into a four-footed serpent, who bites Buoso Donati in the navel, and in so doing transfers to him his loathsome disguise, resuming himself the proper human form. So, at last, there remain only Puccio Sciancato and Guercio de' Cavalcanti. Now, of the latter transformation, described in lines 79–141, it is tolerably easy to understand the motive. We can conceive one robber passing on to another the serpent form, in his anxiety to relieve himself of the hateful burden; and doubtless, when Buoso went hissing off he would make for and wound the first spirit he met, and enact the same strange drama of mutual transformation all over again. This—whatever may be said of the details of the narrative, to some of which modern anatomists would probably take strong exception—is not much harder of comprehension than the simpler, and perhaps on that account more vivid catastrophe that befell Vanni Fucci in the last Canto. But the earlier part, the transformation of Cianfa and Brunelleschi, is quite inexplicable. How came the former to be so suddenly metamorphosed? with what object does he fly at his friend? are the two ever to be disunited again, and if so, how? Such and similar questions may be proposed, which it seems difficult to answer satisfactorily. It will be observed that Dante nowhere directly identifies Cianfa with the reptile of line 50; and so it may seem to some a more likely explanation that the latter is no transformed sinner, but a demon such as bit Vanni Fucci in the last Canto, who has temporarily united himself to Brunelleschi for the purpose of tormenting him, and will in course of time let him go, to seek another victim. This is plausible enough; yet it is more probably the case that Dante meant the reptile to be the transformed Cianfa, and did not care to make his ideas easily comprehensible to his readers.

The reference to Lucan of lines 94, 95, will be found in the ninth Book of his *Pharsalia*, after the catalogue of serpents which we have seen alluded to in line 85 of the last Canto. The deaths of Sabellus and Nasidius, two of Cato's soldiers, from the bites of Seps and Prester, give Lucan the opportunity of putting into verse a somewhat sensational description of the effects of serpent venom: which, though it may be called poetry in a certain sense, as bearing the mark of a practised hand, yet is not worthy to be compared with this Canto in respect of vigour and purpose and all that constitutes true poetry, quite apart from the particular boast of originality in which Dante indulges in lines 100–102. In short, Lucan makes his historical event as unreal as a vision; Dante his vision as real as a history. The immediate instrument of transformation seems to be the smoke from the cauterised wound, though in lines 91 and 122 Dante seems to anticipate one of the principles of modern mesmerism. The last line of the Canto refers to the vengeance exacted by the kinsmen of Francesco Guercio on the people of Gaville in the upper Val d'Arno, who had had him arrested and put to death for his robberies.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXV.

THIS said, the robber raised with mocking laughter
  Both hands aloft, finger to thumb, and cried,
  'I set them at thee; take it, God.' Thereafter
The serpents were my friends; for one applied
  Coils round his throat, as if she said 'Not even
  One syllable further;' and another tied

His hands and arms with rivets firmly driven
  In front, so clasping him in bondage fellest
  That with them not one motion could be given.
Ah, Pistoia, Pistoia, why compellest
  Thee not to burn to ash, that so be stopped
  Thy course, who in all ill thy seed excellest?
In all Hell's climes none saw I, who out-topped
  This spirit in rancour against God blaspheming;
  Not him who smitten from Thebes' ramparts dropped.
Without a word he fled; then saw I gleaming
  With rage a Centaur hasten, who exclaimed,
  'Where, where that bitter tongue?' The viper-teeming
Maremma to compare can scarce be named,
  So many snakes were on his flanks suspended,
  Right from the haunch to where our shape is framed.
Upon his shoulders lay with wings extended
  Behind his neck a dragon, which imbueth
  With fire whoe'er across his path have wended.
'Cacus this is,' my lord his speech reneweth,
  'Who 'neath the rock of Aventinus living
  Full oft made lakes of blood. He here pursueth
Not one road with his brethren, for the thieving
  Of the great herd that near him lay—such leaven
  Of fraud inspired his stratagems deceiving—
Whence ceased his wicked deeds, so willed it heaven,
  Beneath the club of Hercules, who gave him
  Maybe five score, and he felt not eleven.'
While yet he spoke, the Centaur past us drave him:
  Then came three spirits beneath us, unobserved
  Of me and of my guide, until to have him
Aware, they cried out 'Who are ye?' Then swerved
  Our mind, and from the Centaur's story glanced
  And bent on them its ken intently nerved.
I recognized them not; but so it chanced
  As on occasion oft is customary,
  That one should name another, so advanced
One spirit and cried, 'Where doth Cianfa tarry?'
  Thereat I placed to gain my lord's attention
  From chin to nose my finger cautionary.
Reader, shouldst thou be slow of apprehension
  In what I tell, I shall not be amazed;
  Since I have almost with myself dissension
Who saw it. While intent on these I gazed,
  Lo, a six-footed reptile quick alighteth
  On one in front, with body all upraised

To meet him. To his belly he uniteth
His midmost feet: his fore-feet he enlaces
About his arms; then both cheeks deep he biteth.
His hinder feet along the thighs he places,
Then to the rear his tail between them flinging,
Up to the loins he curls it. Ne'er embraces
Ivy the oak with rooted fibres clinging
So close as thus the monster fell entwined
His own with the other's limbs. Such contact bringing
He clung, and in one colour both combined,
So melting that of heated wax they seemed,
As each his former countenance resigned.
Even thus, before the advancing fire out-streamed
The embrowned tint athwart the paper flieth
Which while the white dies, not yet black is deemed.
The other two look on: then either crieth,
'Ah me, Agnello; look, how thou art changed;
Nor two art thou, nor one.' Our gaze descrieth
Already the two heads in one arranged,
And then appeared the diverse figures blending
Into one form, each from his own estranged.
Of the four lengths were made two arms appending,
Then thighs and legs, belly and breast were massed
In limbs whereof was never apprehending
The like. All previous aspect was effaced;
Two forms yet none the perverse image sheweth;
So from our sight with tardy steps it passed.
As glides the lizard, when in fierceness gloweth
The dog-days' scourge, from hedge to hedge, as vivid
As lightning, if across the road it goeth;
So we hard by the other twain perceived
A fiery serpent at their entrails flying
As 'twere a grain of pepper, black and livid.
At one he came, and in the part supplying
Our primal aliment, with bite assailed him;
Then down he fell, outstretched before him lying.
Him the pierced spirit eyed, but words had failed him;
With feet firm set he stood, yawning and dazed
As if some lethargy or fever ailed him.
He and the serpent on each other gazed;
From wound of one, from mouth of the other welleth
Dense smoke, whose wreaths commingling high are raised.
Let Lucan now be silent, where he dwelleth
On sad Sabellus and Nasidius' story,
And hark to that which here mine epic telleth.

Let Ovid close his mythic repertory;
If Arethuse he turned to water springing,
Or Cadmus to a serpent, naught his glory
I grudge him: for two natures never bringing
In such wise face to face he changed, that either
Should list to assume the other's form. In ringing
Such change, they mutually accorded, whether
The serpent in a fork his tail divided,
Or the pierced spirit drew his feet together;
While legs and thighs into each other glided
So closely that the fusion terminating
In little time no mark to sight provided.
Then, while the split tail took in separating
The shape the other lost, its skin reacted
From hard to soft, the other's indurating.
The arms within the arm-pits were compacted;
And the two monster's feet that were the shorter
So lengthened as the other's were contracted.
Then twisting up those of the hinder quarter
Together made the part that man concealeth;
Which in the wretch split, and became supporter
Of his new form. O'er one and other stealeth
New colour from the smoke, on one devising
The fresh hair which it from the other peeleth.
Then to the ground one fell, the other rising;
Nor yet their evil lamps they disconnected
Beneath which each accomplished his disguising.
He that now stood, from face to brow collected
A pile of flesh; from which abundant quarry
New ears from out his smooth cheeks were erected.
But part that thither went not back, did tarry
To make the face a nose its substance lending,
And give the lips their fullness necessary.
He that lay prone, his countenance extending,
His ears within his head retiring hideth
As doth the snail her horns: and in the ending,
Entire before and apt of speech, divideth
The tongue in forked semblance; while the other's
Unites again; and then the smoke subsideth.
The spirit become a monster, fleeing, mutters
Its hisses down the vale; and he returned
To human form, behind it talking sputters.
Thereafter he his new-found shoulders turned
And said, 'As I was, now be Buoso spurred
On all fours o'er this path.' Thus I discerned

The ballast of the seventh hold transferred
  From change to change; and here be blame forbidden
  If on a theme so new my pen hath erred.
And though my spirit was at times o'erridden,
  And all my senses by amazement stormed,
  Yet could they not escape, however hidden,
But of Sciancato was I well informed;
  Of the three comrades who appeared soonest
  He was the sole one that was not transformed; 150
The other thou with tears, Gaville, ownest.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

ST. JAMES.

Again the ventures of faith! again the pledge taken in the hope of the nearness to Christ in His glory involving nearness to Him in His suffering!

Through both the poems for St. James's Day this thought runs. The Christian Year places before us the entreaty of the two brothers—the warning reply, their promise, and the answer in return.

'Then be it so: My cup receive,
  And of My woes baptismal taste;
But for the crown that angels weave
  For those next Me in glory placed,
I give it not by partial love;
  But in My Father's Book are writ
What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
  That they in Heaven may highest sit.'

The lesson our hearts should thence take up should be that of meekness and self-contrast. Spiritual rapture needs to be subdued and chastened with the thought of suffering. Upon 'Tabor's sun-bright steep' (for Mr. Keble always regarded Mount Tabor as the scene of the Transfiguration) the talk was of the Lord's decease, and He Himself immediately began to prepare the chosen three for the suffering; and thus we need not grudge a few short years for the humble tasks of love in His Name which are to lead us upwards. The present happiness is now and then in some happy holy death to trace the secret work of love, and for the future to hear the gracious call—

'Come, see thy place prepared in Heaven.'

The joys of religion—like the glimpse of the Transfiguration—are granted to enable us to drink of the cup, and be baptized with that Baptism which prepares for the place in Heaven.

'And wheresoe'er you lift your eyes, the holy Cross, they say,
Stands guardian of your journey by lone or crowded way.'

Often had the Christian poet wondered what the effect of the Cross thus constantly gazed upon might have upon little children, and how it might deepen all their holier thoughts, and consecrate their lighter ones. 'And now behold a token true.' A maiden from a distant isle—that Ireland which had at least till Fenian days kept its faith fresh of hue,

'Where old devotion lingers beside the granite cross,
And pilgrims seek the healing well far over moor and moss,'

—an Irish maiden brought home from Italy a drawing of a little group that she had watched, a peasant girl lifting her baby brother to kiss the lips of the figure on a crucifix. And thereupon the thoughts are ascribed to the little sister, that the newly-baptized babe may fearlessly claim his part in the Saviour, while there is more fear for the elder. Or again, the thought of the suffering may have been with her. Does not coming so near to the Saviour give a mysterious pledge that with His love must be shared His sorrow?

'If of the dying JESUS we the kiss of peace receive,
How but in daily dying thenceforward dare we live?'

Natural affection cannot choose but shrink at the thought, and ask the question whether it be right to lay upon the unconscious young life

'Such burdens, pledging thee to vows thou never canst unsay,'

and picture the various forms of agony in which the Cross may come. Such must be the misgiving of love,

'When stronger far than faith
She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for life or death.'

Then may the Comforter be near such trembling love, to bring to her mind how the eternal rule, that glory must be won by suffering, was spoken by our blessed Master, when the Beloved Disciple, and the first martyred Apostle, were brought by their mother to crave the next seats to His Throne.

'For her dreams were of the Glory, but the Cross she could not see.'

Well was it for the mother and sons, that when they did understand the full force of their pledge, they had hearts to abide by it!

'Thy Baptism and the cup be ours, for both our hearts are strong.'

Yes, that song is the safest and the best for our babes, whatever it may pledge them to. Just as the mother's kiss is the first greeting in the morning and the last at night, so that kiss, bringing us to our Lord, is our only blessing. The sister may indeed trust her charge here—'here is the gate of bliss.' True, though of the three Saints who of old were permitted to kiss the Blessed One, 'each with death or agony for the high rapture paid.' His mother's embrace prepared her for the sword that was to pierce through her own soul; Simeon's hymn was his farewell; and the Magdalen's tearful touch preluded the time when she would weep over those Feet when pierced. So it was with all these; but what joy does not this shed on the path of sorrow, for

> 'the nails and bleeding Brows,
> The pale and dying Lips, are the portion of the Spouse.'

(*To be continued.*)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. VII.—THE TRAVAIL OF THE CREATION.

'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.'—*Romans*, viii. 22.

(*Tune*, Melita.)

THE whole creation groans and cries
  In travail of a second birth;
All living things, their covering skies,
  And circling floods, and parent earth,
Cry in an agonizing throng,
How long, O Lord our God, how long?

How long? the living creatures cry,
  Subject to vanity with man;
Condemned to suffer and to die,
  Partakers of his righteous ban,
Yet doomed in hope* that they may see
And share the Church's liberty.

---

* The passage, *Romans* viii. 19-23, is thus more correctly and intelligibly rendered:—'*For the earnest expectation of creation waiteth for this* (see preceding verse) *manifestation of the sons of God: for the creation was made subject to vanity;* (*i. e.* the curse indicated *Genesis* iii. 17-19.) *not of its own choice or will, but by reason*

How long? the ruined skies complain,
  In prayer for the eternal calm;
With sighs of storm and tears of rain,
  They chant their lamentable psalm:
When shall the blissful light be born,
The beauty of Adoption's morn?

How long? the troubled waters moan;
  O visioned hope in hours of strife!
The jasper sea before the throne,
  Fed by the crystal stream of life!
O Israel's waters, stream and sea,
Fullness of peace and purity!

How long? all earth beneath the rod
  Of one wide curse lifts up her cry,
And waits, with all the sons of God,
  For their supreme Epiphany,
For their Redemption's glorious day,
When former things shall pass away.

How long, O Lord our God, how long?
  In this our earthly house of thrall,
With all creation's mighty throng,
  We too, Thine own, upon Thee call!
Patient in hope we long for Home:
Our Father, let Thy kingdom come.
Amen.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CI.

THE BRIDGE OF PECQUIGNY.

1472–1477.

FULLY established on the English throne, with the House of Lancaster destroyed, not a descendant of Henry of Bolingbroke in existence, and very few of even John of Gaunt, Edward IV. began to think of the wars that had always been most popular among the English. The conquest

---

of Him Who made it subject—in hope that the creation itself shall be set free from the bondage of corruption, (in which it now is with man,) *into the liberty of the glory of the children of God—for we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now; and not only it, but ourselves also,'* &c.

of France had been the favourite Plantagenet dream ever since the blood of the she-wolf of France had flowed in their veins; and in the flush of victory, with the sense of being one of the most able and successful captains then living, Edward was emulous of the fame of his namesake and ancestor Edward III., and hoped to eclipse the memory of the Lancastrian Henry of Monmouth, and re-conquer all that had been lost by the Beaufort mismanagement.

The time, too, seemed excellent. Every neighbouring prince hated the sordid, treacherous, and spiteful Louis XI., most of all Edward's own brother-in-law in Burgundy; and surely if the Burgundian alliance had once set the French crown on the head of a Lancastrian infant, it might do so again on that of a Yorkist warrior.

Only Edward was determined that if he were to be crowned it should be in the right place, at Rheims, not irregularly at Paris; and this was made a special item in his treaty with Charles of Burgundy, when, after the usual custom, they shared the bear-skin before killing the bear. By this treaty, which was confirmed in London, on the 25th of July, 1474, by Edward himself and by Charles's half-brother Antoine, commonly known as the Grand Bastard of Burgundy, the Duke engaged to assist the King in the conquest of the whole of France, on condition of obtaining the western provinces for himself, and that both they, and what he already held under the crown of France, should be set free from all homage thereto, thus enabling him to found that Burgundian kingdom for which he sighed. He hoped to purchase the aid of the Emperor Friedrich VI. by giving his only child's hand to Maximilian, Friedrich's son, and thus to be elected King of the Romans, reign as Emperor, and leave his dominions thus increased and ennobled to Marie and Maximilian. In his first attempt to arrange matters on the German side, he had been disappointed through the wayward caprice and avarice of the old Emperor; but his hopes were still high, and while he had the best appointed and disciplined army in Europe, and Edward was an unrivalled general, they might well think of France as already at their feet, with her unwarlike king, who was far too much hated ever to be like his father, the 'well served.'

Even his own sister, Yolande, regent of Savoy, for her young son, Philibert, joined the alliance against him, as did also François II., Duke of Brittany, and Scotland was prevented from openly joining him by a treaty by which Edward's second daughter Cecily was to marry the young Duke of Rothsay; and in England the expedition was so agreeable to the national vanity, that Parliament readily voted tenths to be paid by clergy, lords, and commons; and wealthy persons, at the King's direct request, made contributions which were called benevolences. Private citizens of London gave each half the pay of a soldier for a year, aldermen double this amount, and the Lord Mayor three times. For Edward could do anything he pleased with the Londoners. He really gave enlightened patronage to their commerce, and his free genial manner and easy familiarity made him very popular. He was a boon companion, familiar and good-natured, and in the coarse licence of those times, his sensual vices, while as Fuller says, he was already digging his grave with his own teeth, made him the favourite of the populace. A king who would share their feasts, and loiter among the painted chambers of fair burgher dames, seemed to the multitude a pleasant exchange for the grave monastic piety of Henry VI.; and if the nobility were not as well pleased, some had fallen with Lancaster, some with Warwick, and all were shorn of much of their wealth by the long wars.

But this course of pleasures was enervating the mind and the health of the King. When fully roused, his swiftness was terrible and irresistible as the bound of a tiger; but young as he still was, it was more and more difficult to rouse him; and though he was willing to view himself as the future victor of France, the actual labours of the campaign he deferred again and again; and in the meantime the subtle Louis, by his secret agents, had succeeded in raising around his ally, Charles of Burgundy, a whole swarm of foes, in especial the Austrians and the Swiss.

The Swiss mountaineers—free bold land-holders as they were—were of the same stubborn unyielding nature as our English archers. More than once had they overthrown the chivalry of Austria in defence of their liberties, and they had won and held their own ground, and therewith the general honour of Europe. Burgundy had always been on excellent terms with them, and Charles had endeavoured to mediate between them and Sigismund Duke of Austria, the husband of Eleanor of Scotland, a miserable, helpless, needy, and faithless prince. In the year 1469, distress had induced Sigismund to sell to Charles his sovereignty over the county of Elsass, or Alsace, for fifty thousand florins. It was a fatal purchase, for it brought the boundaries of his domains close upon those of the Swiss confederation; and the fierce Rhineland knight whom he sent as governor, Peter von Hagenbach, though faithful and trustworthy to his master, was a brutal tyrant, contemptuous and savage to all below him, and bringing the Burgundian name into intense hatred. Sigismund had tried to persuade Charles to join him in chastising the Swiss, and when this was refused, he began secretly to foment the murmurs of the Alsatians; while Louis had agents in Berne, who bribed the principal citizens, and turned their hearts against their old ally in Burgundy. Hagenbach, though directed to shew all respect to the Swiss, could not, or did not, hinder his lawless followers from plundering their merchants, and always treated them with insolence, until at length a great revolt took place of the men of Alsace, assisted by those from Switzerland; Hagenbach was besieged at Briesach, the townspeople rose upon him, and made him prisoner, then inviting Sigismund back again, they carried the unhappy captive to Basle, where, after cruel tortures, he was beheaded, though being no subject of Sigismund's, there was no semblance of justice or right in the proceeding.

Of course Charles could not but take up arms to avenge such an outrage; and he assembled his forces to re-conquer the county which had been sold to him, beginning by besieging the town of Neuss. The Swiss at first had refused to take any part in the war, but Louis's deputies prevailed; they were effectually stirred up at last, and declared war against the Duke. The Emperor Friedrich took up the cause of his kinsman Sigismund, and assembled his forces to raise the siege. These Charles gallantly defeated; but winter weather, the discontent of his troops, and the various perplexities that Louis had caused him, caused him to make peace with the Emperor and raise the siege, but without including in the treaty either Louis, Sigismund, Alsace, or the Swiss. All this was taking place in the spring of 1475, while Edward IV., unable for very shame to defer his crossing any longer, was preparing to cross from Sandwich, where a fleet of five hundred Dutch flat-bottomed boats had been sent to transport his army across to Calais. He had fifteen thousand men-at-arms on barbed horses, fifteen thousand archers also on horseback, and a great number of infantry and artillery and machines, among others a huge plough, drawn by fifty horses, to make trenches; but not so much as a page unable to bear arms or to be of service in the campaign. With him were his two brothers of Clarence and Glocester, and a goodly band of nobility, besides one hundred and fifty-six knights; and he was heard to boast that with such an army he could march to the gates of Rome itself! The flat-bottomed boats went backwards and forwards several times, and at length in the month of June, this whole imposing multitude was across the Strait. Edward at the same time sent off Ireland King at Arms to bear his chivalrous defiance to Louis, and summon him to deliver up the realm of France, which lawfully belonged to King Edward, that the Church and nobles might be freed from the burthens that they were held under, against the laws and customs of the kingdom. In case of a refusal, all the bloodshed would lie at Louis's door!

The letter was written in such good French that it was plain that it had been indited by no Englishman, and the herald proved to be a native of Normandy. If Edward wished to avoid exposing insular French to derision, he had fallen into a far worse mistake, for the herald was not proof against the polite speeches of Louis, who took him into his chamber, and talked familiarly to him, saying he knew very well that his good brother of England was not personally desirous of the war, but that he had been led to it by his counsellors. As to the Duke of Burgundy, he was too much damaged by his expedition against Neuss to be of any great assistance to him, and the Count de St. Pol was not to be trusted; as a friend, therefore, he advised King Edward to conclude an honourable peace, and he promised the herald one thousand gold crowns if he could make him hear reason.

The herald, won over by the blandishments of his native sovereign, owned that he did not think King Edward's personal inclinations very warlike, and added his counsel that Louis should send a herald to ask a safe-conduct for an embassy, and that this herald should address himself either to Lord Howard or to Lord Stanley. Two hours were spent in this conference, and on coming out the King ordered thirty ells of crimson velvet to be at once measured off for the herald, and bade Comines take care of him, and see that he held no speech with anyone else.

On the 5th of July Edward landed in person at Calais, where his sister Margaret met him; and her husband, the Duke of Burgundy, followed her on the 14th; but he had made up his mind not to bring his troops to form one army with the English, well knowing the difficulty of keeping order in a host composed of different nations; and he therefore arrived with only his personal escort, with whom he undertook to guide Edward to a convenient spot for commencing the attack, while he would carry on the war in another quarter, namely, in Lorraine, whose young Duke, Réné, son to Yolande, old King Réné's daughter, was, like all the House of Anjou, thoroughly on the French side.

Edward, though discontented, let himself be led along the Somme, past the plains of Azincourt and Crecy, to the village of St. Christ, which lay midway between Charles's town of Peronne and that of St. Quentin, which belonged to the Constable of St. Pol, uncle to Edward's queen. Into Peronne Charles decided not to admit the English army; at St. Quentin, where the Count had almost pledged himself to admit them, and had offended Louis by excluding a French garrison, they found themselves equally shut out, and were even greeted with a volley of cannon-balls.

The English remained in camp near Peronne, annoyed and disappointed; and in the meantime Louis, keeping watch with a mere fragment of an army at Compiègne, encouraged his court by observing, 'These men are not the English of old; they creep, they keep close.' In fact, Edward felt himself at fault, and was doubtful of his allies; and his recent way of life disposed him both to inaction and to impatience of hardships. Just at this time the English made their first prisoner—a servant, who, in honour of being the first, was released after being interrogated by both King and Duke, and on his way out of the camp was accosted by Lords Howard and Stanley, who each gave him a gold noble and bade him commend them to his master.

This was a sure token that Ireland King-at-Arms had done his work; and the prisoner further reported that the Duke of Burgundy was going immediately to meet his States-General of Hainault at Valenciennes. Louis heard the message, and sat down to dinner, so pre-occupied that he made grimaces and gestures like a madman. He saw the time was come for sending the messenger, as the King-at-Arms had advised; but in his contempt of all royal pomp and vain expense, he had not a single herald or pursuivant about him! But his plan was soon made. He bade Comines send for a servant named Merindot, and instruct him to personate one of these almost sacred individuals in the English camp. The poor fellow was overcome with dismay; for such a cheat, if found out, was sure to be regarded as an outrage, and treated without mercy;

and Comines tried to persuade the King that he was unsuitable both in appearance and daring for the purpose; but Louis was determined, and a few words from his persuasive tongue prevailed on the valet to do his part.

A fleur-de-lys banner was cut from a trumpet, and hastily adapted as a tabard, the rest of the equipment was borrowed, and Mérindot was smuggled out of the French camp, with the whole of the paraphernalia in a bag, and in fear and trembling made his way to St. Christ.

Charles was absent, and none of the English detected the imposition; the false herald saw Howard and Stanley, had a good dinner, was taken to King Edward, repeated Louis's messages to him, about the expediency of peace, obtained a safe-conduct for ambassadors to arrange the preliminaries at a spot near Amiens; Merindot received from the King a cup full of gold pieces, and was sent back in company with the most dangerous person he had yet encountered, the English herald. If this were the Norman before mentioned, they probably laughed together at the maladroitness of the islanders, who had never suspected the counterfeit.

The next day the conferences began, hurried on by Louis lest the Duke should return. 'Give them all they ask,' he said to his commissioners, 'only not one rood of land. Rather than part with that I will risk all.'

On the English side came Lord Howard, Sir Thomas St. Leger, brother-in-law to the King, and Dr. Thomas Morton, the parson of Blokesworth, who, after faithfully adhering to Queen Margaret to the last, had made his peace with Edward, and was now Master of the Rolls.

The two gentlemen were heartily weary of the expedition, and had made up their minds with their master, that from the formal demand of the crown and kingdom of France itself, they would at once condescend to the more modest demand of seventy-five thousand crowns to pay their king for departing, and a black-mail of sixty thousand crowns a year for nine years under the name of a pension to the Lady Elizabeth, Edward's eldest daughter, who was to be contracted to the young Dauphin; and they even offered to betray to the French king the names of the vassals who had offered their aid. To this the French gentlemen made no answer, shocked at the dishonourable proposal, and went back to meet their king at Amiens. Some of the councillors thought the English demands so moderate, that they imagined there must be treachery; but Louis was confident in the dullness of the English, and in Edward's distaste for hardships, displeasure and want of confidence in his allies, and in his courtiers' greediness for money. He sent in every direction to raise the requisite sum, and sent presents of wine and all sorts of delicacies to the English camp, where Edward, more than half ashamed of letting himself be thus bought off, was excusing himself to his army by talking of the treachery of his allies.

In the midst, down upon them thundered Charles of Burgundy, who had galloped from Valenciennes with only sixteen attendants, and suddenly walked fiercely into the royal tent, where Edward was sitting with his companions.

'How now, Brother! what brings you back so soon?' asked Edward.

'I am come to speak with you,' said the Duke, in English.

'In public or in private?' said Edward.

'Is it true that you have made peace?' demanded Charles sharply.

'Yes, Brother. I have concluded a seven years truce, in which you shall be included as well as—'

'By St. George—by our Lady—' burst forth Charles, still in English; 'could you sign your own shame! Can you re-cross the sea without breaking a lance, or killing a fly? Have you forgotten the valiant King Edward your forefather, who never landed in this kingdom, even with a much smaller army, without winning some glorious battle, as at Crecy and Poitiers? Or that great King Henry, your illustrious kinsman as well as mine, whose family you extinguished, and whose son perished in your hands—God knows by what death—had he half as many men as you, when he fought not far hence on that famous day of Azincour? Did he dream of going back to England without mastering this kingdom, which submitted to him as regent and heir to the crown? And you—you are going without having done or gained anything! You have allowed yourself to be caught in the snares of the King of France, and have made a peace that does not give you back one peascod. 'Tis your own honour, fame, and profit, that I speak of. Was it for my own interest that I counselled you to come into France? What did I want of your aid? I can defend my own quarrel well enough alone, as I have shewn you already. And to prove it, I'll have none of these truces you have thrust me into against my will. I swear to make no treaty with the King of France till three months after you are gone!' and he started up, throwing down the chair he had been sitting on, while such voices as had not preferred French gold to English honour, among them that of young Richard of Glocester, murmured, 'The Duke of Burgundy has spoken well.'

But Edward was clever man enough to answer plausibly, throwing all the blame on the Duke himself. 'You wanted to conquer kingdoms in Germany,' he said, 'and feared meantime to lose your states; so to hinder King Louis, who was ready to profit by your absence, you took it into your head to bring me over to keep him uneasy, and guard Burgundy, while you were before Neuss or in some other country of Germany. You made fair promises. I was to get mountains of gold, and you would await me with whole armies of men-at-arms and foot-soldiers. It has all melted like snow in the sun, and when I come here I find you broken so much that you seem not to have a page to accompany you. We undertook the war solely to help you; but since not from cowardice but from folly you cannot follow them up, we have nothing to do here, but honour and our kingdoms are not at all at stake. Certes, if we had wanted to fight for England's cause, we should have acted in another way; we should not have asked your day nor hour, we should not have waited for your delays.

Having no need of your help, we should have landed where we chose, and plenty of burnt and taken towns, and men slain, would have shewn your subjects that it was England's quarrel that brought us. Nothing then hinders me from seeking the good of my kingdom by a good solid truce; and if I sign it, by God's help I will observe it.'

'God give you joy,' replied the Duke as he departed. He did, however, return to take a formal leave of King Edward, and then set out for Valenciennes.

An invasion of France was of course a mere gratification of the lust of conquest, and, as Louis continually observed, 'Peace is far more grateful to Heaven than war;' yet it is impossible not to regard Edward's conduct in this affair with a sense of humiliation, since it was no mercy or humanity that checked the progress of his army, but that the baser passions of avarice and sensuality stifled his ambition.

He was now lodged only half a league from Amiens, whence Louis could from the walls see and triumph over the disorderly state into which the magnificent English army had fallen, and which he cunningly increased by placing long tables before the gates, covered with dainty dishes, and provided with the best wines, presided over too by French gentlemen of rank, who as any English horseman came up, invited him to break a lance, and set him down to feast with them. Nine or ten taverns within the city were thrown open to such as could not find seats at the table, and of course multitudes of English flowed in, acting as English soldiers, all in good humour, would be too sure to do, above all men trained in the licence of a long civil war; and the French became alarmed, and were amazed at the small respect with which they treated the name of their own king.

But Louis would not have them gainsayed in any respect, until at last, one morning, he was interrupted while saying his Hours, by Comines, who came to tell him there were nine thousand English, all fully armed, in the city.

He sent Comines to their own captains to try to get them away, but in vain; for one who departed, twenty came in, but they merely drank, sung, and slept, and shewed no disposition to quarrel, and Louis's forbearance was really most sagacious and wonderful, when he was, as it were, sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, and the least dispute between the swaggering islanders and his own frightened and angry citizens might have lighted the spark in a moment. He caused his captains to keep a hundred armed men ready out of sight for any emergency, and himself sat down to dinner under the gateway, calling some English nobles to join him, and betraying no anxiety. Edward was soldier enough to be ashamed of his men, and sent word to Louis that they were not to be allowed to enter.

'No,' said Louis; 'to me they shall be welcome; but my cousin the King of England may be pleased perhaps to send a guard of archers to the gate, and they shall admit only those he desires.'

After this the disorder decreased, but both kings were in haste to shorten this time of danger; the treaties were drawn up, and the English nobles accepted their bribes. Dr. Morton's seemed to have been partly that he negociated the ransom of his unhappy mistress, Margaret of Anjou, from her captivity in the Tower, for seventy-five thousand crowns; but he likewise accepted a pension, as did the chancellor, the lord chamberlain, Edward's step-son John Grey, now Marquis of Dorset, Lord Howard, Lord Stanley, and Lord Hastings—all, with the King at their head, persuading themselves that it was only a tribute due to their superior strength. Hastings alone felt any shame, though it did not lead him to refuse the gold, only to say, 'If you wish me to take it, you may put it into my sleeve, but I will give you no quittance for it!'

The name of the thing did not give Louis much concern; he did not stickle at Edward calling himself King of France and England, and him only prince, but agreed to everything; and Edward secured to himself the present pension, the hope of seeing his beautiful little daughter 'Lady Bessee' Queen of France, and the promise of a refuge in that kingdom, if a fresh revolution should drive him from his throne.

The two kings had yet to meet and sign the treaty, and the chosen spot was Pecquigny on the Somme. A wooden bridge was erected over the river, and in the middle of it a shed, divided in the midst by such a wooden grating as was wont to form the front of a lion's cage, but with the bars wide enough apart for an arm to be passed through—all this by special desire of Louis.

He brought, however, only eight hundred men to the left bank of the river, while the whole English army was on the right bank, looking—to its own shame—a grander host than had been assembled since the time of King Arthur, as says Comines.

It was the 29th of August, 1475, when the two kings met with their cage between them—Louis accompanied by the Duke and the Cardinal of Bourbon, Comines, and other attendants; Edward by his brother of Clarence, his step-son of Dorset, his favourite Hastings, and others. Young Richard of Glocester was so much ashamed of the transaction, that he refused to be present.

There, then, they stood—the small, sharp-featured, slender, prematurely aged Louis, in his blue gown; and Edward, stately and magnificent looking, towering above all other heads, and his features still handsomer than those of any other man present, but his figure, already burly and encumbered from his way of life, clad in a cloth of gold robe, with a small black velvet cap on his head, adorned by a diamond fleur-de-lys. Both uncovered and bent the knee to the ground, then advanced to the barrier, and embraced through the bars, while Louis said,

'Welcome, my Lord and cousin. Never did I desire to see any man more than you. Heaven be praised for our happy meeting.'

Then came a reply in French in the same strain from Edward, a sermon-like discourse from the Bishop of Ely, about some old prophecy that there should be a great peace at Pecquigny; the reading of the treaty, the signature, and the oath made by both to observe it: and afterwards there was some merry conversation. 'Come to Paris, Cousin,' said Louis; 'you shall find banquets and fair ladies there, and for your confessor Cardinal Bourbon, who gives easy absolution.' But Louis shuddered when Edward seemed ready to take this jesting invitation in earnest. As he afterwards said, he much preferred his friend the King of England on the other side of the water; and he soon silenced Lord Howard, who remained with him as a hostage, and offered to bring his master to Paris.

A Gascon gentleman in Edward's service, whom Comines asked how many battles his master had won, answered, 'Nine; but he has lost one that is a greater shame to him than the others were an honour!'

'Which was that?' asked Comines.

'This one that he is losing now,' said the Gascon.

The King of France himself could hardly keep back his diversion at the ridiculous figure cut by the huge host that was going back, without having, in Burgundy's words, so much as killed a fly; but he knew the danger of rousing their sense of shame; and once, when he was laughing over their huge appetite for wine and gold, he suddenly stopped short on seeing a stranger listening. The man was a Gascon wine merchant, resident in England. The King at once bought up his wine, sent for his wife and children, and let him return no more, saying that as to the cost, it was his own forfeit for having talked too much.

At last the English set out on their return, not without fears of being beset by the Burgundians on their route; and though this did not happen, Edward actually wrote to Louis requesting that Charles might not be admitted to a separate peace, and offering, if he refused to be included in the truce of Pecquigny, to come over again, with his expenses duly paid, and assist the King of France to subdue him! He also sent Louis a letter written by the Constable de St. Pol, who had managed irremediably to offend all parties by paltering with all, and thus left his own brother-in-law and his wife's uncle alike marked out by his own hand for the spiteful vengeance of Louis.

Thus he returned to England, two months from the time of his departure, covered with disgrace, which all the English who were not silenced by the politely named 'tribute' felt most keenly.

The disbanded army went to their homes—such as had any—and there compared Edward of York to Harry of Monmouth; and such as had none, turned robbers and plundered travellers and homesteads, till Edward was roused to make a circuit in the country, and mercilessly hang all malefactors who fell into his hands, so that he was feared at least, if not loved. So disgracefully ended the last Plantagenet invasion of France, the last attempt to place the crown of St. Louis on an English head, the last of what some call the old Viking descents on the opposite coast. Other hostile Englishmen were yet to tread the soil of France, but only in pursuance of political schemes, never with the deliberate intentions of wholesale conquest which had been the dream of England and misery of France for six generations.

So ridiculous and mercenary a failure on his adversary's part rendered Louis infinitely more powerful and secure than he had hitherto been. He could afford to make peace with Burgundy, knowing as he did that the enemies secretly in his pay would deal with the fiery Charles far more effectually than he could; and by this peace the double-dealing Constable St. Pol was given up to the vengeance his treason richly deserved, though more successful and ingenious traitors only prospered in their chicanery. He was beheaded at Paris, on the 19th of December, 1475, making the fourth near relation of Queen Elizabeth Wydville, who had died a bloody death.

As to Charles of Burgundy, beset by the invincible Swiss, and embroiled in a quarrel with young Duke René of Lorraine, he spent the next two years like a lion baited by mastiffs, lost two terrible battles at Granson and Morat, and perished at last by some unknown hand when besieging Nanci, the capital of Lorraine. The Swiss and Lorrainers in the early morning of the Epiphany Eve of 1477, were admitted into his camp by the treachery of an Italian condottiere in his service; and after horrible slaughter and confusion, a piteous search was made for the great and mighty Duke.

In a pool of frozen water, mangled and stripped, was found a corpse that those who knew him best recognized as the remains of the great and puissant Charles the Bold, once the terror of France! His tale is one of the saddest and greatest tragedies of ambition.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS OF A LOVER OF OLD ENGLISH PROSE.*

No. III.

Taking down from its shelf lately a book which deserves to be more frequently read than I fear it is—Professor Dugald Stewart's 'Philosophy of the Human Mind'—I opened the volume at a passage quoted by the Professor from the Preface to Bishop Butler's Sermons at the Rolls. I well knew, and had often been struck, by the truth of the passage in question, but was not aware of the impression it had made on Mr. Stewart, who recurs to it with earnestness, and evidently with sincere regret at the strong confirmation it gives to his own convictions. It is not so much a complaint about the large demands of a light literature upon us, (though this is stated too,) but the great evil Butler speaks of is the small amount of anxiety which prevails about the truth or falsity of the propositions met with in books. This goes much deeper than questions respecting our knowledge of *authors*. I trust my great regard for the weighty words of this thoughtful writer will excuse my quoting the passage at length.

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* See 'The Monthly Packet,' New Series, Vol. VI. p. 441; Vol. VII. p. 227.

> Though (says he) 'tis scarce possible to avoid judging, in some way or other, of almost everything which offers itself to our thoughts; yet 'tis certain that many persons, from different causes, never exercise their judgement upon what comes before them, in the way of determining whether it be conclusive, and *holds*. They are perhaps entertained with some things, not so with others—they like and they dislike; but whether that which is proposed to be made out be really made out or not,—whether a matter be stated according to the real truth of the case,—seems to the generality of people merely a circumstance of no consideration at all. Arguments are often wanted for some accidental purpose; but proof, as such, is what they never want for themselves—for their own satisfaction of mind, or conduct in life. Not to mention the multitudes who read merely for the sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, or some such kind of reasons; there are, even of the few who read for their own entertainment, and have a real curiosity to see what is said, several, which is prodigious, who have no sort of curiosity to see what is true. I say *curiosity*, because 'tis too obvious to be mentioned how much that religious and sacred attention which is due to truth, and to the important question, 'What is the rule of life?' is lost out of the world.
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> The great number of books and papers of amusement, which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humour, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means, Time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, we can scarce forbear saying is spent with less THOUGHT, than great part of that which is spent in reading. *

If, as it is to be hoped, the unflattering words of so faithful a friend as Bishop Butler may carry some weight with a few young readers, it is not with the presumptuous idea of enforcing them that I go on with these papers on old English prose; for it seems to me that though the passages from our writers which we read and remark on for their force of expression and beauty can hardly fail to serve *some* good purpose, yet that habits of thought, and moral conscientious earnestness in our reading, can in general only be brought about by better education.

If the teachers and companions of our early lives did their work better, a greater love of truth might be excited. Pupils would be recommended to write more, and read less, making what they do read their own; and the common-place book would be in more frequent use than it is. It is hard work, no doubt, to struggle against the stream. Young people have a good deal to do; languages, something of natural sciences, accomplishments, &c., must have their time; and when they are fairly tired of lessons, there is the novel or the magazine ever ready to refresh them.

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* Preface to the Sermons Preached at the Rolls Chapel by Joseph Butler, D.D.

As to languages, let me say once for all, that I am not going to join in any cry against them. If they are well taught, they are in themselves excellent mental discipline; and the only pity is, that they are not sufficiently followed up by acquaintance with the best specimens of the literature. What is called education, mostly leaves all this for future acquisition; and here, as in the study of one's own noble national literature, we are made continually to wish that the time for learning could be protracted, for our young women especially.

The knowledge of the German language, as a special instance, if it be well superintended, and its treasures discreetly opened, must, one would think, be most serviceable in mental cultivation. People who do not know much of our high-class English literature, yet if they will read the best German authors, must surely feel their earnestness and suggestiveness. They are not aware of the fact, perhaps, but the truth seems to be, that the best Germans owe their power over the English mind to their strong sympathies with what is national in us. So that while *we* ourselves have a character of exclusiveness, *they* pay us the compliment of delighting in our noblest writers. *They* will never, we are sure, if properly read, lead us away from our own resources. Whoever reads the brave bold words of Luther, sees at once how strong is the bond of brotherhood between ourselves and the Saxon race; and who can note the intense appreciation of our Shakespeare which prevails among the best German critics, without the feeling that the touch of nature is making us one?

Therefore it is, that, used with fairness and judgement, I should think we need not complain of the time devoted to good foreign studies. Far more to be dreaded is the almost boundless dissipation into which we are led by the multiplication of those *very* light books which so much prevail, by the habit it leads to of expending, quite without thought or conscience, large portions of our time. Bishop Butler is right—no *time* is spent with less of thought than that spent in *such* reading.

Now and then, too, there is awakened in our minds a sense of mischief to ourselves, and injustice to the best writers *of the present day*, even. I mean, when we remember how hard it is to get back any little good we may have gained from the noteworthy things which do now and then, however rarely, come in our way. What Francis Jeffrey, in an Edinburgh Review article, says of poetry, is just as applicable to prose.

> As the materials, (says he,) of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more, we fear, must be daily rejected and left to waste. For, while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. The superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the merest accidents may, in such a case, determine what shall be preserved, and what thrown away. When an army is decimated, the very bravest may fall. *

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* Edinburgh Review, March, 1819; art. 'Campbell's Specimens.'

Most true! and let it not be thought, whatever has been said, that a regard for the better part of modern writing is ever absent from the minds of those who read and reflect at all. Beautiful things *are* thought and said in our day; things worthy of everlasting remembrance; but a very small part of them can possibly be retained. Looking back, too, fifty or sixty years, it is scarce possible to overrate the excellent execution of some of the books of the early part of the century. We would fain keep them by us, and recur to them at favourable intervals. Some of the best articles in our Quarterlies—some no doubt committing monstrous mistakes, as when Jeffrey himself undertook to demolish Wordsworth, but making some amends for these errors by many admirable criticisms.

There is, however, more satisfaction in the knowledge that—whether from the efforts of here and there a powerful modern mind (as that of Coleridge) having influence enough to make the readers of his time dissatisfied with the best of mere *executive* power, and eager to go more deeply into matters of *thought*—whether, I say, it has come from one source or several, it is certain that great pains have been taken latterly to send us back to an earlier time. It is clear that people who once learn to love our writers of the Elizabethan and James the First's school cling to them more and more. They find in them the strength and fixity which they miss elsewhere. A few of their fine sayings sink deeply into the memory. The strong terse words abide in our minds, and time has no power to dislodge them. There is something comforting in this, inasmuch as we cannot believe it to be a mere power of *words*. It is because the words are rooted in evident conviction, that they abide with us. Whether these writers were divines or laymen, whether they wrote for England or for other countries, their works are sanctified by a deep consciousness of their responsibilities to God and man. We feel that they felt they were building on a Rock. Christ, the great Giver of Divine light, is their great central name. The burden of past sinfulness lightened; the promise, the certainty, of the perpetual gift of the Holy Spirit—enabled them to thread their way through all mists and darkness; and we trace their bright line of light from apostles and martyrs to confessors of every rank—from St. Augustine to Luther—from Wicliffe to Hooker and Jeremy Taylor. From Bacon, and Milton, and Baxter, and Leighton, and Bishop Ken; from Fenelon, Nicole, and Pascal; from Wesley, Henry Martyn, and Keble.

'The saints above and those below
But one communion make:'

and while we, as English people, are rich in our own resources, we have thankfulness to spare for the riches of others.

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I dare not extend these remarks farther, lest they should cheat the reader of some far better things; and it is quite time to recur to a few of the specimens I have promised. May I not fairly begin by a few words from Bishop Andrewes' Devotions—his first Evening Prayer? It is well known that these devotions were composed by him in Greek, from which language they have several times been translated. One of these translations, by Dr. Newman, is, I believe, considered the best. It is published by Parker of Oxford. The translation now before me was made by the Rev. Richard Drake, in the year 1648, and is re-published by Masters.

Bishop Andrewes, it will be observed, though often very original, and always most poetical, is so conversant with Scripture, that his devotions are often, in part, mere arrangements of the Psalms; still there is always something in them peculiar to himself—a tone, a meditative sweetness, and depth of thought and feeling, which I scarce can find anywhere else. But how, indeed, should it be otherwise? Look quite through the English hierarchy from beginning to end, and can you find a name so dear to the heart, so refreshing to the mind, as that of Launcelot Andrewes? A lover of the young, an ever eager enjoyer of the sweet aspects of nature,—benignant, charitable, tender. The most uncorrupt of men, inflexible in integrity, of clean hands, and of a pure heart. Let us not forget that the Puritan youth, Milton, aged eighteen, dwelling on his memory, pictures himself as in a vision transported to the realms of the blessed, and there

'At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,
The Seer of Winton stood before my face;
Where'er he trod, a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flowery fields around;
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings,
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,' &c.

Milton's Latin Elegy, translated by Cowper.

I take the beginning of the first evening of the Devotions.

The day is done:
Lord, I give thanks to Thee;
The evening draweth on,
make it joyous.
An evening there is, as of the day,
so of this life;
The evening of this life is old age;
(Old age hath seized upon me,)
Make that joyous:
Cast me not away in the time of age;
Forsake me not when my strength faileth me;
Be Thou with me in old age,
And even to hoar hairs do Thou carry me.

* * * *

The day is vanish'd and gone,
so doth my life vanish—
My life, no life,—

The night is coming on,
And so is death.

* * * *

We therefore, remembering this,
beseech Thee, O Lord,
for the end of our life,
That Thou wouldst direct it in peace;
make it Christian,
acceptable to Thee,
without sin, without shame;
and, if it please Thee, without pain.
O Lord, our Lord,
gathering us together
under the feet of Thine elect,
When Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt,
only without shame or sin.

Then again, how copious is the flow of his thanksgivings! how beautifully suggestive!

For the use of Thy present good things;
For Thy promise, and my hope
of the fruition of good things to come;
For my good and kind parents,
Gentle masters, ever-remembered benefactors,
Religious intimates, (thoughtful disciples,)
True friends, faithful servants;
For all who have in any way benefited me—
by their writings, discourses, prayers,
examples, reproofs, injuries;
For all these things, and for all other
Which I know or know not,
Manifest or secret, remembered or forgotten;
For all things done toward me,
When I was willing or unwilling,
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I give Thee thanks,
And I will praise and bless and give Thee
Thanks all the days of my life. *

In an early paper I gave a rather long specimen of Bishop Hall—a divine who, next perhaps to Andrewes, is to be honoured and admired. I merely offer now a stray thought from his Meditations.

ON A REDBREAST COMING INTO HIS ROOM AND SINGING THERE.

Pretty bird! how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging. What a shame is it for me, that see before me such liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet so ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dullness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful, how little list (pleasure) should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou camest not hither without a providence! God sent thee, not so much to delight as to shame me, and fix the conviction of my sullen unbelief, which, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me, as the mere instinct of nature. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

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* Devotion for Friday.

I find the following beautiful passage in Arthur Warwick's 'Spare Minutes.' It has long held its place in my private book of extracts. Its resemblance to Bishop Hall makes me give it here.

ON WINTER BIRDS.

As oft as I hear the Robin Redbreast chaunt it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should we not (thinke I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frosty hayres of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sunne in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sunne of prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learne industry, to the dove to learne innocence, to the serpente to learne wisdom; and why not to this bird (*the Robin*) to learne equanimitie and patience? and to keepe the same tenour of my minde's quietnesse, as well at the approach of calamitie's winter, as of the spring of happinesse? And since the Roman's constancy is so commended who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steddy course in all weathers? and though I be forced by cross windes to shift my sailes, and catch at side windes, yet skilfully to steere and keep on my course, *by the Cape of Good Hope*, till I arrive at the haven of eternal happinesse?

I will give one or two more specimens, from Arthur Warwick's 'Sparo Minutes.' I wish we knew more of *him*. We are told, (in an article in the Retrospective Review, No. 3,) that this author was a clergyman—a pious one, there can be no doubt; the first edition was published in 1637.

When I see the heavenly sun buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to find a resurrection to his glory, why (think I) may not the sons of heaven, buried in the earth in the evening of their days, expect the morning of their glorious resurrection? Each night is but the past day's funeral, and the morning his resurrection; why then should our funeral sleep be other than our sleep at night? Why should we not as well awake to our resurrection, as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day than a deprivation; and death rather borrows our life of us than robs us of it. Since, then, the glory of the sun finds a resurrection, why should not the sons of glory? Since a dead man may live again, I will not so much look at the end of my life, as wait for the coming of my change.

* * * * *

There are two things necessary for a traveller to bring him to the end of his journey: a knowledge of the way, a perseverance in the walk. . . . . I will not only know my way, but go on my way: I had rather my journey should want a beginning than come to an untimely end. If heaven be my home and Christ my way, I will learn to know my way, ere I haste to travel to my home. He that runs hastily in a way he knows not, may come speedily to a home he loves not. If Christ be my way, and heaven my home, I will rather endure my painful walk than want my perfect rest. I more esteem my home than my journey: my actions shall be led by knowledge, my knowledge be followed by my actions. Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion, and idleness a bad steward to knowledge.

The Enchiridion of Francis Quarles was first published in 1641, four years later than Arthur Warwick. This collection of maxims does not please me so much as Warwick's, or as Owen Feltham's Resolves; much of it has to do with matters of courtly and political sagacity—but little is remarkable for devoutness—but there are some fine and sagacious thoughts—as this:

TRUE RELIGION. (XXXI.)

If thou and true religion be not as yet met—or met unknowne—by these markes thou shalt discover it: First, it is a religion that takes no pleasure in the expense of blood; Secondly, it is a religion whose tenets crosse not the Book of Truth; Thirdly, it is a religion that takes most from the creature, and gives most to the Creator. If such an one thou meet with, assure thyself it is the right, and therefore profess it in thy life, and protect it to thy death.

THE CLERGY. (LVIII.)

The Clergy is a copy-book; their life is the paper, whereof some is purer, some coarser: their doctrine is the copies—some written in plain hand, others in a flourishing hand, some in a text hand, some in a Roman hand, others in a court hand, others in a bastard Roman: if the choice be in thy power, choose a book that hath the finest paper; let it not be too straight nor too loosely bound, but easie to be open to every eye: follow not every copy, lest thou be good at none; among them all choose one that shall be most legible and useful, and fullest of instructions. But, if the paper chance to have a blot, remember the blot is no part of the copy. *

We now come to a man of very great eminence, Dr. South, born in 1633, dying in 1716, aged eighty-three. He shews himself, occasionally, as one of the most beautiful and expressive writers I know of. He must have been a most keen observer; for small facts, whether in outward nature, or in the characters of men, are stated with a force and minute accuracy which shews they are no fancy-pictures. His sentences are weighty, full of strong sense and energy, sometimes gentle and poetical, but more frequently characterized by keen and searching wit. He could not help seeing the ridiculous; the sense of it went with him everywhere, even into the pulpit, and it is impossible to defend his ridicule of the Puritan party. No greater contrast can we conceive than between South and Bishop Andrewes. Yet South was very honest, quite disinterested. The son of a London merchant living at Hackney, what

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* Quarles' Enchiridion, from J. R. Smith's 'Library of Old Authors.'

share of worldly advancement he did receive was entirely owing to his own merits. He was a scholar in Westminster School at the time of the execution of Charles the First; and singularly enough, he it was who read the Latin prayers on that sad day, mentioning the King by name. He distinguished himself at Oxford, and was ordained by one of the deprived bishops in 1658. Lord Chancellor Clarendon made him his domestic chaplain, and he passed through the several stages of Prebendary of Westminster, (taking his degree of D.D. in 1663,) afterwards being made Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. He also travelled as chaplain to Lord Clarendon's son, going with his patron, who was appointed by Charles II. ambassador to John Sobieski, King of Poland.

During the rest of Charles the Second's reign, though the King's chaplain, he acted quite an independent part. In 1681 he preached before the King a sermon containing violent and bitter denunciation of Cromwell. Preferment was then offered him; he declined it, both then and before and after the Revolution, though bishoprics were pressed upon him. He lived on at his country living of Islep, Oxfordshire, but still could not forbear warring against dissent in every form; and perhaps his strongest sermon was preached in Westminster Abbey, in 1692, on the text, 'Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.' (1 Cor. xii. 4.) The perfections of the Church of England, and the doctrines of passive obedience, lay next his heart. If he dropped polemics, no one could write more mildly or soberly, or with deeper feeling; witness this passage on 'The Divine Goodness:'

> The Divine goodness, like the light, pours itself forth upon every part of the creation; for look through the whole universe, and you shall find no one part of it but has its peculiar beauty and ornament. . . . The sun, says the psalmist, comes every day, dressed and adorned like a bridegroom, out of the chambers of the east. He casts abroad a lustre too glorious to be beheld; it is enough that we can see him at a second hand, and by reflection. Nor can the night itself conceal the glories of heaven; but the moon and stars, those deputed lights, then shew forth their lesser beauties. Yet even these are so great, that when weariness and the lateness of the hour might have invited some eyes to sleep, in the meantime the lights of it have kept others awake to view their exact motion and admirable order: while the labourer lies down to his rest, the astronomer sits up and watches for his pleasure.

* * * * *

> There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head and look pleasantly in the secret sense of the goodness of its Heavenly Maker; which silent adoration, though we cannot hear but only see, yet it is so full and expressive, that David thought he neither spoke impropriety or nonsense when he says that even 'the valleys break forth into singing.' And when we advance a little farther, to the sensible part of creation, ... how has God given every creature a power most particularly to pursue and compass that which makes for the welfare of their being! When He denies strength, He usually gives sagacity and quickness of sense; and withal implants in every one a certain instinct, that teaches and prompts it to make use of that faculty in which its chief ability is seated. The ox, a creature of none of the most

ready senses, has them yet ready enough to know how to defend himself, and will not encounter his adversaries, as the mastiff does, with his teeth. The little bird that has not the strength to grapple with the hawk or the eagle, but it has agility of body to carry it out of reach, and smallness too, to convey it out of sight; nay, the poor helpless lamb, which has neither strength nor cunning nor craft to secure itself by, but seems wholly offered up by nature as a prey to anything that will prey upon it, yet its great usefulness for the occasions of man's life has entitled it to the care and protection of him whom it serves; so that the goodness of God hath left nothing defenceless, but has sent everything into the world well accoutred and provided according to the exigencies of their necessities, that its nature is likely to expose it to.

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GOODNESS IN THE CREATION OF MAN.

Was it no act of love of God, to give us souls endued with such high faculties, such lively images of Himself, when He might have thrust us into the world with the short and brutish perception of a few silly senses? Was it no favour to have made a MAN, when He might have made a glow-worm? no privilege to man that he was made lord of all things here below? That the world was not only his house, but his kingdom? that God should raise up one piece of earth to rule over the rest? Surely all these were favours, and they were the early and preventing favours of a Creator; for God then knew no other title, He bore no other relation to us: there was no price given to God that might induce Him to bid Adam rise out of the earth a man rather than a spire of grass, a twig, a stone, or some other contemptible superiority to nothing; no, He furnished him out into the world with all his retinue of perfections, upon no other motives but because He had doomed to make him a glorious piece of work—a specimen of the arts of Omnipotence—to stand and glitter on the top and head of the creation.

In a different style are his remarks on 'Conversion.'

Let no person exclude himself from the number of sincere converts, merely because he never felt those amazing pangs, and those violent terrors of mind, which some have experienced; for, though God is pleased sometimes to suffer inconceivable terrors to accompany convictions of sin, yet such degrees of terror are not necessary to make true saints. God knows the best method of bringing lost sinners to Himself; and what He finds necessary for one, He does not always think fit for another. No more trouble for sin is absolutely necessary for salvation, than so much as effectually takes a man off from sin, and brings him heavy laden to the Saviour. The man who fears that he is not troubled enough for his sins, gives a direct proof that he is not in love with them. Let the believer whose convictions have been mild, acknowledge the goodness of God towards him, and not repine against the Great Physician for having cured him by easy and gentle methods. It is the same covenant God who speaks to some in the way of an earthquake, and to others in a small still voice. The overwhelming torrent, and the gentle showers, descend equally from above.

He was strongly opposed to Romanism, but hardly ever can he forbear attacking the Puritan divines. In his fine sermon 'The Scribe Instructed,' he speaks of the teachers of his day thus:

First of all they seize upon some text, from whence they *draw* something which they call doctrine; and well may it be said to be *drawn* from the words, forasmuch as it seldom naturally *flows* or *results* from them. In the next place, being thus provided, they *branch* into several heads, perhaps twenty or thirty, or upwards. Whereupon, for the prosecution of these, they repair to some trusty concordance, which never fails them; and by the help of *that*, they range six or seven scriptures under each head, which scriptures they prosecute one by one, &c. . . . . and this they call 'a saving way of preaching,' as it must be confessed to be a way to save much labour, and nothing else that I know of.

Surely this lengthy treatment of a subject was not peculiar to the Puritans; who ever divided and sub-divided more than Archbishop Tillotson himself?

It would be unpardonable to pass over the most striking of all Dr. South's sermons—his celebrated pictures of the state of Adam before the Fall, and of the lamentable results. It is indeed exceedingly fine; but it is very long, and division would spoil its effect. I confess I think he has in several parts mistaken the conditions of both happiness and real progress. He makes some of our greatest blessings sources of lamentation—not carefully distinguishing between the good and the mistaken use of powers—not allowing the least notion of difficulty or combat to enter into Paradise, and thereby excluding the rewards of even investigation into the Divine works. Yet how grand are some of his ideas! how penetrating his conception of the faultless career of a truly moral being! Look how nobly he speaks of the practical understanding; a few words *must* be given: and here for this time I must end both specimen and criticism..

The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding—namely, that store-house of the soul in which are treasured up the rules of action, and the seeds of morality. It was the privilege of Adam innocent to have those notions also, firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist; and certainly those actions must needs be regular, where there is an identity between the rule and the faculty. His own mind taught him a due dependence on God, and chalked out to him the just proportions and measures of behaviour to his fellow-creatures. He had no catechism but the creation, needed no study but reflection, read no book but the volume of the world, and that, too, not for rules to work by, but for the objects to work upon. . . . . Justice then was neither blind to discern, nor lame to execute. . . . . The voice of conscience now is low and weak: it was not then, 'This should, or this ought to be done,' but, 'This must, this shall be done.' It spoke like a legislator: the thing spoken was a law, and the manner of speaking it a new obligation. In short, there was as great disparity between the practical dictates of the understanding, then and now, as there is between empire and advice, counsel and command, between a companion and a governor. *

T.

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* Sermons—Man the Image of God.

THE GIRLHOOD OF LAURETTE PERMON.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF 'ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM.'

'I RECOLLECT nothing of childish gaiety,' wrote Laurette in her old age; 'I never knew what it was to be free from care. As soon as I could understand anything, I was taught to watch all my looks and gestures, for who dared be sure that the merest trifle might not endanger his life? I shall never forget how the police visited our house at Toulouse, and threatened my father, because, while playing at "La Tour, prends garde," I had been heard to say to a child of five years old, "You shall be M. le Dauphin." We lived in constant danger, each one obliged to watch not only himself but others, and the stakes in this game were heads!'

When did this child live, over whom such a shadow of terror was thrown from her cradle? She was born in 1784, just before France dashed perceptibly over the precipice of Revolution.

By her mother's side Laurette was of Greek descent. In the year 1676, about three thousand Greeks left their native home, led by Constantine Comnenus, and settled at Paomia, in the Isle of Corsica, which was ceded to them by Genoa without much regard to the old inhabitants, between whom and the colonists there was such a deadly hatred that no settlers on the borders of the Red Indian country could have led a more difficult and perilous life than did these colonists for a hundred years and more. The little colony spoke its own language, intermarried, and looked on the savage Corsicans with Greek contempt for barbarians. The Comneni were chiefs of the settlement, wore violet and scarlet in Imperial fashion, and received peculiar honours from their clergy up to the reign of Louis XVI., when Corsica was made over to France. So great was the indignation of the then head of the colony at finding his privileges abolished and his rank denied, that he resolved his line should end with him and his three sons. Two he obliged to become priests; the third, Demetrius, protested vehemently against such a destiny. The father was deaf to his entreaties, and sent him back to the Jesuit college of the Propaganda at Rome. Thence he was recalled by the sudden death of the old man, which left him head of the colony, (the elder brothers being ecclesiastics,) and with a mother and young sister to care for. Among the oldest and closest friends of his family were the Bonaparte, whose name before it took its Italian form was Calomeros, and who claimed relationship with the Comneni. There has been much doubt, however, whether this claim could be substantiated, but Laurette and her mother, at any rate, were fully convinced of it. This friendship influenced the whole of Laurette Permon's life. Her mother, the prettiest girl in the island, notwithstanding her noble birth was allowed to marry a rich roturier, M. Permon. Proud as she was of her Greek origin, she had become a true daughter of Corsica. 'It is there that one is free!' she would exclaim, with a mountaineer's passionate love for his home, as she clasped her little daughter fast; and she would sing some hunter's or herdsman's song in the charming voice, which when she spoke could take the most caressing as well as the most imperative tones, expressing that impetuous vivacity which was one of her many fascinations. She never could tolerate Bonaparte's affectation in after years of having forgotten Italian: 'I am a Frenchman,' he would say; on which Madame Permon, twirling her pretty little ebony spinning-wheel so fast that the thread broke a dozen times in a minute, would exclaim, 'What do you mean with your "I am a Frenchman?" does anyone say you are a Chinese? but however French you may be, you were born in a province called Corsica. If a man be born in Auvergne, does that make him less French? Don't talk such nonsense, or I shall think that the honours which your republic shew you have turned your head!'

In general, Napoleon Bonaparte did not take such rebuffs patiently; but he was truly attached to Madame Permon, even though she had presumed to shew him kindness as a boy, when, a penniless scholar, he came from his school in Champagne to the *école militaire* in Paris.

At the time of Laurette's birth, her family were at Montpellier. The American war was just over. Her birth nearly cost Madame Permon's life; and so ill was she, that she was quite unaware a daughter had been born to her—nay, she had forgotten that there had been any hope of such an event;. and as, during her slow recovery, she made no inquiries after her baby, and shrank from all allusion to her illness with a nervous horror which she could never conquer, M. Permon fancied that there must be a rooted aversion to the poor infant which had cost her so much. It was provided with a nurse, and kept out of sight, the father trying by his extreme love and care to make up to the unconscious little one for its mother's dislike. Five months after its birth, Madame Permon was able to sit up, and enjoy the delicious sights and sounds of a southern spring from her balcony. Her husband, on whose breast she was leaning, was planning an excursion to the Pyrenees, which might entirely restore her strength, when he suddenly felt her start violently; she seized his arm, and cried, with her eyes fixed on a nurse carrying a baby in the garden below, 'Charles! who is that? is it my baby? had I a baby?' The nurse was hastily summoned, and the happy mother clasped her little one with ecstacy which touched M. Permon and her eldest son (who was sixteen years old, and godfather to the child) to the very heart. Young as the baby was, she perceived that a stranger held her, turned her face away, and held out her dimpled hands to the father and brother, whose lace ruffles she already knew how to grasp. Madame Permon burst into tears. She had always been the fondest of mothers, and could not bear to see herself thus repulsed. 'Oh, my little one,' she used to say, leaning over the cradle, which was placed by her bed-side, 'how I must love you to make up for those five months!'

The love between Madame Permon and this little daughter was peculiarly ardent, and remained so to the last day of Madame Permon's life. Little Laurette had the happiness of growing up in one of those affectionate united families which did exist in France, even in the reign of Louis XV. Less, of course, is heard of them than of the dissipated and turbulent ones, so that we are hardly sufficiently aware of the quiet family life which went on, not only in the provinces but in Paris itself. The eldest daughter, Cécile Permon, was brought up in a convent; but Madame Permon would not let Laurette leave her. As long as her father lived he taught her admirably, and later her brother Albert was her tutor. By the time that Laurette required instruction, the old routine had been destroyed by the writings of Rousseau and the approach of the Revolution. Bonaparte, as soon as he had the power, inaugurated a new system of education, by which all young France was influenced. As a boy he had keenly felt the faults of the old system, and had once been severely rebuked for saying, 'If I were master, things would be very different, and it would be better for all.' He was abruptly told that such a speech came very ill from one who was educated by the royal bounty. Colouring crimson, he answered, 'I am not educated by the King, but by the state.' 'There is no difference,' was the angry reply. The time was at hand when this difference should be felt, and Bonaparte seems never to have forgotten this scene. The polytechnic, normal, and central schools, and many other schemes for public instruction, were all watched over by him with the keenest interest; and his appointment of Madame Campan to be head of St. Cyr proves that he valued the education of women as much as of men.

While the Permons lived at Montpellier, M. Permon came to tell his wife that three Corsicans had come to a small inn in the town, one of whom was very ill. 'Go and see who they are!' she cried; 'how can you come and tell me that a fellow-countryman of mine lies ill at an inn? it is not like you, Charles!' and thus exclaiming, she put his hat on his head, and took him by the shoulders to hurry him out. Her interest in the invalid was redoubled when she found that he was Joseph Bonaparte, father of Napoleon. He was taken into the Permon house, lovingly tended, and died there, leaving his family very poor, as indeed they had been before. Sir Hudson Lowe, who knew them even in those early days, speaks of the girls as running about barefoot, and in the meanest dress.

When the Permons went to Paris, M. Permon intending to buy the office of *fermier général*, his wife's first thought was for her old friend's children. Marianne Bonaparte, like Napoleon, had been admitted into an establishment where children of good and poor family were educated gratis. She was at St. Cyr. When sent for to see Madame Permon, she came in with swollen eyes, and at the first kind word burst into tears. At first she would not own what had vexed her, but by-and-by she confessed that her troubles, like Napoleon's at the *école militaire*, arose from poverty. The pupils in her class were to give a farewell fête to a girl about to leave, and she had no means of contributing the ten francs required as her share. The sum in itself was not enormous, but Napoleon was perfectly right in protesting against such taxes being levied on children whose means were professedly small. He had accompanied Madame Permon, and on hearing this, hastily put his hand into his pocket, but was obliged to draw it out empty, while his pale face grew scarlet with annoyance. In a like case he had haughtily refused to accept money, but Marianne gladly took what Madame Permon gave her. This little affair irritated Napoleon so much, that he made himself intolerable at school, and was provided with a lieutenancy in the artillery chiefly to get rid of him. He came in triumph to display his uniform to the Permons, looking absurd enough as he strode about in the great boots, which were entirely out of proportion with his thin legs. Later his face became fine, and even beautiful, but at this time he was awkward, thin, small, and extremely touchy. There was a general laugh at his appearance; and Cécile Permon, then a girl of thirteen years old, home on a holiday from her convent, was so full of mischievous raillery, that Napoleon exclaimed disdainfully, 'Anyone can see that you are only a little school-girl!'

Cécile had her vanity too, and it was hurt. She looked at his costume, and retorted, 'And you are only Puss in Boots!'

The universal amusement piqued Napoleon keenly. Everyone saw his annoyance; but he said no more, and afterwards brought Cécile the story of Puss in Boots, with a toy for Laurette, which he had had made on purpose, representing a cat running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabas. The whole matter would have been forgotten by Laurette, but for a circumstance which recalled it to her years afterwards, when she was a bride, and Napoleon a great man. For some trivial reason he had bestowed on her husband, General Junot, the nickname of Marquis of Carabas, a joke at which Junot laughed good-humouredly; but the young wife was much vexed by the soubriquet being adopted by a courtier who aped Napoleon on all occasions. She told Madame Permon, adding that if Junot knew it the consequences might be serious. A mirthful look crossed Madame Permon's face. She gave Laurette advice, which was duly followed the next time that Junot was addressed by Bonaparte as the Marquis of Carabas. '*Mon ami,*' said she, 'when we go to your estates, mind you do not forget a special member of our train, or I will not go; and I am sure the General will say I am right.'

'What is that?' asked Napoleon.

'Puss in Boots to run before our carriage.'

Everyone laughed, but Bonaparte alone knew the malice lurking in her speech. How he looked no words can describe. Laurette continued gravely, 'I have a toy, given me when I was a child, which you can have as a model.'

No more passed; but when, several days after, the courtier began jesting on the subject of Junot's marquisate, he was confounded by an abrupt reproof from Bonaparte. 'If you wish to ape me,' he said, with that awful look before which all trembled, 'choose a better subject.' And later in the day he came up to Laurette, pinched her unceremoniously, and said, 'Little plague, you are witty but ill-natured: no one likes a woman who makes herself feared.'

Bonaparte never again alluded to the Marquis of Carabas.

Public troubles began to make themselves felt in the quietest homes almost as soon as the Permons reached Paris. In 1791, M. Permon had affronted a tradesman, who had behaved in a very impertinent manner: this man, Thirion, became the secretary of the section in that part of Paris where the Permons lived. He proved a dangerous enemy; M. Permon had forgotten his insolence, but he had not forgotten the rebuff which M. Permon had given him; and one day he appeared to make a domiciliary visit. The mere name frightened all the family, but M. Permon was more angry than alarmed. He was shaving, and advanced, razor in hand, with an angry gesture. A gesture was then sometimes as much as a man's head was worth.

'I am here to execute the law,' said Thirion.

'Well, and what does the law desire through such a worthy instrument?'

'I am here to ask your age, your profession, and to demand why you went to Coblentz?'

M. Permon, who had the strongest inclination to turn him out of the house, was now so indignant that words failed him. He drew up his tall elegant figure, and looked at the low-bred fellow who was gratifying his private spite under cover of an odious law. 'Where is your order?' he said, when he could command himself.

'My order is sufficiently proved by my presence.'

'Shew me your order, and I will see in you only the public functionary.'

Again Thirion refused; again a violent altercation arose; and M. Permon had just seized a stout bamboo, which he was whirling over the heads of Thirion, his two brothers, and his shop-boy, none of whom had courage to attack him, when Madame Permon appeared in exceeding terror, which communicated itself to little Laurette, whom she held out to him with an agonized entreaty that he would be calm for her sake. Meanwhile, Thirion and his companions slipped away to report the contumacious conduct of the citizen Permon. Laurette began to cry from the infection of the general terror; Madame Permon was weeping bitterly, as was Cécile; M. Permon stood pale and trembling with anger. In the midst entered Bonaparte, now an officer, but with no influence or power as yet. 'This is infamous!' he cried, on hearing what had happened. 'What! four men force their way in, and refuse to produce their order! Thirion must have an old grudge to satisfy. I will see to this.' He hurried out; but when he spoke on the subject at his club, he found that Thirion had been beforehand with him, and raised a storm of indignation against M. Permon for his disrespectful conduct towards the emissary of the law. The danger was great; at this time such an accusation put a man's life in the utmost peril. Two days later, while the family were dreading every instant that M. Permon would be arrested, came the birth-day of Laurette.

'Time has paled my recollection of many things,' she wrote when an old woman, 'but some are as terribly distinct as ever. Never, in spite of the lapse of years, shall I forget that terrible 10th of August. As long as I could remember, my mother had made this a happy day to me, both before and after. Three months beforehand I and my young friends used to anticipate it. My little room was filled with flowers, bon-bons, and toys. . . . The 10th was not only terrible from the shouts, the cannonade, and the groans of the wounded under our windows, but because we were very anxious about my father and brother; . . . the latter wanted to be everywhere at once, to protect us, and rescue his friends. Towards mid-day he came in with someone wrapped up in a bourgeois' great-coat. They were seeking this man to massacre him. We hid him in my own little room, and I was told what to say if he were sought for in our house. From that day I began to learn, for a stranger's sake, the trembling caution which I had to practise long after for the sake of those dear to me. The day went on, and my father did not return. My mother wept and wrung her hands; my brother looked out constantly from the *porte cochère*, and even ventured on the quais, but he only learned the deposition of the King. The uproar seemed ceasing, though occasional shots were still heard: the most startling sight now was groups of drunken men and women, blaspheming and howling horribly. Evening came; still my father never returned. At last Albert caught sight of someone coming along the quai, whose air of distinction marked my father. He was walking cautiously, often glancing behind him, and stopped when he saw someone at our door; but when my brother spoke he hurried on, bade him keep the door open, went back and fetched a man whom he had left in the Arcade de la Monnaie. This person walked with evident difficulty; my father gave him his arm, and led him to his own bed-room, silencing our inquiries, and bidding us only think of him whom he had brought. When the stranger was released from his mufflings, we recognized M. de Bévy, one of the chief officers of the body-guard. He was bloody, pale, exhausted. What a sight it was! He seemed more overwhelmed by the misfortunes of this day than by his wounds. He drew me to him. "Poor Loulou!" he said, noticing that I turned pale and trembled as I saw the stains of blood on his hands; "this is a sad fête for you, dear child. Heavens! what a fête!" . . . His head sank on his breast, and his tall form, nearly six feet high, seemed to bow under the weight of his grief.'

Poor little maiden of eight years old! what a birth-day indeed! From the midnight of August 9th the tocsin had aroused Paris, the *générale* had beaten in every quarter, the air had been thick with the smoke of artillery, whose incessant rattle stunned the ear; while the cries of the insurgents rose above the heavy rolling of the artillery wagons along the streets, and the tread of columns of armed men. All night drunken crowds perambulated the city, howling and cursing, seeking victims to add to the five thousand who had already perished, among whom were the noble Swiss guard. 'Fiends in the form of women were here, as everywhere in the Revolution, foremost in deeds of cruelty.' * Neither of the fugitives who had been hidden in the Permon house dared quit it. Another day of terror came. M. Permon was writing a letter of credit for M. de Bévy, who had succeeded in finding a safer refuge, when a butcher asked for an interview, and warned M. Permon that he had been denounced as having sheltered 'the enemies of his country;' and immediately after came an urgent warning from another quarter, accompanied by a passport for M. Permon and his wife for the south of France. There was no possibility of taking the children. The poor mother was in agony at the idea of leaving them in Paris at such a time, but the passport being made out for two, M. Permon could not, if he would, go alone: it was hastily settled that the girls should be sent to a school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and that Albert, now twenty-four years of age, should take a lodging as near as possible. The farewells were inexpressibly bitter: it is hard to say whether Cécile or Albert suffered most, knowing that in all probability they should see their parents no more; or poor little Laurette—amazed by the change from the home where she was the darling of all, and never left her mother, to school life without nurse or mother—dimly aware that those whom she loved best were in the utmost danger, and that the happy home life was at an end for ever. What the parting was to the father and mother no words can say; and this is but one of a thousand similar scenes enacted at this time in every part of France.

At the Pension Chevalier, where the two girls were sent, was a kind of man-of-all-work, by name Jacquemart. He had a singularly repulsive countenance, and Albert Permon used to declare he must be fated to some tragic end; but his voice and manner were strangely out of keeping with his appearance, being those of a person of high birth. Albert used to drive to the Pension daily in his *whisky*, a kind of very high cabriolet; and one day he dashed up at full speed, just as Jacquemart was crossing the street with a heavy load of wood; there was no time to profit by the shout of warning raised by Albert, who only avoided running over the man by pulling up suddenly, at great risk to himself. Jacquemart saw and remembered the danger which

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* Alison.

Albert was in. At the time of the massacres in the prisons young Permon hastened to his sisters, first burning every paper which might have compromised him, and then setting out for the Pension Chevalier; but with incredible rashness, instead of going on foot, and disguising as much as possible that he was a gentleman, he drove as usual in the whisky. Hideous groups of drunken men and women were dancing and howling in the streets, many naked to the waist; pikes in their hands, from which floated fragments of clothing; their arms and breasts were crimsoned with blood. On seeing the whisky they burst into a roar of fury. 'An aristocrat! down with him! down with him!' Something was raised high on a pike, and the tossing heaving crowd brought it so close that it dashed against Albert's very face; he knew the features soiled with blood, the long fair dabbled tresses—it was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe, and he fell with one cry senseless at the bottom of the carriage. His servant caught the reins, and urged on the fiery horse amid the horrible imprecations of the crowd, who gave way; but one man leaped up behind, and was clinging to the cabriolet when it stopped at the door of the school. He leaped down, seized Albert in his arms, and carried him in. 'The monsters! the wretches!' he exclaimed; 'poor young man! they have killed him too!' It was Jacquemart. Albert was not dead; but a brain-fever came on, in which he raved continually of the hideous scene, and the livid lips that had touched his. News came that the Permons had reached Toulouse, and later their children were able to join them there, Madame Permon risking all dangers to return and fetch them. Who this Jacquemart was, how he came among that crowd of murderers, Laurette never learned; but in 1802, Albert Permon, then commissary-general of police at Marseilles, received orders from Napoleon to keep special watch over a man calling himself Raymonet, who lived a hermit life in a little house by the sea-side, a leader in the massacres of September, and one of the murderers of Madame de Lamballe. This man died a slow and horrible death from suffocation, refusing to see a priest or hear a word on religion. Albert Permon never had the courage to visit this man, but from what he learned, he always believed Jacquemart and Raymonet to be one and the same person.

PART II.

TOULOUSE proved a melancholy and insecure refuge for the Permons. Every family was in mourning, or trembling lest some of its members should fall under the axe of the guillotine; already those which had not lost a husband, brother, father, or wife, were rare exceptions, and the prisons were full of victims awaiting their doom. The Reign of Terror was at its height. No distance from Paris, no insignificance, made one place safer than another; there was a guillotine in every town, a prison in every village. Scarcely were the Permons settled in an apartment which they hired, when the President of their *section* summoned M. Permon before him. M. Permon was ill, and in such a state of nervous irritability, that his wife dared not let him go, and sent Albert to represent him. The President, a fat short-sighted little man, ill-tempered, and given to drinking, could not be made to understand why the son came instead of the father. 'What are you here for?' he bellowed; 'why are you not with the army, you coward, you aristocrat? I know how it is; I have been warned, and we shall see about it.' Albert, exceedingly alarmed for the whole family, vainly tried to make his explanation heard. The danger was so great, especially as M. Permon would certainly compromise them all if he and the President came face to face, that Madame Permon determined to write to a fellow-countryman of hers, much mixed up with the politics of the day, the Corsican Salicetti. He and M. Permon had had a sharp dispute the very last time they had met; for though the latter had served in the American army, and was professedly a liberal in politics, yet, like many others at that time, he was thoroughly loyal, devoted to Madame Elizabeth, who had shewn him much kindness, and detested the Red Republicanism of Salicetti. Yet it was to this man only that they could look for protection. To his credit be it told, that he at once used all his influence in their favour, named Albert his secretary, with leave to remain three months with his family, and added, that should young Permon's principles prevent his accepting the post, he need say nothing about it, but keep the brevet of appointment at hand to shew to any troublesome patriots. At an after time the Permons repaid his kindness with interest. Albert accepted the secretaryship, but for a time kept it a secret from his father, whose heart was breaking under the misfortunes of France and the murder of the royal family. When he heard that Madame Elizabeth's life was threatened, it was with the utmost difficulty that his wife could prevent his rushing on certain death by returning to Paris. 'I owe her all we have!' he said; 'I must and will save her.' 'You cannot; you will only destroy yourself—think of our children!' his wife argued. The news of her execution was literally his death-blow. For days he would neither leave his room nor let anyone go in, except Laurette; and when she crept timidly in, she would stand doubting if this sickly, pale, thin man, crouched in an arm-chair, and wrapped in a white great-coat, could be the father whom she so few months before had known so gay, so upright, so handsome. Once he looked up as he heard her sobbing. 'Poor Loulou!' he said, calling her by her pet name, and taking her on his knee, 'are you crying for me? Weep, my child, weep and pray; that is all that we can do now for those we love best.' He would rouse himself with an effort, and continue the lessons which he had been in the habit of giving her; but his health visibly declined. Madame Permon too fell ill, and went to the Pyrenees for a time, but he could not accompany her, as he was detained at Toulouse in semi-captivity. The fall of Robespierre hardly lessened the danger of those suspected of being aristocrats; executions continued, and there was the same universal and painful feeling of insecurity. Communications were exchanged in the most singular manner; letters were sent in pies, inside fowls, in the lining of clothes, and with such a parcel would come a written message. 'I have sent what was ordered;' and as nothing had been ordered, this was sufficient to give notice of a hidden missive. Madame Permon always lamented over the unpicking necessary when a letter had been sent in some elegant article of dress from Paris; and once, when nothing very particular was going on, actually wore a bonnet for a fortnight, in the crown of which she knew there was a note, before she could make up her mind to own it to her husband, who, she was aware, would instantly require the bonnet to be sacrificed. When calmer days came, the friends of M. Permon urged him to return to Paris, where they assured him a brilliant career was open to him. 'How little they know!' he said bitterly. 'I am but the shadow of my old self. All I care for is to go back and die quietly there.'

It was again Madame Permon who went to Paris to ascertain if he could safely return. Albert had become very uneasy at the lengths to which Salicetti was going, and at the deadly enmity between him and Bonaparte, and threw up his secretaryship, but he too went to Paris; Laurette accompanied her mother; but Cécile, who had married a young officer, remained with her husband's family. They remained some little time at Paris, and old friends began again to fill the Permon salon. Among them came Bonaparte, whose angular thinness and awkwardness struck Laurette afresh; but he always had that clear keen glance, which he retained when in all other respects he was greatly altered, and there was that singularly winning smile, '*si fin*, *si naif*,' which disarmed his greatest enemies. Madame Permon was rejoiced to see him again, though his untidy dress and unceremonious ways tried her patience—never very lasting. She spoke of Salicetti's ill-will towards him, and he answered with unusual emotion, 'He would fain have injured me, but *my star* forbade it. Still, I must not boast of that star, for who knows what my fate may be?' At this time he was so wretchedly poor, that but for the generous aid of his aide-de-camp, Junot, he would almost have starved. Every penny that Junot became master of he shared with his friend. The Permons heard much of this devoted friendship from their maid Mariette, with whom Bonaparte's valet was in love, a circumstance which seemed trivial at the time, but which became weighty later. Laurette used thus to hear of Junot, and admire his devotion to his friend, long before she knew him personally.

Paris was very unquiet. The Republicans were at daggers drawn among themselves, and the want of bread caused alarming riots. Cécile sent provisions secretly to her family at great risk, as it was against the law to import flour into Paris. So weary did Madame Permon grow of the incessant political discussions, that she forbade any of her guests to introduce the subject. She had a pretty imperative way which no one could resist; but she herself soon saw that the prohibition reduced her friends to silence, for what was there else to talk of? Literature seemed dead; the theatres offered nothing of interest; poetry was mute. She found Paris insupportable, and prepared to return to the south of France. But a game of life and death had to be played out first, preceded by an adventure of Laurette's, not a little alarming.

The day for leaving Paris being fixed, Laurette and the maid Mariette went out to do sundry commissions for friends in Bourdeaux, where M. Permon had gone. They went in a hackney coach, and were returning home with their ribbons and artificial flowers, when they were suddenly surrounded by a crowd of those furious drunken women, who figured in every scene of the Revolution. 'Long live the constitution of '93!' they shrieked; 'give us back our patriots!' Fifty or sixty pressed round the carriage; Mariette began to sob, and Laurette was equally frightened, but, as she afterwards said, she *could* not cry before those horrible creatures, one of whom shouted to the driver, who chanced to be her husband, that she and her friends wanted his *fiacre*, and turned a deaf and angry ear to his remonstrances. 'I tell thee I am tired, and so are these patriots,' she shrieked. 'We have got to go to that miserable Convention; we will get bread out of them, or the President shall know, like thee, that my fist is heavy. Come, no more yes and no; open thy whisky, and look sharp, I say!'

Laurette was all the time pulling the man's carmagnole, and imploring him to set her down. He paid no attention, and tried to urge on his horses, upon which his formidable wife flung the door open, and Laurette darted out; but Mariette fell on her knees in the carriage, paralyzed by terror. The virago lifted up Laurette in her stout arms, exclaiming, 'What's the matter, my chicken? thou art the colour of curd! And thou, animal!' (to her husband,) 'couldst thou not say it was a child in the whisky, thou rabbit's brains! Would I have turned her out then, thou stupid? Why, the poor little cat is really afraid! Is the other thy mamma, my little cabbage?'

'No, citoyenne, my bonne.'

'What is the woman whimpering about, as if she had lost father and mother?'

'Listen, Marianne,' shouted another, 'she is asking mercy; she thinks we shall kill her! no doubt she is a princess in disguise!'

The storm of laughter only frightened Mariette the more; she shrieked as a large coarse woman began to drag her out of the carriage, on which, with a great oath, the mistress of the fiacre ordered her to let the girl alone, pushed Laurette back, asked her husband whence he had brought them, and kissing her with a resounding smack, slammed the door, and cried, 'Whip on! and tell your mamma to go with you herself next time, my lass!'

Laurette found Madame Permon anxiously watching for her, and the sight of her mother brought such a flood of tears, that she could not explain what had happened. When Bonaparte heard that she had not shed a tear during this really frightful scene, he said, 'Mademoiselle Loulou was too proud to cry before fish-women.' 'In any case it was a Spartan feeling, and she was right,' replied her mother; and Bonaparte laughed at the inborn Greek pride which was always so strong in Madame Permon.

May 18th, 1795, was another day of carnage added to those which had already desolated Paris. The terrible Faubourg St. Antoine was again in arms, and its starving population threatened indiscriminate massacre and pillage. The extremity of the danger caused all who had anything to lose to unite and protect one another; proscriptions and arrests followed as a matter of course. Salicetti, to the surprise of all, was not named in the list of the accused, though prominent in the ranks of the Jacobins, and Madame Permon rejoiced at it, remembering that she owed him much, but added that she should certainly drop his acquaintance, as she could not countenance his principles. 'I hope it will be long before I see his face again!' she said to a few friends come to dine with her; for the routine of ordinary life mingled strangely with death and terror. This was a farewell party before she went to Bourdeaux; Bonaparte was expected, but had not yet appeared. He and Salicetti were now known to be deadly enemies.

Just before dinner, Mariette told Madame Permon that someone wanted to speak to her, adding, 'I know who it is; Madame can come.' Laurette followed her mother, and found, standing in the bed-room of Madame Permon—Salicetti! His lips were as white as his teeth; his black Corsican eyes glowed like live coals. 'I am proscribed,' he said, low and fast; 'in other words, condemned to death. Madame Permon, I hope I have not been mistaken in counting on your generosity; surely you will save me? Surely I need not remind you that I saved your son and your husband?'

Madame Permon seized his hand and hurried him into Laurette's room. She thought that she heard the voice of Bonaparte. It would be certain death for all should Salicetti be found. 'I will not waste time in words,' she said; 'you have a right to all that I can do. But my son, my daughter—ask my life if you will, but not theirs. I could only hide you for a few hours, and it would not save you, only bring me and my son to the guillotine. I do owe you gratitude; decide yourself if it should go so far.'

Salicetti's only reply was that she could safely hide him; that she might take him in disguise to Gascogny, and urged again and again that she owed this effort to him. She answered with despair that in a lodging, the landlady of which held opposite political opinions to his, there was no hope of concealing him; and while she was speaking Albert knocked, surprised at her absence, and saying that all her guests had come, except Bonaparte, who had sent an excuse. She joined her hands in thankfulness; it seemed a respite from death, for she was sure that the keen eye of Bonaparte must have discovered her emotion. Dismissing Albert, she went back to Salicetti, who was sitting with his head sunk in his hands, but who looked up to repeat his entreaties. She stood silent, now red, now pale; Salicetti thought that he read a refusal in her agitated silence, and rose, murmuring something inaudible, to go. 'Stay!' she said, catching his arm, 'this roof is yours; my son must pay his debt, and I my husband's.' 'Then all is settled,' Salicetti answered; 'go and dine; Mariette will take care of me.—Young girl,' he added, detaining Laurette, 'there was no way but to let you know all this, but I need not tell you what the consequences of indiscretion would be.'

'Ah, you need not fear!' Laurette replied, throwing her arms round her mother, who was looking at her with indescribable anguish. Madame Permon well knew the exceeding danger in which they all were, but she was thoroughly generous; she could not abandon a man, however selfish, however bad, who appealed to her thus. She was of a frank and lively disposition, with no gift of feigning, yet now she returned to her guests as calmly as if she had only been called out, as they supposed, about some little household matter. Thus, for the second time in her short life, did Laurette share in a secret of life and death. She was now eleven years old.

At dinner the conversation turned on the late events; Laurette saw her mother change colour as Salicetti was spoken of with contempt and horror. No one guessed how near he was. The long evening ended at last, and then Madame Permon told Albert who was concealed in their apartment. It was too late to talk of prudence; all that remained to be done was to hide him as securely as possible. The mistress of the house, Madame Grétry, was called, and at the first trembling word of 'proscription,' she interrupted, 'I have what we want, only you must change your apartment. There is a hiding-place in which four poor creatures were safely concealed during the Terror. It will save others, I hope, as long as I live in this house.' Salicetti took possession of it; this was the first step, but the real difficulty would be to get him unseen out of Paris, and there was the ordeal of a visit from Bonaparte to be gone through first. He came the next day, in his old great-coat, buttoned to the throat, his round hat drawn over his eyes, and a black cravat round his neck. It was not an elegant costume, but elegance was out of fashion just then. He brought a bunch of violets for Madame Permon, a politeness so unlike his usual habits that they were all amused by it. He laughed too, and said, 'Well, Madame Permon, so now Salicetti can taste for himself how bitter arrests are. The fruit must taste all the worse as he and his party planted the tree which produced it.'

'What!' said Madame Permon, signing to Laurette to shut the door, 'is Salicetti arrested?'

'How! did you not know that he is condemned to be tried for his life? I thought you knew it so well, that it was in your house he was hidden.'

'Here!' cried Madame Permon; 'why, Napoleon, my dear boy, you must be crazy! In my house! I have no house of my own. My dear General, do not say such things, pray; what have I done that you should sport with my life? it comes to that!'

Bonaparte rose, walked slowly forward, stood before Madame Permon, crossed his arms on his breast, and looked at her without a word. She never changed colour, nor winced before that gaze, but met it steadily. 'Madame Permon,' he said at last, 'Salicetti is hidden here—do not interrupt me; I do not actually know it, but I say so because yesterday, at five o'clock, he was seen on the Boulevard talking to Gauthier, who warned him not to go to the Convention. He then went this way. He has no acquaintance but yourself who would hazard life, and the lives of a whole family too, by taking him in. He has not been to the Palais Egalité. So he is here.'

Madame Permon had summoned all her calmness to her aid. 'By what right could he ask it?' she replied. 'He knows how we differ, and that I am just leaving for Gascony.'

'By what right! That is the truest thing you have said yet, dear Madame Permon. To throw himself on the mercy of a lonely woman, who would be compromised by a few hours shelter given to a fugitive who deserves death, is a baseness of which only he is capable! You owe him gratitude. That is a letter of credit which he demanded payment of in person; is it not so, Mademoiselle Loulou?' he added, suddenly turning to Laurette, who sat at work in a window, among trees and flowers which she seemed absorbed in admiring, for she gave no answer.

'Laurette, my child, General Bonaparte spoke to you,' said the poor mother, fearing lest this silence should increase his suspicions. Laurette looked up with confusion, which, however, might very well pass as that of a young girl who feels she has been rude. Bonaparte took her little hand in both his, and after a word of apology for having questioned the child, added, 'Madame Permon, you are remarkably good, and this man is a wretch. You could not shut your door upon him, and he knew it. To expose you and this child too—' and then his indignation burst out, Madame Permon listening in trembling emotion, which betrayed itself by her answering in Italian, though he was speaking French; for whenever she was deeply moved she involuntarily spoke either Italian or Greek. The French have never been able to admit that in all circumstances a lie is a lie; the *mensonge sublime* has always been exalted to a virtue among them. She did not hesitate solemnly to assure her incredulous hearer that Salicetti had indeed been there, but only to go away immediately. Laurette sat quivering under the belief that Salicetti, hearing the abuse lavished on him by Bonaparte, would rush out of his hiding-place; but all remained still. At the end of an hour Bonaparte left them, saying, 'Well, well—a thousand thanks, Madame Permon, and above all, forgive me. But if you had been injured by that man as I have—'

When they went to Salicetti's hiding-place they found him cold, senseless, and covered with blood. He had heard every word, and terror had made him break a blood-vessel. When he could speak, all his habitual courtesy seemed to have vanished; broken curses on Bonaparte, oaths and horrid threats, succeeded one another. Laurette flew to her brother, imploring him to hasten to Madame Permon; the poor child was shaking all over, and her horror of Salicetti was intensified by this scene, and by her perception that Bonaparte had justice on his side. Bonaparte paid them another visit the next day, but did not name his enemy. The Permons were alarmed by this strange reticence, but their thoughts were fully occupied by Salicetti, who became dangerously ill and delirious, believing that some of his partizans were always beside him, dying or failing in the attempt to commit suicide, while he lay in a room where everything was blood red; yet amid these horrible fancies, while he uttered perpetual imprecations and blasphemies, he never raised his voice; the feeling of terror, the necessity for concealment, was present to the unhappy man even in the height of delirium, and there was something singularly fearful in hearing such sentiments uttered in these low and modulated tones. The secret of his presence was entrusted to a young Greek physician, who cured him; and then a passport was obtained with much difficulty for the Permons, and their *valet*—i. e. Salicetti. Before they went Bonaparte came again, and alarmed them by his mysterious conversation. He seemed to think that they should never meet again, and bade Madame Permon remember that he had given her more than he knew that he possessed. When she asked what he could mean, he replied that she should know before leaving Paris. They passed the gates safely. The first time that they stopped to change horses, one of the postilions came up to the carriage window, saying, 'Citoyenne Permon!' She put out her head, and asked alarmed what he wanted. Salicetti was sitting on the box; everything unexpected was alarming. The man gave her a letter, which she took with surprise, and offered him some payment for his trouble. He refused, saying he had been already paid 'by the young man.' This amused Madame Permon, whose gay spirits revived with a rebound, as Paris was left further and further behind. 'Bonaparte will make people think me a young girl cruelly parted from her lover,' said she; 'but what can he have to write about?'

The approach of day enabled her to read her letter, and all mirth vanished at once from her face and voice. 'I never choose to seem duped,' Bonaparte wrote, 'and I should appear so to you, did I not tell you that for more than three weeks I have known Salicetti to be in your house. Remember what I said, Madame Permon, even on the 1st of Prarial. I was then almost certain; I am now entirely so. . . . I could have avenged myself, and I did not do it.' There was a dignified message to Salicetti, and kind wishes for the prosperity of the Permons, with advice never to remain long in any large town during their journey. Madame Permon sat lost in wonder after reading this letter through; she handed it to Laurette, bidding her in Greek, with a glance at

Mariette, read it to herself. Mariette was pale, and her eyes very red; it was easy to see that she had betrayed the secret of Salicetti's hiding-place to her lover, the valet of Bonaparte, and was now terrified for the consequences. They had trusted too much to her discretion, but even now they could not doubt her affection. Madame Permon was divided between dismay at the danger they had been in, and admiration for the generosity of Bonaparte—a generosity totally unexpected by her, and which indeed he rarely again displayed; but when she told Salicetti, he only said that he saw nothing fine in it; what else could Bonaparte have done? Madame Permon exchanged looks with Laurette, and both felt how rightly Bonaparte had judged this man in declaring him to be thoroughly selfish and base. His sole preoccupation was himself and his escape; he had not a thought for the Permons, who were all risking their lives for his sake. Madame Permon felt this with a woman's keen indignation, but it did not cross her mind to abandon her dangerous companion, nor had she one fear that her husband might not approve the part she had taken. In every place where they stopped, they heard anathemas against Salicetti and his party, and the general excitement alarmed them unspeakably. 'Suppose they recognize him! his description may have been sent here!' was ever Madame Permon's thought. Once they drove into a little town, where a mob had gathered, shouting, 'Arrest him! arrest him! he is outlawed!' Laurette said, 'I will see what it is;' her mother grasped her arm till it hurt her. 'Stay here!' she cried. 'Go and see what it is! What do you suppose it is? if this concerns us, it is—death!' Mariette, who had gone into the kitchen of the little inn when the carriage stopped, came hurrying back to say that a young priest had been seized by the populace, a man noted for his devoted fulfilment of his duties, and fearless attempts to restrain the excesses of his parishioners. His mother, the Baronne de Lavauret, had been thrown into prison, and would only have left it for the scaffold, but for the interposition of Madame Tallien, who also protected the son with that generosity which made her almost worshipped. The young priest had ventured home, hoping to learn if his mother yet lived; and she, who since through Madame Tallien his 'rights of citizenship had been restored,' to use the phrase then customary, had been seeking by every means to learn what had become of him, hurried to meet him. What was their despair, when, in defiance of all law, all justice, he was again arrested! When Madame Permon and her party returned to their carriage, they saw the young man surrounded by a crowd of furies; an elderly woman was on the outskirts of the crowd; her bonnet, on which a tri-colour cockade had been carelessly pinned, had fallen back, exposing her black hair streaked with white, and her dark eyes searched the faces of the throng with almost the look of a wild animal, or were fixed on the priest. Her arms were crossed upon her breast; she never moved. 'Oh, poor woman! poor woman!' cried Madame Permon, 'she is his mother.' It was so. They could render no assistance; for Salicetti's sake they dared not attract attention. They had to go on their way without knowing how this sad affair ended. '1793 over again!' cried Madame Permon, 'and this is what some wish to bring back!'

Salicetti looked straight out of the carriage window, and made no answer.

It was with the utmost difficulty, after weeks of anxiety, that they found a ship in which he could escape; the bound of relief which Laurette's heart gave when she saw him fairly on board a vessel about to sail for Genoa told her what a load of daily anxiety she had borne ever since he had been with them. She breathed deeply, looked at her mother, and embraced her with sudden vehemence and delight. A less light-hearted child would have been crushed by being so early mixed up with matters where life and death depended on constant caution in every word and look; but to the end of her long and troubled life Laurette was ever the same gay, thoughtless, bewitching creature, whether almost penniless, or a young wife surrounded by luxury, an ambassadress, or an old and poor woman. In her old age, as in her childhood, the moment that she could turn from her troubles she was as gay as a bird again.

PART III.

THE Permons found it advisable to go back to Paris; but their return was very sad, owing to the fast failing health of M. Permon, and the excited state of the city, again in all but open insurrection. At night sentinels went their rounds with all the precautions of a besieged city. Domiciliary visits were constantly taking place, and everyone able to bear arms was summoned to his section. One afternoon M. Permon was sleeping, exhausted by illness, and the house was kept as quiet as possible on his account. Suddenly doors were violently opened, and three men entered, demanding, with brutal oaths, why M. Permon had not appeared at his section? Madame Permon's explanation, supported by the landlord of the house, was not listened to. 'He came here on the 28th of Fructidor, (September 15th,) nineteen days ago. What does such an illness mean?' shouted one. '*I* should have had time to die and come to life again three times. Anyhow, I must see this citizen Permon, illness or no illness; where is he? I *will* see him and speak to him.'

'I have already told you that he is ill, citizen.'

'It is no time to be ill when the country is in danger. Come, open that door!'

'You are mad, or a wretch!' cried Madame Permon, darting before the door. 'Keep back, or beware!'

Astonished at this address, the man started back, staring at the resolute woman, who bade Laurette, in Greek, to fly to her father, and keep him calm. Alas! the noise had roused him, and he was in great agitation. Laurette heard him muttering, 'Wretches! poor country!' and neither she nor the sick-nurse could calm him. He asked for his wife, and Laurette ran to fetch her; the men were gone, but poor Madame Permon had fallen into a distressing nervous attack, to which she was subject after any emotion; she always made a desperate struggle to command herself, and never liked to be seen at such times by anyone; but the attack often lasted two hours. Bonaparte had come in, and was trying to soothe her, but had not dared to call anyone, lest M. Permon should be alarmed. Laurette rubbed her hands, and gave her the medicine which she took at such times; she had long been trained to act promptly and depend on herself in emergencies, and shew no childish terrors; and Madame Permon presently recovered sufficiently to go to her husband, whose nervous terror had increased with every instant of delay. Two or three stormy days and nights followed; but some hope of conciliating the malcontents seemed dawning, when suddenly the boom of a heavy gun was heard. It was the signal for a general cannonade. The street below the Permon windows was filled with all the sounds and sights of civil war. At the sound of the first shot M. Permon had uttered a cry, called wildly for help, and was instantly seized with violent delirium. Though the world had been in flames outside of his chamber, Laurette could hardly have spared a thought for it then, when she saw her father dying in agony, her poor mother lying white and exhausted across the foot of his bed, and her brother heart-broken, as he watched by the father who had been the best and tenderest of friends and guides to him. The battle raged without, and at length ceased; but to these mourners all seemed indifferent but their one absorbing grief. M. Permon died four days afterwards.

Laurette was more than old enough to be confirmed; but hitherto it had been impossible, for she belonged to a generation to which religious observances had been forbidden, and who, if they knew them at all, associated them with mystery and deadly peril. No words can give so clear an idea of this as did the touching picture, 'Mass in the Reign of Terror,' exhibited in London in 1862. A few churches were now re-opened in Paris, and Madame Permon seized the opportunity of sending Laurette to be instructed and examined daily at half-past eight in the morning in the Church of Bonne Nouvelle, where she was escorted by a good Benedictine nun, Sœur Rosalie, who, cast out of her convent, sought still to lead as strict a life as possible. Each day, for six weeks, she made a long round to collect the young girls and escort them to the class held by M. de Cani, a venerable priest, whose words deeply impressed the girls, knowing as they did the dangers he had run during the Revolution, and that even now he incurred much risk in thus openly assuming the office of a teacher of religion.

There was a Communion on Easter Monday, and the crowd was so great that it was hardly possible to reach the chancel. The Parisians, so long deprived of all religious rites, thronged to see the little flock of white-veiled girls renew their vows; and many who had seemed scornful and indifferent were strangely moved by this sight, which appealed to every pure feeling, and seemed to inaugurate a new and happier epoch for France. The Communion preceded the Confirmation of the next day, (some of the candidates partaking of it,) if possible an even denser throng attended than before, and numbers of women held up their little children to the Bishop, asking his blessing. This happy time strengthened Laurette for much privation and sorrow. Both she and her brother had insensibly acquired the habit always practised by their father, of keeping from Madame Permon all that could distress or harass her. Madame Permon had led a very simple and primitive life in Corsica, and when she came, a young bride, to France, she did not know the language of her new country, and her husband settled everything for her, made her life like a long summer's day, and delighted in gratifying her natural taste for everything beautiful. She took it for granted, that after his death all would go on in the same way, and said, holding out her arms to her children with her charming smile, 'Your father married me penniless; I owe him everything, and now it is all yours. Only you will find me a place by your fire-side.' But round this fire-side she supposed that there would necessarily be a multitude of luxuries. Every woman of any fortune, at this time, had two lady's-maids at least, with a valet who attended on her in-doors. She had her bath-room, her perfumes, costly lace, the finest lace and linen, her elegant baskets to hold the myriad articles thought indispensable for her toilette, her apartments with their ample hearths, thick carpets and curtains for winter, and abundance of costly flowers in summer. Everything that met the eye must be costly, beautiful, and have some good reason for being where it was. When Madame Permon went to see a house, the luxury of which had caused a great sensation throughout Paris, she only found fault with it, saying it suggested nothing but wealth. 'Is it never inhabited?' she said, looking round in vain for some sign that the mistress lived in the splendid rooms. 'For instance, why is there no work in this Chinese ivory basket? scissors and a thimble should lie near it, and they might be as costly as you like, enamelled or ornamented with pearls.' When she heard what the furniture had cost, she almost sprang out of her chair. 'I would fit up twenty houses for such a sum!' she cried, 'and you should see the difference! What is the good of having furniture of costly Indian woods in a room where no one ever sits? would it not have been far wiser to have spent the money on a richer covering, and a new shape if needs must, but at least one which would not break one's back?' She was one of the few who had courage to be independent of fashion; and the Greek and Roman modes, newly introduced, exasperated her, and she would not hear a word in their favour. When Laurette married, she had her little country house, near Jouy, furnished in the newest fashion; but Madame Permon obdurately refused to allow the upholsterer a voice in arranging the apartment which she was to occupy, and had it fitted up with a luxurious elegance, which Laurette herself allowed put the newer fashion to shame. Meanwhile, it became necessary to own how poor they were; and Laurette trembled to think what the effect would be on one so sensitive, so impetuous, when she heard that no papers could be found to shew how M. Permon had invested their money, which early in the Revolution he had transferred to England. He had never even told his son, who, in his perplexity, laid the matter before his little sister. They agreed to keep it a secret as long as any hope of clearing up the mystery remained; but it remained a mystery, and their ready money melted away so fast, that but for Albert's procuring some employment, they would have been penniless. Madame Permon took it with the utmost composure, probably unable to realize what being penniless meant; but when she found that her son would have to go to the army in Italy, she was nearly broken-hearted. He reminded her how his dying father had left her and Laurette in his keeping, and how thus alone he could provide for them; and she submitted with something like despair. He spoke to Laurette apart just before he left them, saying, with tender gravity, which the young girl never forgot, as he kissed her, 'God will give you strength and judgment for your task, my poor child; trust in Him and yourself, and all will go well. I shall often write, and you must tell me everything. If my mother wishes for anything which you are not rich enough to get, write to me. I feel certain that God will not forsake two children, whose sole care is their mother's happiness.'

But before Albert went, a new blow had fallen on the Permons. Cécile, happily married to an officer of the name of De Geouffre, became the mother of a baby, and her husband had written in his joy, 'My wife is so well that she is already talking of taking our Adolphe to receive her mother's blessing. She is prettier than ever, as fresh as a rose. You may imagine, dear Mamma, how glad all around her are; but our joy does not make us relax the care necessary at so severe a season, so you may be quite easy; no more anxieties—gladness and joy fill our future.' Five days after the arrival of this letter, Madame Permon was lying on her sofa, talking happy nonsense to her son and daughter, which ended by her saying, with tears in her eyes, 'Cécile must make a charming young mother! how I should like to see her with her baby!' And she fell into a reverie, murmuring a low cradle song; Laurette and Albert also became silent; all was still in the street without. Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door; both Albert and Laurette uttered a cry, and then burst out laughing at their own fright. Madame Permon put her hand up to her head. 'That knock hurt me,' she said; 'who can knock thus?' A letter was brought in. 'Ah!' said Albert, 'news of Cécile; it is De Geouffre's handwriting.' 'What relation can he have lost?' said Laurette, noticing the black seal. All the misfortunes which had already happened in her short life had not inspired her with that instinctive apprehension of bad news which older people feel at any sudden event. Albert had turned very white; and Madame

Permon started up, seized and glanced at the letter, and fell, with a cry, on her knees. Cécile was dead. Happy wife, happy mother, snatched away too in her early girlhood—such a loss ever awakens real feeling even in mere acquaintance, and there is a sense of an incomplete life, of something unnatural in it to embitter the blow. There seems a hope unfulfilled, a life only half worked out, and the stroke in many respects is heavier than when one is taken who is old and full of days. And Madame Permon felt her affliction the more bitterly, because she was aware that Cécile, brought up away from her in a convent, had always stood in great awe of her, and had never realized her love, at all events till her marriage was decided upon. Madame Permon had strenuously opposed this marriage, because M. de Geouffre was an officer in the Republican army, and it was not until she discovered that Cécile's health was giving way that she yielded. Then indeed she consented with her own winning cordiality; but now the recollection of her opposition came back. 'Poor Cécile!' she would say, 'such a short life, and I deprived her of six months happiness that she might have had!'

After her son had gone to Italy, Madame Permon fell dangerously ill; and Laurette, now fourteen years old, sat up with her night after night for nearly six weeks, nursing her with the help of an excellent servant. When Madame Permon roused herself to speak, it always was to ask news of her son, and Laurette had none to give. The doctors lost hope, and felt obliged to tell the poor lonely child that she must be prepared to lose her mother. Happily her indomitable hopefulness sustained her even now. 'Can nothing, nothing, save her?' she asked. 'Nature, and care given every moment; therefore you must yourself eat and drink in order to be able to give it,' they answered; advice which Laurette had the sense to listen to. Madame Permon recovered; but both her life, and poor little tired Laurette's health and reason, were endangered by the sudden loss of common sense in the maid, who till then had been an admirable nurse. Laurette had one night ventured to go to bed, having kissed her mother, and been blessed by her feeble voice. She fell into the sleep of exhaustion, from which she was startled by the maid shaking her arm, and faltering out, 'Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle! good Heavens, my mistress! my mistress is dead!' With one cry and spring Laurette was by the bed-side of her mother, flung herself on her, and called her wildly, as she saw her lie motionless, white as winter snow. Madame Permon awoke; she too had been sleeping. It turned out that the maid, no doubt worn out by long watching, had gone suddenly up to the bed, and seeing this face, pale as alabaster, had been seized with a wild panic, which drove her into Laurette's room. Madame Permon was too weak to be as much alarmed as Laurette dreaded; but the girl herself suffered so severely from the shock, that the doctors declared she had had a narrow escape from death or epilepsy. This long anxiety left her a thin pensive girl, with none of the rose-like freshness of Cécile, yet ready to revive again into child-like gaiety and enjoyment.

On the recovery of Madame Permon, her salon again filled with friends, old and new. Amongst her intimates were the whole Bonaparte family, though she and Bonaparte at this time were not good friends. She was hasty, and he was vindictive, and their mutual annoyance long rankled. Quieter times had really come. 'People had got tired,' said Laurette, 'of curing sore throats by cutting off heads; one could venture to wear clean linen without fear of being denounced by one's maid, and people were no longer cited before the Revolutionary Tribunal because they had a large fortune;' indeed, no one now had any; and the *Moniteur* was no longer daily sullied by its bloody list of names; but there was still the Temple Prison, still deportations; and although the horizon had cleared, there were often heard, as 'at the end of great storms, those single claps which tell of a past tempest. Yet gaiety returned; people were greedy of pleasure:' and even sported with the grim past, giving balls to which no one was admitted who had not had a near relation guillotined!

Amongst the young officers who came to Madame Permon's was that Junot whose name Laurette had heard long before, and to whom she attached a kind of romantic interest from his devoted love to Bonaparte. As his manners always betrayed, though she never admitted it, he was by birth bourgeois, and since, up to the Revolution, that class sent no sons to the army, he had studied law. On the first opportunity, however, he became a soldier, and gained from his comrades the expressive nickname of La Tempête. Napoleon first met him at Toulon, where he ordered him to take some directions to an officer on an exposed spot, but first to put off the uniform which made him dangerously conspicuous. Junot turned as red as a pomegranate. 'I am not a spy,' was his abrupt answer; 'I will go in my uniform or not at all.' 'Then you will be shot.' 'What matter? You do not know me enough to care, and I care nothing either;' and he went off singing. 'He will make his way,' was Bonaparte's comment; and from that time he never lost sight of him.

Laurette did not love the Bonaparte sisters, though she admired the beauty of Pauline, or Paulette, as she was always called by her friends, and was frequently in their company. Pauline especially offended her by her grand airs, and her harshness to her pretty little sister Annunciata, (better known as Caroline,) of whose beauty she was jealous. Laurette could never forget how one day when the little school-girl had come home for a holiday, and running in with her fair curls falling round her joyous rosy face, on her plump white shoulders, Pauline pushed her away ill-humouredly, exclaiming, 'Mamma, you really ought to teach Annunciata (the child particularly wished to be called Caroline) better manners; she is just like a peasant girl from Fiumborbo!'

Fiumborbo is a place in Corsica whose inhabitants are noted for their savage rudeness; and poor Annunciata went away silently, with her eyes full of tears. Pauline used often to receive a plain-spoken reprimand from her old friend, Madame Permon, who never was in the least awed, but rather amused, by the rising fortunes of the Bonapartes; yet so lovely was the unamiable girl, that no one could help looking at her with delight, and Madame Permon took a never-ending pleasure in contemplating her. Madame Bonaparte herself had been a beautiful woman; she had talent, and was courageous and sincere; popular she never could be, for the consciousness of her extreme ignorance made her afraid of committing some solecism if she talked, and she took refuge in stiff dignity.

The sons were married, but their wives, and especially Joséphine, wife of Napoleon, did not harmonize with the sisters and mother, and the disputes and intrigues which arose among them cost Napoleon much perplexity and vexation. Even at this time his own family anxiously desired his divorce from Joséphine, whom they detested. Bonaparte was now the most popular man in France. The royalists indeed abhorred him, but not only was he popular through the glory which he had acquired for France, but it was felt that his strong arm held the helm steady, and that were he to perish in some of the many attempts to assassinate him, a new reign of terror would probably recommence. One of his measures was to make Junot commandant of Paris, telling him, when he appointed him to this most responsible place, that he must add ten years to his age, and find a wife. His generals were used to such commands; indeed, very often he chose the wife for them. Junot said that he would obey, but as for marrying an heiress, also part of his orders, that was another thing, 'for all heiresses are as ugly as caterpillars!' And he carried out his protest by falling in love, honestly, and quite independently of the First Consul's orders, with Laurette Permon, now a brown pale girl of sixteen, without a penny, but in his eyes a beauty. Junot came regularly every evening to Madame Permon's house, but as he only paid court to Madame Permon, and never spoke to Laurette, she thought nothing of it, till one evening a young friend said reproachfully, 'Is this the way you treat your friends! you are going to be married, and never told me!'

Laurette turned pale, thinking of a marriage already proposed, which she did not wish for, but which had rather attracted her mother. The other girl continued, 'Well, is it not true? Are you not to marry General Junot?'

'General Junot!' cried Laurette. 'I hardly know him! and he does not know me! Is it likely he would marry a penniless girl—he, the favourite of the First Consul, and one of the best matches in Paris! Where did you hear such nonsense?'

But it was no nonsense. Junot formally asked her hand; Albert was delighted, and ushered him into the bed-room of Madame Permon, where the matter was decided between the three. But Junot, not belonging to the old régime, was unreasonable enough to insist on asking Laurette herself. Madame Permon assured him that it was unheard of, but Albert treacherously summoned her, and she came in, rather surprised, and looking inquiringly at the three smiling faces turned towards her. Junot rose, and gave her his chair, and then said gravely, 'Mademoiselle, I am happy enough to be accepted as your husband by your mother and brother. But that will go for nothing, unless you yourself choose to have me. I know this step is not usual at all, but you know I am a rough soldier, and I want in this most important act to get as much as I give. Perhaps—' he hesitated a little, 'you may be afraid to say—. . .' Madame Permon interrupted him reproachfully, but he went on, 'Excuse me, let me finish what I was saying. Will you tell me honestly whether you are willing to marry me, and consider well before answering me.'

Laurette sat mute, feeling as if it were all a dream, and yet conscious that on her answer depended her future fate. No one spoke for ten minutes at least, till Junot again urged her to say yes or no, and her brother and mother encouraged her to answer openly. But the poor girl's heart was beating so fast, and her head throbbing so much, that all she was conscious of was that her obstinate silence was becoming foolish. She astonished them all by starting up, and flying out of the room, vainly pursued by Albert, who never guessed that she had fled to the hay-loft at the very top of the house. When she thought Junot must be gone, she ventured down to her brother's room, where he petted and scolded her, and discovered that she was quite willing to marry Junot, who, on learning it, caught Albert in his arms and hugged him, and then stamped with vexation at his own vehemence in asking Laurette a question, which Albert owned, laughing, had made her cry, and then dismayed Madame Permon and Albert by owning that Bonaparte knew nothing of his proposal. Happily the First Consul had preserved his old affection for the Permons; indeed, he had found Albert's talent for languages and knowledge of Greek already useful to him, and said, 'Well, I give you one hundred thousand francs for a dowry, and forty thousand for the corbeille. . . . . And you will have a good worthy brother-in-law.' Junot's choice caused much wonder in Paris. Some said that he married the daughter out of admiration of her charming mother; others, that he, a plebeian, was ambitious of marrying the daughter of the Comneni, for the genealogy of Madame Permon had been submitted to and approved by that sternly conscientious censor, Chérin, and there could be no doubt of her noble descent. No one could understand his honest passionate love for the delicate-looking mournful girl, whose powers of conversation and charm of manner Paris had not yet discovered. Joséphine Bonaparte secretly opposed this marriage, which alone, even without their personal affection for Laurette, would have been reason enough to make all the other members of that family delighted with it. Joséphine seemed always jealous of her husband's old friendship with the Permons.

Before we end the sketch of Laurette's life as a young girl at home, one more adventure must be told, which terrified her more than even the terrible scenes of the Revolution had done. In the first year of the Consulate Paris was kept in constant terror by robberies and murders committed by bands of vagabonds, the offspring of the Revolution, known as '*les chauffeurs*,' who pillaged not only country houses, maiming and torturing the owners to make them own where their money was hidden, but broke into houses even in the most frequented streets of the capital. Madame Permon had been ill; and to please her, Albert gave up an expedition which he had planned, and stayed at home. They spent a happy evening, with several friends who as usual dropped in; and Madame Permon went gaily to bed, saying that she felt better, and was sure that she should sleep. Laurette occupied the next room, the door between was closed but not bolted, and she sat up reading till past midnight, no sound breaking the stillness but the heavy tread of the sentinel posted near the Church of the Capucins, and his monotonous *qui vive!* Laurette grew tired of her book, and discovered that it was a quarter to one. She listened, and heard her mother's quiet breathing, which told that she was asleep. Then discovering that she was hungry, Laurette bethought herself that in the dining-room she should find bread and strawberries, and went lightly across the landing in search of them. She had seated herself at the table to eat them, when she fancied that Madame Permon might awake and call, and be alarmed at getting no answer. She rose hastily and carried off her strawberries to her room, where she sat down gaily to eat them, gladdened by the thought that her mother was almost well. She and her mother had the first floor to themselves; Albert's room was a story higher; the servants slept on the third floor, and on the *rez de chaussée* were cellars, a kitchen, and offices. Laurette was absolute mistress of the establishment, and young as she was, she kept good order. One of her rules was that by midnight every servant should be in bed; and she was surprised and displeased when, as she ate her supper, she heard a sound in the lower rooms. There were stealthy steps; someone was creeping up-stairs. 'Why, it is one o'clock at night!' she said indignantly to herself, 'and they declare that they never sit up late!' and went to the door, drawing back the first bolt cautiously, with intent to catch the delinquents in the act. She could hardly suppress her laughter as she thought how dismayed all the faces would look. 'It will be quite a picture!' she was saying, when she heard someone stumble against a bath on the landing-place. Annoyed at a sound likely to rouse Madame Permon, she was drawing back the other bolt when it crossed her mind that no servant would have tumbled over an article which they all knew stood there; but if these were not servants, who, what were they? Laurette turned so dizzy that she could hardly stand, but in all her terror she silently re-fastened the first bolt. Then came the cracking which a wooden staircase makes under a heavy foot; people were going up to the second floor, and it was no step that she knew. The recollection of the '*chauffeurs*' filled her mind; she knew that lately a whole family had been murdered by them; a gentleman in that very street had only been rescued from them by the guests of Madame Permon, who heard his cries; and they always took every precaution, posting sentinels, and shooting down everyone who tried to give an alarm. 'I will try, all the same!' Laurette whispered, as she stood listening intently. All was now still, so still that she thought she had only fancied these strange noises; so long a time seemed to have passed that when she looked at the clock she could hardly believe only ten minutes had gone by. Her fear of alarming her dear invalid surmounted even her terror; she sat still, enduring the suspense with a loving courage that very few young daughters would have been capable of. Suddenly the loud cracking of the staircase was again heard; steps were coming down now—impossible to hope it could be the servants. They avoided the bath this time, and two people sat down on a step and whispered together. Laurette crept to the door and listened. She heard a few words, which filled her with new terror. Albert Permon was engaged in business, and had at that moment a very large sum of money in the house, destined for various investments; it was not even his own, but simply entrusted to him. His Italian valet knew this; perhaps he was in league with the *chauffeurs*. It was Albert's life, then, that was menaced; they had thought he would be from home; they would find his door locked, and himself within, and then . . . . . Laurette's heart stood still: then she flew into her mother's room, to consult with her; no thoughts of sparing her alarm could restrain her now. At Laurette's first word Madame Permon started up, and rang her bell, uttering shriek upon shriek, which Laurette tried with despair to hush, dreading above all things lest Albert should hear, rush down-stairs, and be murdered. But the sounds had startled the *chauffeurs*; they fled, springing through a window and into a timber-yard where they had probably lurked all day. Albert, running down, found all the servants on foot, and all the household in commotion, while instruments for forcing locks lay scattered about, one already deep in the fastening of his own door, pincers, and keys. It was easy to see how they had got in; a long plank laid from a wall to a window had served as a bridge, and the wall had been scaled by a ladder. Nothing could be more simple, and the valet was quite guiltless of this crime, though afterwards Laurette caught him stealing money from her mother's desk. Albert hastened for the police, but the *chauffeurs* had escaped. Laurette was the chief sufferer from the night's adventure; she had a brain fever, in which the scene, with every possible additional horror, seemed perpetually enacted before her; and long after she could not cross the landing without turning faint. Had she remained to eat her strawberries in the dining-room, they would have seized her there; while she was gaily wandering from room to room, these wretches were already in the house. Albert, much alarmed for her health, took her to Dieppe, where she regained her strength; but six years after, when Bonaparte made her repeat the story to him, he noticed that she turned as white as she could have done at the time. 'Strange!' was his comment, but perhaps no danger that even he had experienced could have been as cruelly trying as that half hour to the girl of fifteen.

Unexpected difficulties arose as to Laurette's marriage, she considering a religious as well as a civil rite necessary, Junot amazed by her thinking it necessary to be married in church as well as by a magistrate. He knew too that Napoleon would be highly displeased if he, the commandant of Paris, were to make as it were an open profession of faith at a time when faith and the aristocrats were strangely confounded in the popular mind. It was settled that the marriage should take place very quietly, late at night. Laurette did not like it; she said that it was like one of those sad weddings in the Revolution, where the priest gave the blessing, as the bride and bridegroom received it, at the risk of their lives. Persuaded by her mother and brother, however, she yielded. Madame Permon's health was such as to make her very anxious to see Laurette well married; and Albert too desired above all things to secure such a protector as Junot for his sister, who was as truly to him as to Madame Permon, 'the light of his eyes.' 'Mathia mou' was ever her pet name among them. But her confessor opposed her marriage with all his might: 'What reason can General Junot have for refusing to call you his wife by the light of day?' he asked sternly, when on the eve of her wedding she went to confess to him, accompanied by Sœur Rosalie, her old friend. 'There must be some unknown obstacle.'

The nun saw Laurette turn pale, and exclaimed, 'Why, M. l' Abbé! what obstacle can there be? The good General loves Mademoiselle Laure with all his heart, and marries her to please himself!'

Laurette saw the singular look with which he answered, 'He loves her—yes—but who will tell me he has not first loved another? . . . And it is my duty to watch over this orphan.'

But then Laurette spoke. 'I am grateful to you, M. l' Abbé, but I have friend and father in my brother, and he would have known had we been deceived by a man whose high name for honour and honesty would have then been strangely ill merited. I have already told you why he wishes us to be married so late.'

'And that very reason is a sin!' cried the Abbé, holding up hands, one of which had been hideously mutilated by a republican soldier; 'he would not object to shewing himself in the Temple of Victory, though he does to appearing in a church!' And then, with vehement eagerness, he went on to explain his convictions that somewhere Junot had a *first wife,* whom he wished to hide his marriage from. Perhaps it was well for him that Laurette was sensible and discreet. She had been grieved by Junot's indifference to any religious ceremony, but she had understood his motives, and had entire confidence in him. She was not shaken by the priest's suspicions, which he almost communicated to Sœur Rosalie. This Abbé Lusthier was a fanatic, but a man whose convictions it was impossible not to respect. He had almost been a martyr to them, and now slept on ashes, ate only vegetables, deprived himself of fire that he might give more to the poor, and prayed night and day for France, while he held the republic and the First Consul in almost equal horror.

Between him and men like Junot there could only be intense hostility. His farewell to Laurette was almost menacing in spite of its real affection. She never told Junot what had passed; but some years after they met, and the Abbé, poorer than ever at that time, told him the whole scene. Laurette was alarmed, but there was no cause; Junot only smiled, said that he hoped the Abbé now thought better of him, and soon so thoroughly overcame the good man's prejudices that they remained fast friends. Junot also succeeded in getting him appointed to a rich parish in the diocese of Metz.

With Laurette's marriage her history as a young girl must end, though the years that followed it were as eventful as those which went before. They are chronicled in her long and amusing memoirs,* from which the present sketch has been taken, as giving a more vivid picture than any history, or even romance, could do, of what a girl's life might be in the First French Revolution.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHESS-PLAYER'S BATTLE.

'Dost thou believe, he said, that Grace
  Itself can reach this grief?
With a feeble voice and a woeful eye—
"Lord, I believe," was the sinner's reply,
  "Help Thou mine unbelief."'
Southey.

By the beginning of the Christmas holidays, Fernando Travis was able to lie on a couch in Mr. Audley's sitting-room. His recovery was even tardier than had been expected, partly from the shock, and partly from the want of vigour of the tropical constitution; and he still seemed to be a great way from walking, though there was no reason to fear that the power would not return. His father wrote, preparing for a journey to the Oregon, and seemed perfectly satisfied, and he was becoming very much at home with his host.

He was much interested in that which he was learning from Mr. Audley, and imbibing from the young Underwoods. The wandering life he had hitherto led, without any tenderness save from the poor old Negro, without time to make friends, and often exposed to the perception of some of the darkest sides of human life, in the terrible lawlessness of the Mexican frontier, had hitherto made him dull, dreary, and indifferent, with little perception that there could be anything better; but first the kindness and then the faith he saw at Bexley, had awakened new perceptions and sensations. His whole soul was opening to perceive what the love of God and man might be; and the sense of a great void, and longing to have it satisfied, seemed to fill him with a constant craving for the revelation of that inner world, whose existence had just dawned upon him.

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* Memoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.

After a little hesitation, Mr. Audley decided on reading with Geraldine in his presence after he had come into the sitting-room, explaining to her how he thought it might be helpful. She did not much like it, but acquiesced: she used to hop in with her sweet smile, shy greeting, and hand extended to the invalid, who used to lie looking at her through his long eye-lashes, and listening to her low voice reading or answering, as if she were no earthly creature; but the two were far too much in awe of one another to go any further; and he got on much better with Wilmet, when she looked in on him now and then with cheery voice and good-natured care.

Then Fulbert and Robina came home; and the former was half-suspicious, half jealous, of Lance's preoccupation with what he chose to denominate 'a black Yankee nigger.' He avoided the room himself, and kept Lance from it as much as was in his power; and one day Lance appeared with a black eye, of which he concealed the cause so entirely, that Felix, always afraid of his *gamin* tendencies, entreated Fulbert, as a friend, to ease his mind by telling him it was not given in a street row.

'I did it,' said Fulbert; 'he was so cocky about his Yankee, that I couldn't stand it.'

'Why shouldn't he be kind to a poor sick fellow?'

'He has no business to be always bothering about Fernando here—Fernando there—Fernando for ever. I shall have him coming up to school a regular spoon, and just not know what to do with him!'

'Well, Fulbert, I think if you had a broken leg you'd wish someone to speak to you. At any rate, I can't have Lance bullied for his good-nature; I was very near doing it myself once, but I was shamed out of it.'

'Were you—were you, indeed?' cried Fulbert, delighted at this confession of human nature; and Felix could not help laughing. And that laugh did much to bring him down from the don to the brother. At any rate, Fulbert ceased his persecution in aught but word.

Robina, always Lance's companion, followed him devotedly, and only hung about the stairs forlorn when he went to Fernando without her; or if admitted, she was quite content to sit serenely happy in her beloved Lance's presence, expecting neither notice nor amusement, only watching their occupation of playing at draughts. Sometimes, however, Lance would fall to playing with her, and they would roll on the floor, a tumbling mass of legs, arms, and laughter, to the intense diversion of Fernando, to whom little girls were beings of an unknown order.

So came on Christmas, with the anniversaries so sweet and so sad, and the eve of holly-dressing, when a bundle of bright sprays was left by some kind friend at No. 8, and Lance and Bobbie were vehement to introduce Fernando to English holly and English decking.

Geraldine suggested that they had better wait for either Mr. Audley or Wilmet to come in, but for this they had no patience, and ran down with their arms full of the branches, and their tongues going with the description of the night's carols, singing them with their sweet young voices as they moved about the room. Fernando knew now what Christmas meant, but the joy and exhilaration of the two children seemed to him strange for such a bygone event. He asked them if they would have any treat.

'Oh no! except, perhaps, Mr. Audley said we should drink tea here one day,' said Robina. And then she broke out again, 'Hark! the herald angels,' like a little silver bell.

Suddenly there was a cry of dismay. She had been standing on a chair over the mantel-piece, sticking holly into the ornaments, behind and under which, in true man's fashion, a good many papers and letters had accumulated. One of these papers—by some unlucky movement—fell, and by a sudden waft of air floated irrevocably into the hottest place in the fire.

'Oh dear! oh dear!' wailed Robina.

'That's a pretty go,' cried Lancelot.

'That comes of your open fires,' observed Fernando.

'What was it?' asked Lance.

'I don't know. I think it was a list of names! Oh! how vexed he'll be, and Wilmet; for she told me never to get on a chair over the fender, and I forgot.' Bobbie's round face was puckering for a cry.

'No, no, don't cry, Bob; I told you to get up, and I'll say so,' said Lance, smothering her in his arms after the wont of consoling brothers.

'I dare say he'll not miss it,' said Fernando good-naturedly; 'he very seldom meddles with those things.'

Bobbie's great round grey eyes came out over Lance's shoulder, and flashed amazement and wrath at him. 'I'm not going to tell stories,' she said stoutly.

'No,' said Lance, equally scandalized, 'I thought you had learnt better, Fernando.'

Robina, be it observed, was ignorant of Fernando's untaught state.

'I only said you could hold your tongue,' was of course Fernando's rejoinder.

'That's just as bad,' was the little girl's response.

'But, Lance, you held your tongue about your black eye.'

'That's my affair, and *nobody's else's*,' said Lance, flushing up and looking cross at the allusion.

'And Fulbert told!' added Robina.

'Will they punish you?' asked Fernando.

'I think Wilmet will, because it was disobedience! I don't think she'll let me have any butter at tea,' Bobbie nearly sobbed. 'Mr. Audley won't punish! But he'll look—' and she quite cried now.

'And do you like that better than not telling?' said Fernando, still curious.

She looked up, amazed again. 'I must! I don't like it! But I couldn't ever have a happy Christmas if I didn't tell! I wish they would come, that I might have it over.'

The street-door opened at the moment, and Mr. Audley and Wilmet came in together from Lady Price's convocation of the parish staff. Fernando heard the sobbing confession in the passage, and Lance's assurance that he had been art and part in the disobedience, and Wilmet gravely blaming the child, and Mr. Audley telling her not to think so much about the loss as the transgression; and then the door was shut, and he heard no more, till Mr. Audley came in, examined the chimney-piece, and performed the elegy of the list in a long low whistle.

'Is much harm done?' Fernando asked.

'Not much; only I must go and get another list made out, and I am afraid I shall not be able to come in again before church.'

'I hope they have not punished her!'

'Wilmet recommended not taking the prize prayer-book to church, and she acquiesced with tears in her eyes. A good child's repentance is a beautiful thing—

> "O happy in repentance' school
> So early taught and tried."'

These last words were said to himself as he picked up his various goods, and added, 'I must get some tea at the Rectory. I am sorry to leave you, but I hope one of them will come down.'

They did not, except that they peeped in for a moment to wish him good-night, and regretted that they had not known him to be alone.

As Felix was going out to begin the Christmas Feast in the darkness of morning, he looked in as he usually did, since Mr. Audley, sleeping out of the house, never came in till after early church. The nurse, who still slept in the room, was gone to dress; there was only a flickering night-light, and the room looked very desolate and forlorn, still more so the voice that called out to him, 'Felix! oh, Felix! is that you?'

'Yes. A happy Christmas to you,' said Felix.

'Happy—!' there was a sort of groan.

'Why, what's the matter? have you had a bad night? Aren't you so well?'

'I don't know. Come here; I must speak to you.'

Felix was as usual in great haste, but the tone startled him.

'Felix, I can't stand this any longer. I must let you know what a frightful intolerable wretch I've been. I tried to teach Lance to bet.'

'Fernando!' He was so choked with indignation, he could not say more.

'He wouldn't do it. Not after he understood it. It seems he tried it with another little boy at school, and one of the bigger ones boxed his ears and rowed him.'

'Ay; Bruce promised me to look after him.'

'So he refused. He told me he was on his honour to you not to stay if I did anything your father would have disapproved. He did leave me once, when I would not leave off.'

'But how could you?'

'I was so bored—so intolerably dull—and it is the only thing on earth that one cares to do.'

'But Lance had nothing to stake.'

'I could lend him! Ah! you don't know what betting is; why, we all do it—women, boys, and all!' His voice became excited, and Felix in consternation broke in—

'When did you do this?'

'Oh! weeks ago. Before I was out of bed. When I found my dice in my purse; but I have not tried it since, with him!'

'With whom, then?'

'Why—don't fall on him—with Fulbert. He knew what it meant. Now, Felix, don't come on him for it. Come on me as much as you please. I've been a traitor to you. I see it now.'

'Anything but that!' sighed Felix, too much appalled for immediate forgiving, dejected as was the voice that spoke to him.

'Yes, yes, I know! I see. The worst thing I could do,' said Fernando, turning his face in on the pillow, in so broken-hearted a manner that Felix's kindness and generosity were roused.

'Stay, don't be so downcast,' he said. 'There's no harm done with Lance, and you being so sorry will undo it with Fulbert! I do thank you for telling me, *really*, only it upset me at first.'

'Upset! Yes, you'll be more so when you hear the rest,' said Fernando, raising his head again. 'Do you know who set that inn on fire?'

'Nobody does.'

'Well, I did.'

'Nonsense! You've had a bad night! You don't know what you are talking about,' said Felix, anxiously laying hold of one of the hot hands—perceiving that his own Christmas Day must begin with mercy, not sacrifice, and beginning to hope the first self-accusation was also delirious.

'Tell me. Didn't the fire begin in the ball-room? Somebody told me so.'

'Yes, the waiter saw it there.'

'Then I did it; I threw the end of a cigar among the flummery in the grate,' cried Fernando, falling back from the attitude into which he had raised himself, with a gesture of despair.

'Nobody can blame you.'

'Stay. It was after father and uncle had gone! I was smoking at the window of our room, and the landlord came in and ordered me not, because some ladies in the next room objected. He told me I might come down to the coffee-room; but I had never heard of such meddling, and I jawed him well; but he made me give in somehow. Only when I saw that big ball-room all along the side of the building, I just took a turn in it with my cigar to spite him. Poor Diego came up and begged me not; but you know the way one does with a nigger. Oh!'

Felix did not know; but the voice broke down in such misery and horror, that his soul seemed to sink within him. 'Have you had this on your mind all this time?' he asked kindly.

'No, no. It didn't come to me. I think I've been a block or a stone. The dear faithful fellow, that loved me as no one ever did. I've been feeling the kiss he gave me at that window all to-night. And then I've been falling—falling—falling in his black arms—down—down to hell itself. Not that he is there; but I murdered him, you know—and someone else besides, wasn't there?'

'This is like delirium, really, Fernando,' said Felix, putting his arms round him to lay him down, as he had raised himself on his elbow. 'I must call someone if you seem so ill.'

'I wish it was illness,' said Fernando with a shudder. 'Oh! don't go—don't let me go—if you can bear to touch me—when you know all!'

'There can't be any worse to know. You had better not talk.'

'I must! I must tell you all I really am; though you will never let your brothers come near me, or the little angels—your sisters. I'd not have dared look at them myself if I had known it, but things never seemed so to me before.'

Felix shivered at the thought of what he was to hear, but he gave himself up to listen kindly, and to his relief he gathered from the incoherent words that there was no great stain of crime, as he had feared; but that the boy had come to open his eyes to the evils of the life in which he had shared according to his age, and saw them in their foulness, and with an agonized sense of shame and pollution. Felix could not help asking whether this had long dwelt on his thoughts.

'No,' he said, 'that's the wonder! I thought myself a nice, gentlemanly, honourable fellow. Oh!' with a groan. 'Fancy that! I never thought of recollecting these things, or what they have made me. Only, somehow, when those children seemed so shocked at my advising them to hold their tongues about their bit of mischief—I thought first what fools you all were to be so scrupulous; and then I recollected the lots of things I have concealed, till I began to think, Is this honour—would it seem so to Lance—or Felix? And then came down on me the thought of what you believe, of God seeing it all, and laying it up against one for judgement; and I *know*—I *know* it is true!' and there came another heavy groan, and the great eyes shone in the twilight in terror.

'If you know that is true,' said Felix steadfastly and tenderly, 'you know something else too. You know Whom He sent into the world for our pardon for these things.'

There was a tightening of the grasp as if in acquiescence and comfort; but the nurse came back to tidy the room, and still Fernando clung to Felix, and would not let him go. She opened the shutters, and then both she and Felix were dismayed to see how ill and spent her patient looked; for she had slept soundly through his night of silent anguish and remorse—misery that, as Felix saw by his face, was pressing on him still with intolerable weight.

By the time the woman had finished Mr. Audley came in, and seeing at once that Felix's absence was accounted for by Fernando's appearance, he stepped up at once to the bed, full of solicitude. Felix hardly knew whether to reply or escape; but Fernando's heart was too full for his words not to come at once.

'No, I am not worse, but I see it all now.—Tell him, Felix; I cannot say it again.'

'Fernando thinks—' Felix found he could hardly speak the words either—'Fernando is afraid that it was an accident of his own—'

'Don't say an accident! It was passion and spite,' broke in Fernando.

'That caused the fire at the Fortinbras Arms,' Felix was obliged to finish.

'Not on purpose!' exclaimed Mr. Audley.

'Almost as much as if it had been,' said Fernando. 'I smoked to spite the landlord for interfering, and threw away the end too angry to heed where. There!' he added grimly; 'Felix won't tell me how many I murdered besides my own poor old black. How many!'

'Do not speak in that way, my poor boy,' said Mr. Audley. 'At least, this is better than the weight you have had on your mind so long.'

'How many?' repeated Fernando.

'Two more lives were lost,' said Mr. Audley gently, 'Mr. Jones's baby and its nurse. But you must not use harder words than are just, Fernando. It was a terrible result, but consequences do not make the evil.'

He made a kind of murmur; then turning round, uneasily said, 'That is not all; I have seen myself, Mr. Audley.'

Mr. Audley looked at Felix, who spoke with some difficulty and perplexity. 'He has been very unhappy all night. He thinks things wrong that he never thought about before.'

Mr. Audley felt exceedingly hopeful at those words; but he was alarmed at the physical effect on his patient, and felt that the present excitement was mischievous. 'I understand in part,' he said. 'But it seems to me that he is too restless and uncomfortable to think or understand now. It may be that he may yet see the joy of to-day; but no more talk now. Have you had your breakfast?'

He shook his head; but Felix had to go away, and breakfast and dressing restored Fernando to a more tranquil state. He slept, too, wearied out, when he was placed on his couch; while Felix was at the Christmas service, singing, as he had never sung before,—

'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

Oh! was the poor young stranger seeing the way to that reconciliation? and when Lancelot's sweet clear young notes rose up in all their purity, and the rosy honest face looked upwards with an expression elevated by the music, Felix could not help thinking that the boy had verily sung those words of truth and hope into the poor dark lonely heart. Kindness, steadfastness, truth, in that merry-hearted child had been doing their work; and when Lance marched away with the other lesser choristers, the elder brother felt as if the younger had been the more worthy to 'draw near in faith.'

Fernando was more like himself when Felix came in; but he was a good deal shaken, and listened to the conventional Christmas greeting like a mockery, shrinking from the sisters when they looked in on him with what they thought a fresh access of shyness, but which was a feeling of terrible shame beside the innocence he ascribed to them.

'I wish I could help that poor boy,' sighed Wilmet. 'He does look so very miserable!'

And Geraldine's eyes swam in tears as she thought of the loneliness of his Christmas, and without that Christmas joy that even their mother's dulled spirit could feel—the joy that bore them through the recollections of this time last year.

Lance's desire to cheer took the more material form of acting as Fernando's special waiter at the consumption of the turkey, which Mr. Audley had insisted on having from home, and eating in company with the rest, to whom it was a 'new experience,' being only a faint remembrance even to Felix and Wilmet; but Fernando had no appetite, and even the sight of his little friend gave him a pang.

'Do you want anyone to stay with you?' asked Lance. 'If Cherry *would* do—for Felix said he would take Fulbert and me out for a jolly long walk, to see the icicles at Bold's Hatch.'

'No, I want no one. You are better without me.'

'I'll stay if you *do* want it,' said Lance very reluctantly. 'I don't like your not having one bit of Christmas. Shall I sing you one

Christmas hymn before I go?' And Lance broke into the 'Herald Angels' again.

'Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.'

Fernando's face was bathed in tears; he held out his arms, and to little Lance's great amazement, somewhat to his vexation, he held him fast and kissed him.

'What did you do that for?' he asked in a gruff astonished voice.

'Never mind!' said Fernando. 'Only I think I see what this day can be! Now go.'

Presently Mr. Audley came softly in. The lad's face was turned in to his cushion, his handkerchief over it; and as the young priest stood watching him, what could be done but pray for the poor struggling soul? At last he turned round, and looked up.

'I saw it again,' he said with a sigh.

'Saw what?'

'What you all mean. It touched me, and seemed true and real when Lance was singing. What was it—"Born to save the sons of earth"? Oh! but such as I am, and at my age, too!'

And with a few words from Mr. Audley, there came such a disburthening of self-accusation as before to Felix. It seemed as if the terrible effect of his wilfulness at the inn—horrified as he was at them—were less oppressive to his conscience than his treachery to his host in his endeavour to gamble with the little boys. He had found a pair of dice in his purse when looking for the price of a Bible, and the sight had awakened the vehement hereditary Mexican passion for betting, the bane of his mother's race. His father, as a clever man of the world, hated and prohibited the practice; but Fernando had what could easily become a frenzy for that excitement of the lazy south, and even while he had seen it in its consequences, the intense craving for the amusement had mastered him more than once, when loathing the dullness and weariness of his confinement, and shrinking from the doctrines he feared to accept. He knew it was dishonourable—yet he had given way; and he felt like one utterly stained, unpardonable, hopeless: but there was less exaggeration in his state of mind than in the early morning; and when Mr. Audley dwelt on the Hope of sinners, his eyes glistened and brightened; and at the further words that held out to him the assurance that all these sins might be washed away, and he himself enabled to begin a new life, his looks shone responsively; but he shook his head soon—'It went away from him,' he said; poor boy! 'it was too great and good to be true.'

Then Mr. Audley put prayer before him as a means of clinging even blindly to the Cross that he was barely beginning to grasp, and the boy promised. He would do anything they would, could he but hope to be freed from the horrible weight of sense of hopeless pollution that had come upon him.

For some days he did not seem able to read anything but the Gospels and the Baptismal Service; and at length, after a long silence, he said, 'Mr. Audley, if your sermon is finished, can you listen to me? May I be baptized?'

Then indeed the Curate's heart bounded, but he had to keep himself restrained. The father's consent he had secured beforehand, but he thought Fernando ought to write to him; and it was also needful to consult the Rector as to the length of actual preparation and probation.

Then, when the question came, 'Can I indeed be like Felix and Lance?' the reply had to be cautious. 'You will be as entirely pardoned, as entirely belonging to the holiness within and without, as they; but how far you will have the consciousness, I cannot tell; and it is very probable that your temptations may be harder. Guilt may be forgiven, while habits retain their power; and they have been guarded, taught self-restraint, and had an example before them in their father, such as very few have been blessed with.'

Fernando sighed long and sadly, and said, 'Then you do not think it will make much difference.'

'The difference between life and death! But you must expect to have to believe rather than *feel*. But go on, and it will all be clear.'

The Rector was at first anxious to wait for definite sanction from the father; but as Mr. Audley was sure of the permission he had received, and no letter could be had for several months, he agreed to examine the lad, and write to the Bishop—a new Bishop, who had been appointed within the last year, and who was coming in the spring for a Confirmation.

Mr. Bevan was really delighted with the catechumen, and wrote warmly of him. The reply was, that if the Baptism could take place the day before the Confirmation, which was to be in a month's time, the Bishop himself would like to be present, and the youth could be confirmed the next day. There was much that was convenient in this, for it gave time for Fernando to make progress in moving about. He had made a start within the last week or two, was trying to use crutches, and had been out on fine days in a chair; and once or twice Lady Price had taken him for a drive, though she had never thought of doing so by Geraldine. The doctor said that change of air would probably quite restore his health; and he had only to wait to be a little less dependent before he was to go to a tutor, an old friend of the Audley family.

Everything promised well; but one wet afternoon, in the interim between the end of Lance's and that of Fulbert's holidays, Mr. Audley, while coming down from a visit to Mrs. Underwood, fancied he heard an ominous rattle, and opening the door suddenly, found Fernando and Fulbert eagerly throwing the dice, and with several shillings before them.

Both started violently as he entered, and Fulbert put his arm and hand round as if to hide the whole affair; while Fernando tried to look composed.

All that the Curate said in his surprise was one sharp sentence. 'Fernando Travis, if you are to renounce the devil, you will have to begin by throwing those dice into the fire.'

Fernando's eyes looked furious, and he swept the dice and the money into his pocket—all but three shillings. Fulbert stole out of the room quietly. No doubt these were his winnings, which he did not dare to touch.

Mr. Audley took up a book and waited, fully expecting that sorrow would follow; but Fernando did not speak; and when at length he did on some indifferent matter, it was in his ordinary tone. Well, there must be patience. No doubt repentance would come at night! No; the evening passed on, and Fernando was ready for all their usual occupations. Perhaps it would come with Felix, or in the dawn after a troubled night. Alas! no. And moreover, Felix, to whom it was necessary to speak, was exceedingly angry and vexed, and utterly incredulous of there being any good in the character that could be so fickle, if not deceitful and hypocritical. His own resolute temper had no power of comprehending the unmanliness of erring against the better will; he was absolutely incapable of understanding the horrible lassitude and craving for excitement that must have tempted Fernando, and he was hard and even ashamed of himself for having ever believed in the lad's sincerity.

This anger too made him speak with such a threatening tone to Fulbert, as to rouse the doggedness of the boy's nature. All that could be got out of Fulbert was that 'his going there was all Felix's doing,' and he would not manifest any sign of regret, such as would be any security against his introducing the practice among the clergy orphans, or continuing it all his life. He was not a boy given to confidences, and neither Wilmet nor Cherry could get him beyond his glum declaration that it was Felix's fault, he only wanted to keep out of the fellow's way. They could only take comfort in believing that he was really ashamed, and that he suffered enough within to be a warning against the vice itself.

As to Fernando, he made no sign, he went on as if nothing had happened; and nothing was observable about him, but that he shewed himself intensely weary of his present mode of life, put on at times the manners that were either those of the Spanish Don or of the Indian Cacique, and seemed to shrink from the prospect of the English tutor. Yet he continued his preparation for baptism, and Mr. Bevan was satisfied with him; but Mr. Audley was perplexed and unhappy over the reserve that had sprung up between them, and could not decide whether to make another attempt, or leave the lad to himself.

One afternoon, only ten days from the time fixed for the Bishop's visit, Mr. Audley returned from a clerical meeting to find an unexpected visitor in the room—namely, Alfred Travis, Fernando's uncle, a more Americanized and rougher person than his brother. He rose as he entered. 'Good morning, Mr. Audley; you have taken good care of your charge. He is fit to start with me to-morrow. See a surgeon in town—then to Liverpool—'

'Indeed!' Mr. Audley caught a deprecating look from Fernando. 'Do you come from his father?'

'Well—yes and no. His father is still in the Oregon; but he and I have always been one—and opening the boy's letters, and finding him ready to move, I thought, as I had business in England, I'd come and fetch him, and just settle any claim the fellow at yonder hotel may have cheek enough to set up, since Fernan was green enough to let it out.'

'May I ask if you have brought any authority from his father?'

'Authority? Bless you! William will be glad to see his boy; we don't go by authority between brothers.'

'Because,' continued Mr. Audley, 'I heard from your brother that he wished Fernando to remain with me to receive an English education.'

'All sentiment and stuff! He knew better before we had sailed! An English squire in this wretched old country, forsooth! when the new republic is before him! No, no, Mr. Audley, I'll be open with you. I saw what you were up to when I got your letter, and Fernan— Got his lesson very well, he had. And when I came down, a friend in London gave me another hint. It won't do, I can assure you. That style of thing is all very well for you spruce parsons of good family, as you call it in the old country; but we are not going to have a rising young fellow like this, with a prospect of what would buy out all your squires and baronets in the old county, beslobbered and befooled with a lot of Puseyite cant. You've had your turn of him; it is time he should come and be a man again.'

Mr. Audley was dizzy with consternation. Fernando was no child. He was full sixteen, and he was so far recovered that his health formed no reason for detaining him. If he chose to go with his uncle, he *must*. If not—what then? He looked at Fernando, who sat uneasily.

'You hear what your uncle says?' he asked.

'I told him,' said Fernando, 'I must wait for a fortnight.' He spoke with eyes cast down, but not irresolutely.

His uncle broke out—He knew what that meant; it was only that he might be flattered by the Bishop and all the ladies, and made a greater fool of than ever. No, no, he must be out again by May, and he should just have time to take Fernan to one of the gay boarding-houses at Saratoga, and leave him there to enjoy himself.

'I have letters from my father,' said Fernando, looking up to Mr. Audley, 'before he went to the Oregon. He said nothing.'

'Do you wish to stay?' said Mr. Audley, feeling that all depended on that, and trying to hide the whirl of anxiety and disappointment he felt.

The answer was not what he expected. Fernando sat upright in his chair, looked up to him and then at his uncle, and said low but resolutely, 'I will stay.'

'Then you shall stay,' said Mr. Audley.

'You have worked upon him, I see, Sir, with your old-world prejudiced superstition,' said Alfred Travis, evidently under the delusion that he was keeping his temper. 'A proper fool my brother was to leave him to you. But you do it at your peril. I shall see if there's power even in this old country to keep a boy from his own relations. You'll see me again, Fernan. You had better make ready.'

The words were not unaccompanied with expletives such as had never been personally uttered to Charles Audley before, and that brought the hot colour into his cheek. When he looked round, Fernando's face was covered with his hands. 'Oh! Mr. Audley,' he cried, as his uncle hastily shut the door, 'is he going to send for the police?'

'I do not believe he can do any such thing,' said Mr. Audley, seeing that Fernando was in great nervous agitation. 'I have authority from your father, he has none; and you are old enough to make your own decision. You really mean and wish to stay?' he added.

'I told him so from the first,' said Fernando.

'Then he has no power to force you away.'

Fernando was silent. Then he said, 'If I could have gone after my Baptism.'

'Would you have wished that?' said Mr. Audley, somewhat disappointed.

The tears were now on the long black lashes.

'Oh, don't think me ungrateful, or—' But this English life does come over me as intolerably dull and slow. No life nor go in it. Sometimes I feel sick of it; and going back to books and all, after what I have been used to. If my uncle could wait for my Baptism, or,' more hesitating, 'if I could be baptized at once. Men do lead Christian lives out there. I would try to keep from evil, Mr. Audley. I see your face! Is this another temptation of the devil?'

'I think it is an attempt of his,' said Mr. Audley sadly. 'Even here you have not been able to abstain entirely from giving way to your old passion, when you had little temptation, and felt your honour bound. What will it be when you have comparatively no restraint?'

'I am resolved not to go unbaptized,' said Fernando. 'I said so from the first, but he will not wait! Yet if my father sends for me I must go.'

'Then it will be your duty, and you will have more right to look for help. Besides, a summons from your father could not come for three or four months, and in that time you would have had time to gain something in Christian practice and training.'

'Oh, there is the bell! Must you go, Mr. Audley? He will come back!'

'I wish I could stay, but Smith is gone to Dearport, and I do not know whether the Rector is in. Besides, this must be your own doing, Fernan, not mine. I shall pray for you, that you well know. Pray for yourself, for this is a real crisis of life. God bless you, my dear boy.' He laid his hand on the head, and Fernando looked up gratefully, then said, 'You never did that before. May Lance come to me, if he is not gone?'

'I will call him,' said Mr. Audley, seeing that he really dreaded being alone. The little boy was on the stairs, with something in his hand. 'Go in to Fernan,' he was told; 'he wants you. What have you got there?'

'This queer drawing. Cherry found it in an old portfolio, and has been copying it.'

It was Retzsch's outline of the chess-player, and it almost startled Mr. Audley by its appropriateness. He went out to Evensong, and never was more glad to get back again to reinforce the feeble garrison.

Lance opened the front-door to him. 'I'm so glad you are come!' he said; 'Mr. Bruce is there.'

'Not the uncle?'

'No, only Mr. Bruce.'

Mr. Bruce was a lawyer, and a very respectable man, in whom Mr. Audley felt confidence. He rose at the clergyman's entrance, and asked to speak to him in another room, so he was taken into the little back dining-room, and began—'This is a very unpleasant business, Mr. Audley; this gentleman is very much annoyed, and persuaded that he has a right to carry off his nephew; but as I told him, it all turns upon the father's expressions. Have you any written authority from him?'

Mr. Audley had more than one letter, thanking him, and expressing full satisfaction in the proposed arrangements for Fernando; and this Mr. Bruce thought was full justification, together with the youth's own decided wishes. The words were likewise clear, by which William Travis had given consent to his son's Baptism, but there was no witness of them. Mr. Bruce explained that Alfred Travis, who seemed to regard Fernando as the common property of the brothers, had come to him in what he gently termed 'a great state of excitement,' complaining of a Puseyite plot. He had evidently taken umbrage at the tone of the letters he had opened for his brother, and had been further prejudiced by some Dearport timber-merchant he had met at Liverpool, who had told him how the parson had got hold of his nephew, and related a farrago of gossip about St. Oswald's. He was furious at the opposition, and could not understand that law in the old country was powerless in this case, because he was neither father nor guardian. In fact, he seemed to be master of his brother; and Mr. Bruce told Mr. Audley that it was quite to be considered whether though law was on his side now, the father might not be brought over to the brother's side, be very angry at the detention of the boy, and refuse the payment; which, while he was in America, could not be forced from him. Of that Mr. Audley could happily afford to run the risk; and Mr. Bruce said he had also set before the young gentleman that he might have to suffer much displeasure from his father for his present refusal, although his right to make it was incontestable. To this Fernando had likewise made up his mind; and Mr. Bruce, who had never seen him before, thought he looked utterly unfit for a long journey and sea voyage, so that the uncle had taken nothing by his application to the law.

Fernando was flushed and panting, but more resolute, for resentment at the attempt at force had come to back him up, and rouse the spirit of resistance. Not half an hour had elapsed before there was another ring at the door. The uncle and the lawyer were come together now. It was to make a last offer to Fernando; Mr. Alfred Travis offered to take him up to London the next day, and there to have advice as to the safety of the voyage, in the meantime letting him be baptized, if nothing else would satisfy him, but by some London clergyman—not one of the Bexley set, whom the uncle regarded with such aversion.

Fernando drew himself up, and stood, leaning on the end of the sofa. 'Thank you, Uncle,' he said, 'I cannot. I am obeying my father now, and I will not leave those to whom he trusted me.'

There followed a volley of abuse of his English obstinacy and Spanish pride, and canting conceit, which made Mr. Bruce stand aghast, and Fernando look up with burning cheeks and eyes glowing like hot coals; but with the Indian impassibility, he did not speak till Alfred Travis had threatened him not only with his father's displeasure, but with being cast off by both, and left to his English friends' charity.

'My father will not!' said Fernando. 'If he sends for me I will come.' But there his strength suddenly collapsed, and he was forced to sit down and lean back.

'Well, Fernan,' said his uncle, suddenly withdrawing his attempt when he found it vain, 'you seem hardly in marching order, so I'm off by the night train; but if you change your mind in the next week, write to me at Peter Brown's—you know—and I'll run down. I will save you the coming out by yourself. Good-bye.'

Mr. Bruce tarried one moment to aver that he was unprepared for his client's violence, and that he thought the nephew had done quite right.

The door was shut, and Mr. Audley came back holding out his hand, but Fernando did not take it. He was occupied in supporting himself by the furniture from the sofa to the fire-place, where, holding by the mantel-piece with one hand, he took his dice from his pocket with the other, and threw them into the reddest depth. Then he held the hand to Mr. Audley, who wrung it, and said, 'It has been a hard fight, my boy.'

Fernando laid his weary head on his shoulder, and said, 'If my father is not poisoned against me!'

'Do not fear that, Fernando. You are where he left you. You have given up something for the sake of your new Lord and Master; you will have His armour another time.'

Fernando let himself be helped to sit down, and sighed. He was thoroughly worn out, and his victory was not such as to enliven his spirits. He took up the drawing that lay on the table, and gazed on it in a sort of dreamy fascination.

'You have checked him this time,' said Mr. Audley.

'Here or there, I will never bet again,' said Fernan solemnly. 'God help me to keep the resolution! It is the one thing that I care for, and I know I should have begun the first day I was away from you.'

'I think that with those tastes you cannot make too strong a resolution against it,' said Mr. Audley.

Their dinner was brought in, but Fernando had no appetite. He soon returned to his chess-player, and seemed to be playing over the game, but he was too much tired for talk, and soon went to bed; where after a short sleep, feverishness set in, bringing something approaching to delirium. The nurse had gone a fortnight previously; but as he was still too helpless to have no one within call, Felix slept on the bed in the corner of the room.

When he came down, the opening of the door was greeted by 'Don't let him come! Is Mr. Audley there?'

'Yes, he is not gone.'

Then he knew Felix, but soon began again to talk of the game at chess, evidently mixing up his uncle with the personage with the long feather.

'He has been checked once. I've taken one piece of his. He is gone now. Will he come back after my Baptism? No; I shall go to him.'

This lasted till past midnight, when, as they were deliberating whether to send for Mr. Rugg, he fell soundly asleep, and awoke in the morning depressed, but composed and peaceful; and this state of things continued. The encounter with his uncle, and the deliberate choice, had apparently given some shock to his nerves; and whenever night recurred, there came two or three hours of misery, and apparently of temptation and terror. It took different forms. Sometimes it was half in sleep—the acting over again of one or two horrible scenes that he had partly witnessed in the Southern States, when an emancipator had been hunted down, and the slaves who had listened to him savagely punished. In spite of his Spanish blood, the horror had been ineffaceable; and his imagination connected it with the crowd of horrors that had revealed themselves to his awakened conscience. He seemed to think that if he lost in the awful game of life, he should be handed over to that terrible slave-master; and there were times when Diego's fate, and his own lapses, so fastened on his mind, as to make him despair of ever being allowed to quit that slave-master's dominions; and that again joined with alarm lest his uncle should return and claim him.

Sometimes, likewise, the old wandering life, with the flashes of rollicking mirth and excitement, rather glimpsed at and looked forward to than really tasted, would become so alluring a contrast to the flat and tasteless—nay, as it seemed to him tedious and toilsome—future sketched out for him; and the restraints and constant watchfulness of a Christian's life appeared so distressing a bondage, that his soul seemed to revolt against it, and he would talk of following his uncle at once to London while yet it was time, and writing to him the next morning. This state was sure to be followed by a passion of remorse, and sheer delirious terror lest he should be given up to the enemy, who seemed to assume to his fancy now the form of his uncle. A great deal was no doubt delirious, and this betrayed the struggles which he had been for weeks fighting out in silence and apparent impassiveness; but it was impossible not to feel that therewith was manifested the wrestling with the Prince of darkness, ere his subject should escape from his territory, and claim the ransom of his manumission. Mr. Audley—after the second night—would not let Felix remain, but took the watch entirely on himself, and fought the battle with the foe by prayer and psalm. Sleep used to come before morning; and by day Fernando was himself again, very subdued and quiet, and in fact having lost a good deal of ground as to health.

Strange to say, the greatest pleasure he had at this time was sitting in the up-stairs parlour. The custom had begun in consequence of his nervous shuddering at being left alone lest his uncle should return, and Felix and Geraldine had then proposed taking him to their mother, who was rather interested than annoyed by his presence, and indeed all her gentle motherly instinct was drawn out by his feebleness and lameness; she talked to him kindly and quite rationally, and he was wonderfully impressed and soothed by her tenderness. It was so utterly unlike anything he had ever even seen, that he watched her with a sort of awe; while Cherry worked, read aloud, or drew, and felt proud of being able to fetch what was beyond the capacity of her little errand-boy, Bernard.

The children, too, entertained him; he was a little afraid of Bernard's roughness, but delighted in watching him, and he and little Stella were intensely admiring friends. She always knew him, cooed at him, and preferred the gold of his watch-chain to all things in nature or art. Then when Wilmet, Angela, and Lance, came home, and family chatter began, the weary anxious brain rested; and even in that room, so sad to most eyes, Fernando began to realize what Christian peace and cheerfulness could be.

(*To be continued.*)

BYGONES.

BY A. MILUKOFF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS BY H. C. ROMANOFF.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST RECOLLECTIONS.

THE life of man, however unobserved it may pass, unites itself in a fine, though frequently unseen, thread in the wide web of its times. Draw out but one such thread, and it will give you a notion not only of the nature of the material itself, but even of the character of its texture, pattern, and colour. Such is the signification of the memoirs in which our times are so rich. I do not speak of those of persons who played important parts in the social drama, or who were even merely subordinate assistants in it—such reminiscences belong to history. But the narratives of spectators, who view the scene from a distance, or at intervals, may be not entirely without interest, if only they relate what they have seen and heard correctly.

My own first recollections are mingled inseparably with what I heard and gathered from the conversations of my father and mother. Through the mist of long past years certain imperfect images seem to move and act; now it appears to me as though I had seen them in reality—now as though they existed only in the narratives of our household. For this reason I must beg my readers not to seek strict order, brightly-coloured pictures, or highly finished portraits, in the following sketches. He will find neither a drama nor a novel, but merely a series of episodes of the past, in the narration of which my endeavour has been to adhere to the truth without having recourse either to invention or to ornaments.

At the time from which I date my recollections we lived at Moscow, not far from the New Maiden Monastery.* My father served as accountant to his cousin, Simeon Afanasievitch, who had a cotton-print manufactory, which still exists, though it passed into the hands of a third party long ago. I remember the place vividly. At the right hand of the monastery, on the field itself, stretches a brick edifice of two storys high, where formerly from early morning might be heard a tremendous noise, as if hundreds of cooks were chopping with their knives in a giant's kitchen. This was the printing-house. At the back of the premises stood a wooden building, the drying-house, where endless lengths of bright-coloured prints, just fresh from the press, might constantly be seen: further were the dye-house and other offices belonging to the factory.

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* Celebrated in Russian history. It was founded in 1398, and contains within its walls eight churches. It is remarkable as having been the place of incarceration, by her brother Peter the Great, in 1686, of the Tzarevna Sophia, who was the cause of great disturbances at the beginning of his reign. She subsequently became a nun. (*Trans.*)

I seldom entered these places; in fact, I was not allowed to go there in consequence of an adventure of mine. I was found once upon a time beneath the feet of the horses which were at work at the mill. My nurse told me afterwards that the groom had left them for a few minutes, and in his absence I contrived to get into the circle where the horses, fulfilling their accustomed duty, walked composedly over my very head!

Attached to the principal body of the edifice was a brick wing to the left, also two storys in height. In the lower one was the counting-house, with our little quarters; and up-stairs lived my uncle,* Simeon Afanasievitch. From this upper story, which was decorated with tasteless luxury, a broad flight of steps led to the garden, with its shady alleys and its pond; it sloped down to the brink of the Moskva river, where, at the end of the principal alley, was a large arbour, near which our workmen rinsed the prints after they were dried, on a sort of platform. I liked to watch the red, green, and blue lengths as they floated down the current like gigantic snakes; now diving beneath the surface of the water, now rising above in puffy folds. They used to be thrown out into the river at the whole length of the piece; they were then drawn on to the platform, when two strong workmen would set to to beat them with wooden bats alternately, as two smiths hammer iron.

The dwelling-house and garden, I was told, were renovated soon after the invasion of the French. My uncle married at the same time a novice from the New Maiden Monastery, who smote his heart by the effect of her fair-haired plaits, hanging down on her black garment, and by the graceful lissomeness of her low bows before the superior nuns; and indeed he would hardly have found a better wife. Both were stout, fair and rosy, with cheeks as soft as down-pillows, and with tastes and likings precisely similar. Thus the young novice became the rich mistress of a house, and her husband filled it with all sorts of inventions for her amusement and comfort. I used to hear so much of the rebuilding and decorating of this said house, that I remember all the particulars relating to them.

Having made up his mind to do the thing handsomely, my uncle sent for an architect.

'Listen, Brother,' began Simeon Afanasievitch. 'This is what I have sent for you about. I want to build a new dwelling-house, and plant a garden. I hear that you are a first-rate hand at such matters. Now can you accomplish such a task to my satisfaction?'

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* *Cousins* of parents are called uncles and aunts by Russian children.

Of course the architect replied in the affirmative.

'Well, then, Brother,' continued my uncle, 'listen to what I say. The house must extend from the works to the garden. In the first floor I must have the counting-house and apartments for the clerks; and up-stairs, where I and my wife shall live, you must make a saloon, with two rows of pillars, Brother, and a musical-gallery at one end, so that when I wish I may have a band of music, or a choir of church singers. All the rest of the rooms you may arrange according to your own judgement. Now can you manage all this?'

'Certainly,' replied the architect.

'Well, then, draw a plan for me to see. But in the saloon I must have a painted ceiling.'

'And that can be done too.'

'Also, that a communication with the garden be contrived from the saloon. I wish the garden to extend to the brink of the river—paths and alleys all round, and trees and shrubs and flowers according to the rules of taste. And arbours and summer-houses. Perhaps you have observed that there is a little pond in the garden? Well, then, you have it dug out so as to make it larger, and contrive an island in it, with an arbour in the middle, surrounded with lilacs and laburnums. We will take tea there sometimes in the summer. And don't forget that we must have a boat on the water. On the side where the bank is higher, make a landing-place for the boat, and two paths, one above ground, and another subterranean. On the other side of the lake I intend to have a labyrinth—rounds within rounds, you know, paths within paths, like the labyrinth at Tzaritzin, so that a body may lose himself in it. You understand?'

'Certainly. But all this will cost a little fortune.'

'That is another affair, which we will talk about afterwards. And in the meantime you will have the goodness to get it all ready on paper.'

When the architect brought the plans for approval, Simeon Afanasievitch sent for his elder brother, whom he employed as cashier, to consult him on the subject. He was a tall, thin, elderly man, who did nothing but pore over his everlasting accounts, or read the Lives of the Saints, an enormous volume bound in an old-fashioned leather binding, and soiled with drops of wax.* On being informed of the whimsical plans his brother contemplated, he looked very grave, and made a speech to the following effect:—

'Ekh! Brother Simeon! it is not a business-like piece of business that you are at. Why should you throw away your hard-earned capital on such fancies? Are you a grand gentleman, pray? As for choirs, you can always hear psalm-singing in God's Temple. And these subterranean vaults and labyrinths of yours, it is the Evil One that has put them into your head to your everlasting destruction. Have you considered what you are about? In those labyrinths your soul will wander in utter darkness. If you would but think of your soul! Of course you have earned your own riches, and have the right to use them as you please, but still it would be far better if you were to ask understanding from the Lord; and instead of digging out caves for the devil, build a temple to God. Your soul then would not wander about, and you would be preparing a road for yourself straight to Paradise.'

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* From the taper used at religious exercises. (*Trans.*)

'I presented a church bell to the monastery not long ago.'

'I know,' persisted the pious old man; 'but what profit will the labyrinth bring you? Look at our parish church! just as the French left it, it stands—ruined! Renovate it, and you will benefit your own soul, and good people will respect you. Even the Emperor himself will shew you his favour, and send you a gold medal?'

'A gold one?'

'If you do not know that yourself, ask other people! If you do not grudge your capital, act to the honour of our family. Your subterranean passages, when you die, will fall in and be done with, while the church will stand for ever and ever to the honour of your name.'

This conversation had its effect on Simeon Afanasievitch; and they say that for the whole of that day he would not let anybody come near him, but walked up and down the room in deep thought. The next morning he sent again for the architect, and proposed for his solution a new puzzle.

'You see, Brother of mine,' began my uncle, 'I have sent for you to talk about another affair. I have made up my mind to raise a temple to the Lord. You see our parish church remains in its desolate state, just as the French left it; so I intend to renovate it. One must think of one's soul, Brother! Please to draw me a plan for it, with a belfry. I should wish, Brother, that there be three altars,* one in the name of the Seventh Council,† in remembrance of the day when the French ran away from Moscow; and the other two to remain as before—St. John the Baptist, and St. Nicholas the Miracle Worker. But build the house, and lay out the garden, just as we before determined. I wish to please God, and to make myself comfortable also.'

The building of St. John the Baptist's Church, and of the new house, was accordingly commenced. Both were finished at the same time; and the consecration of the new church, and the warming of the new house, took place on the same day. After the consecration, his Eminence the Archbishop was invited to luncheon; and on this occasion, for the first and I believe last time, the Cathedral choristers sung in the music-gallery of the great saloon. My nurse used to relate, with a certain degree of pride, that I, then an infant of six months old, was brought to the Bishop to be blessed, as the only rising representative of the family of the builder of the church. In this same house passed my early childhood.

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* Chapels.

† 11th October celebrates the remembrance of the Seventh Council, held at Nice in 787. (*Trans.*

Simeon Afanasievitch lived on the most affectionate terms with his wife; occupied himself with his manufactory, and never interfered in the housekeeping. In the morning he used to go to town, or sit in his counting-house, and occasionally visited the printing and dyeing houses. After dinner the plump couple always took a nap, which lasted till tea-time. In the evening they used to drive out in the open carriage, and in wet weather played at picquet and *la mouche*. On Sundays they went to Mass at the Convent, and on other holy-days to such churches as celebrated the festival of their patron saints. My uncle was very popular among the clergy of Moscow. During Christmas and Easter weeks, large, faded, old-fashioned carriages rolled up in endless succession to our door, and from them issued priests or monks, while up-stairs might be heard, through the ceiling, the stifled sounds of their pious songs. Twice a year the picture of our Lady of Tver used to be brought to the house, on which occasion the works were stopped, and crowds of workmen thronged at the entrance to kiss the picture as it passed in or out.

In our house all the old-fashioned Russian customs were religiously observed. The baking of dough larks and crosses,* the burning of Great-Thursday salt, the dyeing of Easter eggs, and preparation of bun-loaves for Easter Day, were duly performed; on the appointed days we went to church for palm boughs, blessed bread, or holy-water. And all this was looked upon as serious matters of religion. In like manner were observed certain customs relating to housekeeping—the salting of cucumbers, the boiling of preserves, the preparation of kvass and home-made wines, and the chopping of cabbage for winter use.

This last process resembled more a heathenish festival, it must be confessed, and guests were invited to it, especially young men and maidens. In a large room were placed half a dozen or so of immense tubs, and heaps of cabbage-choppers prepared; they resembled halberds, with their sharp bright edges in the shape of a half-moon. Each of the invited guests took possession of one of these instruments, suiting it to his or her hand as a billiard player does his cue. Those who were more or less acquainted formed parties of six or seven round one of the tubs; and when the cabbages were thrown in, the halberds began their operations. For the *entre actes*, while the servants are taking out the chopped cabbage and substituting whole ones, the guests partake of tea, coffee, or sweetmeats. Besides these refreshments, a table covered with a cloth, on which stands a variety of bottles of wine, is prepared, whither not only the men and elderly ladies repair to take a sip, but the young girls also; so that the respectable party, at first serious enough, becomes hour by hour more and more animated, and in the evening terminates in a joyous festival, to the sounds of singing and hearty laughter.

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* The larks are baked on 9th March, on which day are remembered by the Greco-Russian Church 'Forty Martyrs,' who are said to have been fed by larks during a cruel imprisonment. The crosses are made on Wednesday of the fourth week of Lent, that being the middle day of that long and trying fast. (*Trans.*)

Still merrier was Christmas time, when crowds of young girls, and among them two or three youthful novices from the New Maiden Convent, assembled at my aunts'. In the evening they used to get up chorus-singing and fortune-telling; they melted wax, burnt paper folded in the form of a fan in a plate, ran to look at the moon, and to ask the names of passers-by * at the yard gates. The principal ringleader in all these amusements was a young lay-sister of the Convent, whom we called Galotchka, † from her black dress and swarthy complexion. She was a rosy-cheeked, black-eyebrowed damsel, with a turn-up nose, always merry, mischievous, and chattering. Whenever she came the whole house was enlivened; not one of the other girls could sing so many songs, not one knew so many old games or could invent such new ones. To this day I cannot make out how it was that she happened to get into the Convent, and how she managed to get accustomed to the strictness of a cell. She always called me her bridegroom, and often bored me dreadfully with her eternal kisses.

At the Carnival, the workmen used generally to make two ice-hills; one in the yard, for themselves; and the other, for the select few, in the great alley of the garden. Here Galotchka used to perform great feats. She never used to slide down in a sledge like other girls, but on a great lump of ice in the shape of a cheese. She would often take me on her knees, and holding me fast, would fly down the hill in this original and frightful manner. It sometimes happened that our singular equipage would begin to twist round half way down, and we would roll down the rest of the hill like balls; at the bottom my fellow-traveller would fall to kissing me, and her rosy face would shine with frost and delight.

In the days of my early childhood our house was still full of recollections of the French invasion; and indeed there was much to remember. In 1812 the corps of Marshal Davoust ‡ took possession of the monastery, undermining the walls, and surrounding them with a trench and mound, placing batteries at different parts of it. A camp was pitched on the Convent field, the principal wing of our manufactory was turned into a barrack, and the Marshal himself, with his staff, took possession of my uncle's house, which at that time had but one story. Old Savély, who in my time attended to the mill-horses, remained at our place all the time that the French were in Moscow. I can see him now, sitting on a wooden block, and occasionally shouting encouragement to the horses, while he related to my nurse 'about the Frenchman.'

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* In order to ascertain the names of their future husbands. (*Trans.*)

† Diminutive of *Galka*, or Jackdaw. (*Trans.*)

‡ One of Napoleon's great lieutenants, afterwards Prince of Eckmühl, Duke of Auerstädt and Marshal of France. Died 1829. (*Trans.*)

'He* came, did that robber, just before evening,' said the old man. 'Our works had been stopped three days already, and the workmen dispersed to the villages for fear of falling into his hands. We contrived to remove part of the goods, though not all, for a quantity of unprinted goods remained here. I was grinding tobacco, when I heard a shout, 'He is coming!' I looked out of window, and there he was, sure enough! the foot-soldiers marching, with the cannons following them, and all moving in the direction of the Convent. When, all at once, I perceived that they were approaching our place! the gates and doors were fastened, but the wretch burst them open, and rushed into the counting-house and drying-shed. We had a dye-maker named Màtioushka,† a Vladimir man; he was sleeping in the receiving-room, where the dyes were kept, and the weights and scales for weighing them. Well, two Frenchmen ran in, and began to break open the boxes in which the dyes were kept with their pikes. The lad saw that his master's goods were going to be spoiled from mere wantonness, so he took up a weight and hurled it at the head of one of the robbers, and bang he fell on the floor. The other one shot at Màtioushka, but missed his aim, and Màtioushka ran away, climbing over the fence. He came several times afterwards to the works but was not recognized. The thief did not steal much that time, for the cavalry arrived and made them disperse. A lodging was prepared for the Marshal in master's house, for Simeon Afanasievitch had left Moscow the day before, on St. Simeon Stylites' day,‡ and gone to Klin, so the Marshal slept that same night in our house. Every morning he used to go out; sometimes to the Convent, to see how the mounds and trenches were getting on, or to the camp on the field. Sometimes he went to the Kreml, to receive advice or orders from Bonaparte. I saw *him* too; he was a good-looking man. A guard stood at our door and at the gate, but they did not drive me away; when he mounted his horse I used to make my bow to him, and he would glance at me, and put his hand to his cap. Once I wanted to go to him with a complaint. The Frenchman drove us—ten or a dozen of us—to the kitchen-gardens at Loujnitza, to dig up potatoes; we dug the whole day without either eating or drinking, and then he loaded us with the sacks of potatoes, and drove us home exactly like horses. And the next day it was the same history. I wanted to beg the Marshal to let us off, you know, but they would not let me into his rooms. So I waited for him in the yard, and when he came out I fell on my knees! 'Have mercy on us, your Excellency!' I said: 'your soldiers worry us to death! Be so extremely kind as to forbid them to annoy us.' He looked at me, and then said something to an officer, who mumbled an answer to him in their tongue, and then they rode away. The misfortune was that they could not understand our language. However, they soon left off driving us about, because all the neighbouring gardens were thoroughly routed out; there was nothing left to dig up. When the time arrived for them to go, the Marshal suddenly disappeared, and the soldiers began to pack up everything they could lay hands on; and then we began to understand that they would soon leave us in peace. On St. James the Apostle's Day,* just about noon, I got up on the stove to have a nap after dinner; suddenly I felt such a shock, that I thought the stove was crumbling beneath me. I jumped down, and ran into the yard, and from thence I saw a cloud of smoke just over our church; that galley-slave of a Frenchman had blown it up with gunpowder! the belfry, crosses, and cupola, all had fallen to the ground! And the Antichrist wanted to send the Convent to the winds, but Sarah Nicholaïevna saved it; the matches were already lighted, but she put them all out. Two days afterwards he blew up the Kreml, and then left Moscow altogether. Simeon Afanasievitch lost very little; the pictures † and plate were packed in boxes, and sunk in the pond, secured by heavy stones; no one guessed at their being there, and afterwards we got them out. But my new girdle, only just bought! he stole it, the anathema!'

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* The Russian soldier and peasant always speak of the enemy, Austrians, Poles, &c., in the singular number, which gives peculiar originality to their narratives. (*Trans.*)

† Diminutive for Matthew.

‡ 1st September.

I recollect, too, Sarah Nicholaïevna, whom Savély mentioned. She used occasionally to visit my aunt on holy-days. A small one-horse carriage, with the hood put up, would stop at our door, and from it would spring a young girl in a dark monastic dress, followed by a tall nun in a black silk cassock-like garment, and a high black velvet hat covered with a long veil. She held in her hand a staff, like those used by priests, leaning on which she ascended the stairs actively enough, but was supported (for the mere look of the thing, it would appear) by the young novice. She never stooped, and replied to the bows with which she was welcomed by a slight inclination of the head; and they always used to lift me up, as I thought very high, to be kissed by her. This nun really did save the New Maiden Convent from the fate that befell our church.

My mother often related to me how Sarah Nicholaïevna, during the whole time that the enemy remained in Moscow, defended the Convent to which she belonged. Having become aware that it was being undermined, she contrived to procure an interview with Marshal Davoust, and implored him to spare the sanctuary for its historical associations. But her prayers were of no avail; the same fruitless revenge that would fain have destroyed the Kreml, was pointed to the ruin of the Convent.

On the day that the French left Moscow, the nuns were warned to leave the monastery, and candidly informed that an explosion would shortly take place. Sarah Nicholaïevna again hastened to Davoust, but was not admitted to his presence. Then she returned to the monastery, with the firm determination to save it or to perish; and ere the last of the French Sappers, who had lighted the train which led to the mines, had left the monastery walls, she rushed to the smoking matches, and one by one extinguished them all, and the Convent was saved. Although the French remained two days more in the camp, yet thanks to the energetic endeavours of this nun the monastery was left in peace. My mother used to relate this act of devotion on the part of her favourite with peculiar reverence.

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* 9th October.

† Of the Saints, ornamented with settings of silver, silver-gilt, and occasionally gold, and with precious stones.

One evening I was walking in the garden with my nurse, when we came to the large arbour; here, at the tea-table, sat my aunt, and by her side an elderly nun with a grave but prepossessing face. It was Sarah Nicholaïevna. She called us to her, bade the nurse lift me up, and kissed me.

'Do you know "Our Father?"' she asked me.

'Not all,' I replied.

'Well, say what you do know.'

I repeated half of the prayer, and she patted my cheek.

'Would you like to be my novice?' she asked.

I looked at her steadfastly.

'Did you ever see those little girls of ours at the Convent, with the high black hats?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you shall have just such another, and stand in the choir with them. Only learn your book well.'

After this promise, whenever my mother began to teach me a new prayer, I always asked when that nun would give me the high black hat.

(To be continued.)

NUNN'S COURT.

CHAPTER I.

> 'Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, Let the king live for ever: why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire?
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work.'

'What are you reading, Johnny? Put down your book for a little while, and hold this skein of wool for me!'

The boy thus addressed, rose slowly from the floor, where he had been lying with his feet in the air, and put down the book as directed.

'Come, Johnny, don't be dreaming, or you will not be of much use! I want you to hold this skein, that I may wind the wool into a ball.'

'All right, Gran'mother, I am as wide awake as possible,' answered the boy, in a very un-wide-awake tone.

'My poor slow Johnny!' said the old lady, as she proceeded to place the skein on his hands. 'Now, tell your granny what you have been reading.'

'Reading!' answered the boy, as if his thoughts were scattered far and wide, 'reading! Oh, yes! about Nehemiah, and his prayer that he might restore Jerusalem.'

'The Bible, Johnny! Who would have thought you were reading the Bible, in such a posture!'

'Well, it was queer,' he rejoined, with a flash of fun in his eyes, that few would suspect to see there; 'but I didn't think.'

'Poor Johnny! Well, well—you read about Nehemiah?'

'Yes, I did,' the boy answered slowly; and again a dreamy look settled itself on his face, and a long pause ensued. Suddenly, with a peculiar burst of enthusiasm, he exclaimed, 'O Grandmother, wasn't it a glorious work?'

The old lady did not reply. She gazed abstractedly on his young face; watched the fire of enthusiasm kindled there, gradually die out, and the old dull look return; then, having finished winding her wool, she put the ball into her work-basket, saying, 'Thank you, Johnny; you can read again now.'

Johnny drew a chair to the table, and again opened the Bible, and having found the place, said, 'Let me read to you, Gran'mother—it won't be a new discovery that I am a bad reader!'

It was a terrible mumble! certainly only enjoyable to himself. But once more his whole being seemed lit up as he read Nehemiah's answer to the king. His grandmother interrupted him by laying her hand on his, and saying, 'Read it again, Johnny.' And Johnny read it again; and afterwards sat still—and perhaps dreamed.

After their early dinner was over, he prepared for going out.

'I am off to cricket, Grandmother; so good-bye,' he said, as he bent down to kiss her.

'Don't be dreaming, boy, and so get bowled out unawares.'

'No fear of that, Granny! One does not dream at cricket!' And off he went, leaving his grandmother to dream.

Her orphan grandson! Her slow Johnny, not quick at any one thing! And yet why did she smile as she thought of him? Why was it that she always felt happier on a Saturday, than on any other day in the week? True, it was her grandson's holiday, and he always spent the morning with her; but then he seldom spoke to her, only remained on the floor reading. She could not boast of anything he could do or say, and yet she felt proud of him. Wherefore, she could not tell. On the well-filled shelves of the large book-case near at hand, were many volumes, whose fly-leaves bore testimony to the high scholastic merit of Johnny's father; but not one in the whole collection bore any witness of similar merit on Johnny's part. Opposite to the old lady, were hanging side by side portraits of both son and grandson; the former looking forth from his frame in all the hey-day of manhood; his handsome features and noble bearing well portrayed, and seen to the best advantage in his regimentals, of which his mother had been so proud; and yet, even now, as she looks up at him with fond admiration, and putting down her knitting, goes closer to the portrait, the smile that plays upon her face has not so much satisfaction in it as when she turns to the other likeness, and involuntarily says, 'Poor Johnny!' A dull-looking face, plain features, and unruly hair, are its chief characteristics; yet the grandmother is proud of that likeness.

When Johnny returned from the cricket-field, at tea-time, he brought one of his school-fellows with him, whom he ushered into his grandmother's presence, saying, 'I have brought Mortimer back with me, Granny.'

'And I am very glad to see him,' she answered, shaking him warmly by the hand.

'When we have had some tea, Granny, you will come out with us a little while?' asked Johnny.

'I will,' she answered; then turning to Mortimer, said, 'Have you had a good game?'

'Famous, thank you, Ma'am,' he replied; 'John is a first-rate hand at cricket.'

'Because he throws his whole mind into it, I suppose,' observed the old lady.

'It cannot be quite that, Ma'am; because he does that in everything, and yet is not always successful.'

Johnny laughed, saying, 'In Latin verse excepted.'

When tea was over, they set out for their walk, his grandmother asking Johnny where he intended going.

'This way, Granny, please,' he answered; and although she had no definite idea of what 'this way' included, she walked on passively.

They had proceeded some way in silence, when Johnny, pointing to the west, exclaimed, 'The sun, Granny!'

Mortimer stopped.

'Please stay a minute, Mrs. Treville,' he cried; 'how beautiful that cloud is, just tipped with that golden light!—John, did you ever see a cloud more beautiful?'

'No,' he answered slowly, 'not more beautiful; because the sun is shining through it.'

Mortimer pressed the shoulder on which he had placed his hand, but said nothing.

Presently they went on. They passed through the town, leaving its many houses, its noise and bustle, behind. One other street and a short lane lay between it and the green fields, where nature dwelt alone in all her quiet beauty. In the short lane, Johnny, whose step had been gradually slackening, stopped, saying in his slow tone and with a slight hesitation, 'Grandmother, Jemmie lives here, and I want to see him.'

'Jemmie! What Jemmie?'

'Jemmie Giles, Ma'am,' said Mortimer; 'a boy who plays on the flute, and comes sometimes into our play-ground, at school, to play to us.'

'You want to see him now, Johnny?'

'Yes, now, Granny; in his own home.'

'Where does he live?'

Johnny pointed to a winding path in the lane, and interpreting a silent gesture as permission to proceed, he went on, followed by his companions, until he reached a small passage which led them into a court walled in by human habitations. Human houses, wherein dwelt human hearts—the best work of God's creation. The creature, man, made in the image of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, and after His own likeness.

At the entrance to the court a young girl stood leaning against a post; and by her side a young man, unwashed, unshorn, and uncombed. Her hair, which was dark and glossy, was tied back from her face with a band of greasy ribbon; a string of glass beads encircled her finely shaped throat, and brass bracelets adorned her arms; her dress was gaudy and torn. Her pretty face afforded no pleasure to the beholder; her eyes, so dark and bright, never dropped before the gaze of a stranger, nor looked forth from their fringe of lashes with that innocent and modest glance which characterizes pure maidenhood; and her companion, with whom she was so freely and boisterously conversing, had every mark of dissipation in his countenance and attire. Surely no coin, however thinly battered and worn, ever had monarch's impress so thoroughly defaced.

In the middle of the court there was a gutter, in which several little children were dabbling with pleasure; and at the farther end two boys of corresponding age were having a fight. With one bound Johnny rushed between the two combatants, with the exclamation, 'Now, hands off! I want to speak to you, Jemmie.'

Jemmie looked much ashamed at being caught by one of the young gentlemen from the Grammar School in such a predicament; yet, not having quite exhausted his rage in fighting, could not help muttering, 'He had no right—'

'I dare say not,' said Johnny soothingly; but I want you to get your flute now.' Then, turning to his grandmother, said, 'He has a sick sister, would you like to see her?'

Mrs. Treville had unconsciously drawn tightly round her the folds of her silk dress, and the idea of entering one of the cottages was by no means grateful to her feelings, and therefore she was much relieved when Jemmie, who had passed through one of the doors, returned, and asked if 'the lady' would mind coming another day? To this she readily assented.

'Now, Jemmie, where is your flute?' asked Mortimer.

'I never play, Sir, in this court.'

'Where do you practise then?'

'Far off; on a bank in one of the Tydville fields.'

'But you will play here now, to us?' said Johnny.

The boy fetched his flute, and without any further comment commenced an air, which he knew was a particular favourite at the Grammar School.

His comrade in the fight drew near to listen; and the little children dabbling in the gutter ceased their sport, attracted by the sweet notes of Jemmie's flute. Door after door flew open, and out hurried women and children, and old and young alike gathered around the youthful musician. A motley group of human forms—each form triune—the image of its Maker, but where, oh where the likeness!

The sweet notes which the untutored boy drew forth from the simple instrument had drawn them together. Their attention was absorbed in the unusual sounds; and for a few minutes, at least, peace reigned in the court, where even the name of it was unknown—unknown! The song of the Angelic multitude, which ushered in the Kingdom of peace, would have been strange notes to their ears, although from time to time, not far away, the same strain might be heard proclaiming the same glorious tidings of Peace and Goodwill.

Thoughts akin to these rose in Edwin Mortimer's mind, as his eye wandered over the motley group, and not being so absorbed in the music as his friend, he had leisure to think. Leaning his arm on Johnny's shoulder, he whispered, 'Are these Christians?'

'I know nothing about them,' was the answer.

With the last note of Jemmie's air, arose such a Babel of voices, and the coarse language that followed made Mrs. Treville long to hasten away.

Johnny understood the look she gave him, so saying, 'Good-bye, Jemmie, and thank you; I shall come again next Saturday,' he turned to leave the court; but while Mrs. Treville lingered to put a shilling into Jemmie's hand, he caught up one of the dirty little children, and shouted in his ear, 'When I come again, don't let me find you playing in the gutter, you dirty little wretch!'

'What a den!' exclaimed Edwin, as soon as they were in the lane again.

'Ay, indeed!' observed Mrs. Treville, 'a horrible place!—Why, Johnny, what induced you to take us there? Have you been there before?'

'No, never,' he sighed; and in a lower voice, added, 'Grandmother, that court belongs to the Tydville estate.'

'My poor Johnny!'

'How did you make that discovery, Treville?' asked Mortimer.

'I saw an account of it in the history of the town; it is called "Nunn's Court," because once a convent stood there; and when Jemmie told me he lived there, I wanted to see the place.'

'And can nothing be done?'

'Nothing, I fear,' answered Mrs. Treville, 'until Johnny is of age, because the present holder's lease does not expire before that time; and the executors will not interfere.'

A silence ensued, interrupted by Johnny reminding his grandmother that he needed some new stockings, and followed by a conversation on general things.

On arriving at Mrs. Treville's door, Johnny said, 'We must not come in, Granny; I heard the chapel bell as we came through the town, and the doctor will be on his hind legs if we are late.'

She did not seek to detain them, after they had wished her good-night; and, as arm-in-arm they went on their way, Mortimer asked why Treville could not have gone alone to Nunn's Court.

'Because,' was the reply, 'I am of a sociable turn of mind, and likes company.'

'O Treville! you never will give a reasonable answer.'

'Simply because, old fellow, my reasons will never go into words.'

No more passed on the subject; and in the meanwhile the old lady had entered her lonely home; she did not at once, as usual, go up-stairs and lay aside her bonnet and shawl, but walked straight to the dining-room, where, stopping before the portrait of her son, she gazed steadfastly upon it. Floating in her memory were the words he uttered with such deep remorse, a few days before his departure from this world. 'Mother! in no part of my life can I have been said to have done what I could.' Her soldier son! The pride and darling of her widowed heart!

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUMINATION.

(IN SIX PARTS.)

PART VI.—ENGLISH ILLUMINATION.

THE first Scriptorium on record is that of Canterbury, which was founded by St. Augustine on his arrival in England; though St. David, who lived in the same century, and was a famous scribe, is said to have had a scriptorium in his monastery. The ancient Scriptorium, or writing-room, was a large apartment fitted up with forms and desks at which the scribes sat and wrote, while, generally, someone read aloud. In some monasteries this was a part of the regular day's work for the monks, and the boys connected with the establishment here learned the art and practised it. The Service-books were chiefly copied, and always revised, by the older monks; and none but those advanced in age were allowed to transcribe the Holy Scriptures. A few of the older monks of well-known learning and devotion were allowed separate cells, in which they might study or write by themselves. Scribes were sometimes hired for the day to write in the Scriptorium, who received their 'commons' from the kitchen; but in some Orders this was not allowed. In early times, when books were very scarce, and lending discouraged, each abbey multiplied the works which it possessed for the purpose of sale; this became a regular source of income to many monasteries, and the monkish writers are thought, by some, to have thus deprived the scribes of a part of their business. Great care was observed in the revision of the scribes' work, as was obviously necessary, since the least mistake might be multiplied through an unlimited number of copies. If one monastery borrowed a book from another, it was obliged to deposit some security of the same value. The following is an example of the adjurations so frequently found in ancient MSS. 'I adjure you who shall transcribe this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by His glorious coming Who will come to judge the quick and dead, that you compare what you transcribe, and diligently correct it by the copy from which you transcribe it—this adjuration also—and insert it in your copy.' There is a prayer extant in a French MS. of the eighth century, for the consecration of a Scriptorium, which also shews the reverence with which such work was regarded in the monasteries: 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless this scriptorium of Thy servants, and all that dwell therein; that whatsoever sacred writing shall be here read or written by them they may receive with understanding, and bring the same to good effect, through our Lord, &c.'

The common transcribers of books were called Scriptores or Librarii, and they also were employed to draw up all legal documents, and were, in fact, lawyers' clerks. The Antiquarii were monks, who also copied books, and they are thought to have deprived the Scriptores of a part of their business; but a great part of their work consisted in repairing old books, correcting new copies, and re-writing erased words. The Illuminators belonged to another branch of the profession, and seldom were employed in writing.

It was an ancient proverb that 'A monastery without a library was like a castle without an armoury.' Knowledge is power. So thought the monks of old; and very diligently did the early English monks labour to strengthen themselves with a means which they justly considered indispensable. Theodore of Tarsus, in the seventh century, was one of the first promoters of English literature, and brought home with him from his expedition to Rome a large collection of Greek and Latin writers. The gradual course of English Illumination may be traced in the collections of the British Museum, and other such libraries; but no conception can be formed from them of the immense quantities of MSS.

which were produced in England during the middle ages. Every day, in almost all monasteries, the work of transcribing went on, down to the middle of the fifteenth century; and the little collections which remain are but the merest fragment of the treasure-heap—a gleaning from the harvest so utterly annihilated at the Reformation. The simple tale of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells of the loss of whole libraries, so precious in those early days, by the ravages of the Danes; and more than seventy monasteries are said by Maitland to have been pillaged or destroyed during the ninth century. Of the destruction worked by the fanaticism of the sixteenth century, some idea may be gathered from the pages of Anthony Wood, and from Maitland's Dark Ages. Whole cart-loads of books must have been destroyed in Oxford alone; for of Duke Humphrey's splendid library, to be mentioned hereafter, only one specimen remains, and almost a waggon-load was carried off from Merton College only.

The great school of English Illumination was, as was natural, at Canterbury. St. Augustine's first labours were there; and his successors, for many generations, kept up the brilliant reputation of that Cathedral-school. One of the largest contributors to their library was Lanfranc, who brought from the continent numbers of books. S. Anselm, it is said, devoted the greater part of the night to revising the copies of Holy Scripture, of which there were twenty-five copies catalogued by Henry de Estria, Prior of Canterbury in the thirteenth century. In this catalogue more than three thousand books are named, in which was included a fine collection of classics, for preserving which the monks of Canterbury were famous.

In 1413, Archbishop Chicheley rebuilt and added to the library; and some years later, the Prior William Sellinge travelled to Italy, and made a fine collection of Greek and Latin authors, which were placed here.

We have not yet mentioned the famous 'Durham book,' second only in celebrity to the book of Kells, which in the style and details of its work it very much resembles. It is perhaps the earliest English book of which the connected history is known; and the story of its wanderings is very curious. Towards the end of the seventh century S. Cuthbert was Bishop of Lindisfarne, and after his death a book of Gospels was written in his honour by Egfrith a monk, and illuminated, and each Gospel enriched with a frontispiece, by the hermit Bilfred, who was in high repute as a Saxon artist. Æthelwald, S. Cuthbert's successor, caused it to be bound in gold and jewels; and Adred, a priest of Durham, afterwards interlined it with a Saxon version, which is perhaps the oldest existing example of the Saxon Bible. In 793 the Danes burned the monastery of Lindisfarne, and again in less than a century the same misfortune befell it. The second time, only the Bishop and seven monks were left to wander away, carrying with them the bones of S. Cuthbert, his book of Gospels, and such treasures as they could, to form a new commubity whither God should lead them; and so for a time they rested at Chester. But in the tenth century the Danes again invaded the north, and again the monks fled before them with the relics of their Saint. By a vision, says the monkish chronicler, it was told them to bear their holy burden to Durham, where, finally, they made them a resting-place. And thus was founded the See of Durham, from which the book derives its name. In the twelfth century the Durham library was celebrated for the number and beauty of its MSS., which numbered about three hundred volumes; and in the thirteenth century, their library was large enough for Prior Hoxten to furnish his colony at Oxford with books from it. In the same century, Robert de Bury, the most celebrated book collector of the middle ages, was Bishop of Durham. He spared neither time nor money to make his library one of the finest in England; and in his sojourn at Rome he collected a library of rare and valuable classical MSS., which was unequalled in England. The list of his books includes nearly six hundred volumes, a few vestiges of which remain in the library of Balliol College, Oxford.

Benedict Biscop, the most renowned of England's scholars in Saxon times, lived in the seventh century, and founded the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, for the building and enriching of which he brought over artists from France. The beauty of the stained-glass windows in Wearmouth Abbey is specially recorded. Benedict made no less than five journeys to Rome, for the purpose of procuring books for his monasteries, in one of which he was accompanied by Wilfred of York, who brought home with him a copy of the Gospels written on purple vellum, which is said to be the earliest example of stained vellum on record in England. There is, however, a Bible in the British Museum, written in gold on purple vellum, which is thought to have been one of the books sent with the mission to England by S. Gregory. We learn from Bede that this library of Benedict's was a very noble one; but it was entirely destroyed by the Danes in the eighth century. In the tenth century, under the protection of King Alfred, art and learning for a time flourished; old monasteries were restored, and new ones built. The pretty legend of King Alfred's childhood, and his mother's illuminated book, has been handed down in every child's history of England, and at least represents the patience, and eagerness in acquiring knowledge, which seems to have been such a marked element in his character. Something of a poet, a philosopher, and a historian, he with his tutor Alcuin have made the tenth century famous in the annals of literature. Of Alcuin there is nothing to be said here, since the greater part of his life was spent, at the earnest request of Charlemagne, in reviving the art and literature of France and Germany. 'In my youth,' he wrote to Charlemagne, 'I sowed the seeds of learning in the prosperous seminaries of Britain; and now, in my old age, I am doing so in France without ceasing, praying that the grace of God may bless them in both countries.'

The finest of the old Saxon libraries was totally destroyed by fire in the eleventh century, of which misfortune Ingulph, who was Abbot at the time, gives a full account. 'Our most beautiful chirographs, written in the Roman character, and adorned with golden crosses and most beautiful paintings and precious materials, which were reposited in that place, were all destroyed. The privileges also of the Kings of Mercia, the most ancient and best, in like manner beautifully executed with golden illuminations, but written in the Saxon tongue, were all burned. All our documents of this kind, greater and less, were about four hundred in number, and in one moment of most dismal night they were destroyed and lost to us by lamentable misfortune. . . . All our library also perished, which contained more than three hundred original volumes, beside smaller volumes which were more than four hundred.'

Perhaps the choicest of the monastic libraries throughout the middle ages was that of Glastonbury. This noble abbey weathered all the storms which swept away so many of the literary treasures of England in its earlier centuries, and continued to increase in wealth and beauty till the last days of English monasticism, when it fell with the rest before the resistless sweep of the Reformation, and the fine library, 'scarcely equalled in all England,' said Leland, was scattered to the winds. Probably, like the library of Malmesbury Abbey, the books were sold to the bakers for heating their ovens, or to the book-binders for waste vellum.

One of the greatest, and also one of the last, of the mediæval book-collectors of England, was Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. He was as munificent in giving, as he was unsparing of expense in possessing himself of the choicest illuminated MSS. of his day; and no less than 538 books, at different times, he presented to the university of Oxford. But before another century had passed, ignorance and fanaticism had annihilated that magnificent gift, together with the chief part of the accumulated wealth of English art.

It would be difficult to point out any leading tendencies, or marked characteristics, in the British school of Illumination. From the above remarks on English monasteries and English scholars of the middle ages, it may be seen how impossible it would be to trace the course of art in this country at any period, independently of the influence of foreign schools. From the time of Benedict Biscop downwards, foreign artists enriched our churches, foreign scholars and painters came to spend their lives in our peaceful abbeys, foreign schools, in their turn, educated many of our leading Churchmen, and whole libraries of foreign books were, as has been seen, collected by English travellers. All the beauties, and most of the characteristics of the British school, had been developed and perfected in France or Italy first. Perhaps the feature in English Illumination which chiefly strikes an observer, is the tendency to keen humour venting itself in perpetual caricature. We can hardly open a MS. without finding in it some pictures or figures, conveying more or less of satire. Not that this feature is *peculiar* to English work, but it seems to have been more fully developed in it. The thorny leafage, which was so great a favourite in England, is, as has been noticed before, common to other Northern work. With regard to colouring, the English school never, in its best days, equalled that of France in brilliancy of tint, or harmony of arrangement, neither did it attain to the same perfection in grace and beauty of design.

The year 1472 was the last in the history of mediæval Illumination. Very quickly after Caxton's great invention the whole system of book-making was transformed. It was not long before the outlines of pictures were printed in the books, and filled in afterwards by the artists. At first these imitations were sold at the same price as the old laboriously-executed drawings: but the deception was soon found out, and then came the end of the Art of Illumination.

It had fulfilled its mission and purpose as a means of teaching; and its end being come, the 'old order yielded, giving place to new.' Setting aside fresco and sculpture, it seems obvious that, in the middle ages, Illumination presented the widest field for such instruction as Art can give. It was a kind of portable art when easel-pictures were unknown, and in times when men's lives being spent as much in camp as in castle, much religious feeling centred itself in the Hour-book with its familiar and prescribed devotions. And it might well be that if it were duly used, men's minds might often be led to dwell somewhat on the thoughts suggested in the lovely borders, or on the history so forcibly realized in the quaint pictures. It is a question whether we, with our four hundred years greater experience, and our still larger amount of knowledge, can afford to laugh at what we think the vanity or uselessness of such art. It may be that future generations will marvel at our nineteenth century wisdom, in forcing our best artists to work perpetually at easel-pictures, in order to gain their daily bread; and, with the burning names of Giotto and Michael Angelo behind us, and their mighty works for an inheritance and a possession, refuse to make such works possible for our own generation.

The progress of our knowledge in Art, as all true artists, and indeed all thoughtful persons, must feel, is never likely to give us cause for much exultation: still less can it justify scorn for the efforts of men who in a different age, and surrounded by widely different conditions of society, religion, and knowledge, endeavoured to teach their fellow men, in the best way they could, the truths which they considered of the most vital importance. It was their portion which was given them to do in the days of their vanity. Ours is, for the most part, of another and a very different kind: let us see that we do it as well as in the 'Dark Ages' the old Illuminators did theirs.

HINTS ON ITALIAN READING.

VI.

THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

The modern rage for periodical literature has fully extended to Italy; every shade of thought, every *colour*, as the peninsular expression is, has its representatives, pretty well in every one of its hundred towns.[*] The periodical press has been the great engine used with such fatal effect of late years by the *massoneria*, for the propagandism of their revolutionary and irreligious teaching.

The Catholic party is not asleep to this danger, but seeing the havoc which is being made around, has girt itself to meet the enemies of the faith on their own ground and with their own weapons; and though the so-called Liberal papers still exceed the Catholic papers in numbers, it is because there are such varieties of Liberal opinions that they need many organs to represent them all, and because the prevalent spirit of rivalry brings many competitors to fight for popular favour, where for a Catholic circle of readers one or two would suffice, rather than because they represent a majority of the population, which I believe is very far from being the case. The majority of these Liberal sheets are brought out with the worst possible paper, type, and form; and for their matter, consist mainly of calumnies or invectives against the Church, the government, and everything which has hitherto been considered sacred and respectable.

But it is not with the daily and weekly papers that I am now concerned, but with those serials which may contain matter of interest for the readers of these 'Hints.' In Italy publication is not centralized, as with us; the efforts at unification which a self-imposed government has made, have extended but little beyond the actual sphere of government. In matters in which the people are free to act, they go on much as formerly, and each population of the Italian Heptarchy looks upon its old capital as its real capital, just as if there were no one at Florence calling himself King of Italy. And besides this, it never was the habit, at any time, to look on any of the capitals as the sole centre of life and activity of its nationality. Thus it happens that there is scarcely a town without its 'Monthly,' which, if not conducted with equal literary ability to the ordinary run of our own, at least affords some entertaining and harmless reading, from which acquaintance with the most modern forms of expression may be gained at a wonderfully small cost.[†]

To cite some few in the principal towns:[‡]—Bologna has the

1. *Eco della gioventù Cattolica.* (Monthly. 1*fr.* 80*c.* a year. 4to. pamphlet of 32 col.) Tipografia Felsinati Via Usberti, 696. Religious articles, narratives, general literature.
2. *Giardinetto di Maria.* (Weekly. 6*fr.* a year. 32 col. small newspaper form.) Contains articles on subjects relating to B. V. M.; in praise of her attributes; biographical notices of saints and others specially devoted to her; narratives of graces obtained by her intercession; accounts of various Sanctuaries dedicated to her; legends, tales, and stories, connected with her cultus.

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[*] *e. g.* Turin publishes forty-two to itself.

[†] A great number of Italian newspapers and periodicals are sent to me from various places, reaching from Trent to Naples, and I can therefore render the testimony of my experience that they circulate with very great exactness and regularity; and they can be ordered in the ways suggested in my last. Or, I believe, the foreign booksellers will undertake any of them.

[‡] We give our kind contributor's list of periodicals in full, as our readers will judge for themselves, by the statement of their line and contents, how far any may be suited to their purposes.—Ed.

3. *La Giovinetta istruita nei suoi lavori, e recreata.* (Monthly; illustrated, and giving patterns of work. 5*fr.* a year.)
4. *La Madre di famiglia.* (Monthly. 12*fr.* a year. 56 pp. 8vo.) Articles on subjects of general literature and the arts; fashions, and patterns of work; coloured illustrations; embroidery patterns; music, &c.
5. *Il cestello di lavoro.* (*The Work-basket.*) (Weekly, illustrated. 2*fr.* 50c. a year. 32 pages pamphlet form; giving patterns of work.
6. *La Figlia dell' Immacolata.* Bi-monthly. 32 pp. small 4to. 2*fr.* 75c. a year.

The five last may all be had at the address given for the first.

7. *La prima comunione.* (Fortnightly. 5*fr.* a year.) Contains religious exhortations to perseverance; Stories and anecdotes; hymns and poems relating to the Blessed Sacrament. Chronicle of religious news, &c. Office, Via Galliera, No. 483.

MODENA:—

1. *Opuscoli religiosi, letterarii e morali.* Alternate monthly review of subjects named, edited by Professor Veratti. 11*fr.* a year; published at Tipografia Soliani.
2. *l'Angelo delle Vergini.* Published at the Tipografia all' Immacolata Concezione.

FLORENCE:—

1. *L' Educatore.* Articles adapted to young people; narratives, stories, poetry, &c. 7*fr.* a year. Address *Alla Direzione dell' Educatore*, Via dei Malcontenti, No. 24. (2°. p°.) Firenze.
2. *La Settimana Religiosa.* Weekly. Contains notices of the festivals and religious observances of the week; notes on the Gospel for the feasts as they occur, narratives, pious examples, &c. 1*fr.* a year. Gherardi del Turco. Borgo S. Croce, 23. Firenze.
3. *Eco della Fede.* Weekly. Religious articles for family reading. 32 col. large 8vo. 10*fr.* a year.
4. *Veglie delle oneste famiglie.*

NAPLES:—

1. *I gigli di Maria* (The Lilies of Mary,) is for Naples much what No 2, Bologna, is for that city.
2. *Il zelatore del SS. Nome di Gesù.*
3. *La Carità.* Its objects may be perceived from the following list of Contents for the Number of March, 1870:—'Notes on some points in the theology of S. Thomas Aquinas—The Anglican Synods of Canterbury and York—The various Oriental Rites and the General Council—Review of contemporary literature—Chronicle of Franciscan Missions—Notes on the Council—Miscellaneous Notices.'
4. *La Scienza e la Fede.* Monthly. Among the articles in the number for May, 1870, are 'Protestantism and Revolution in relation to Literature,' by Luigi Palumbo.—Notes on questions of Moral Philosophy.—A Student's notes on Easter. —The question of the Definition of the Assumption.—Chronicle of the Council. Tipografia Manfredi. Via San Nicandro, 4.

MILAN:—

1. *La Palestra.* Articles on Literature, science, and art. Office, Via Monte Napoleone, 26.
2. *Lo Staffile di Sant' Ambrogio.* (Weekly. 5*fr.* a year.) Office, Presso Antonio Guzzetti. Via S. Maurilio, 7.
3. *Annali Francescani.* (Fortnightly. 24 pp. large 8vo. 4*fr.* a year.)

TURIN:—

1. *L'Apologista.* (Weekly. 16 pp. 8*fr.* a year.) Articles on Catholic subjects chiefly doctrinal.

2. *Strenna di Don Mentore.* A very popular annual, containing chiefly narratives and stories. 80c.
3. *L' Ateneo religioso.* (Weekly. 10*fr.* a year; illustrated.) Articles on Catholic doctrine, on sacred buildings; religious biographies, (this year it contains a series of biographies of the Fathers of the Council;) contemporary notices of religious, political, scientific subjects, &c. That Tullio Dandolo was, up to the moment of his lamented decease a few weeks ago, one of its contributors, is a pledge of its excellence. Stamperia Facale. Piazza Solferino.

REGGIO:—

1. *Il genio Cattolico.* Bi-monthly. 12*fr.* a month.
2. *Zagara.* Bi-monthly. 7*fr.* a year. Literary articles for young people.

SIENA:—

La voce di Maria. Magazine for Christian mothers. 8*fr.* a year.

LODI:—

Il buon Pastore. Weekly, with a monthly supplement. 13*fr.* 50c. a year. Subjects religious and Biblical.

URBINO:—

1. *La Rivista Urbinate.* Science and art review. Monthly.
2. *Il Raffaello,* edited by Pompeo Gherardi. Fortnightly; entirely devoted to art-subjects.

GENOA:—

The *Rivista Generale;* a very ably conducted Review of the general Literature of Europe, written generally from a Catholic stand-point, though its orthodoxy has not altogether escaped suspicion.

This list might be drawn out to any extent, but the selection I have given is perhaps sufficient; and even to those who are not minded to become readers, I think it will be interesting to know what religious writers are doing for the periodical press of the peninsula. There is, of course, no lack of Reviews, any more than of Newspapers, with no religious aim; of these the most respectable and esteemed is perhaps the *Nuova Antologia* of Florence. But these lie out of my present beat.

It is Rome, of course, which has the most numerous and the best stock, and is probably the most accessible to the majority of us. Here are the titles of some of the principal:—

1. *Atti dell' Accademia de' nuovi Lincei.* Scientific Review. Tipografia Tiberina: Piazza Poli, 91.
2. *Bullettino dell' instituto di Corrispondenza archeologica.** Contains notices and critical notes on archæological observations and discoveries in different parts. Same office as above.
3. *Bullettino di archeologia cristiana.* Edited by Cav. de Rossi. Published every other month. Piazza SS. Apostoli, 56.
4. *Bullettino di bibliografia e di storia delle Scienze matematiche e fisiche.* Buoncompagni Via Lata, 211.
5. *Chronichetta Mensuale* delle più importanti scoperte nelle science naturali. Edited by Don Pietro Armellini. Via Lata, 211.
6. *Corrispondenza Scientifica* diretta da Caterina Scarpellini. Piazza Poli, 91.

   [There are several other Scientific Reviews with various spécialités.]
7. *Il Buonarrotti,* edited by Enrico Narducci. Monthly. Review of contemporary Italian fine art, and poetical, dramatic, and general literature. Very well written.

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* Asher, 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, is English agent for this; it is published in three series—*Annali,* 14s. a year; *Bullettino,* 6s.; and *Monumenti,* £1.

8. *La Civiltà Cattolica.* Fortnightly. Theological.
9. *L' Eptacorda.* Published three times a month. Contains dramatic and musical notices of European interest, and fine-art gossip.
10. *Il Palestrina.* (Monthly.) Historical and critical articles on ecclesiastical and classical music, and notices, &c.; gives also unedited music and reprints. 7*fr.* a year. Via della Stamperia, 11.
11. *Giornale arcadico* di scienze lettere ed arti. Piazza Poli, 91.
12. *La Vergine.* A weekly journal of the same character as the *Giardinetto di Maria* of Bologna.
13. *La figlia di Maria.* Fortnightly; contains short articles, religious, historical, literary, and entertaining. 5*fr.* a year. Office at S. Pietro in Vincoli.
14. The *Divin' Salvatore* contains short popular articles on religious subjects of the day; biographical sketches; contemporary notices of matters of religious interest. Piazza SS. Apostoli, 56.
15. The *Campidoglio;* a popular annual, containing—besides the usual calendar, notices, dates, &c.—short instructions, religious and historical; stories, traditions, charades, epigrams, poems, &c. Price 50*c.*
16. *L' Esposizione Romana.* An illustrated art-journal, brought out in monthly parts, giving notices of the principal objects now in the Exhibition of Christian Art, and beautifully executed wood-cuts of some. Subscription to the whole series, 8 francs. Office, 11A, Via della Stamperia Camerale. This has answered so well, that its projectors feel encouraged to announce that it will be succeeded by a permanent weekly illustrated paper for Rome, which has been without one since the death of the able Editor of *l'Album.* The new paper is to be entitled *l'Illustrazione Romana,* and the subscription is 20*fr.* a year; it will give notices of the excavations and works of art which continually go on in Rome, besides papers and illustrations of general interest.

My limits will not permit me to do more than touch upon two of these.

I do not know any subject that can be of greater interest to the Christian student than that treated in Cav. de Rossi's *Bullettino di archeologia cristiana.*

The writer's character presents a combination too rarely met with in these days; he is a devotee of *both* science and religion. The study of antiquity is a passion with him; and he has all the erudition necessary to make his patient researches valuable, and to enable him to take advantage of the singular opportunities by which he is surrounded. At the same time, the light of faith always shines round his path, and directs his footsteps.

The earlier years of the *Bullettino* have most of them been given, in great measure, to the study of the inferences to be drawn from the records of early Faith painted on the walls, and graven on the stones, and stamped into the very soil, of the Catacombs; amid which he may be said to have *lived* so many years, thus forming, one may almost say, a contemporary history of the earliest ages of the Church.

But de Rossi is by no means 'a man of one book;' wherever it is discovered that the religion of the early ages of Christianity has left a trace, there he is as surely attracted as 'the eagle' to 'the carcass,' and in the ensuing number of his *Bullettino* he puts on record the value of the discovery. The three numbers of the last half of 1868, contain, among other papers, a very able dissertation on the last agonies of Paganism, and the earliest outward triumph of Christianity in Rome; a subject of the deepest interest, but of which I know no detailed account in so succinct and accessible a form. It is elicited by the late discovery by M. Delisle of Paris, of an inedited poem of the year 394.

Though not entirely free from the Italian vice of wordiness, Cav. de Rossi knows how to make his subject entertaining, whatever it may be; his magazine is got up in the best style, and the illustrations which accompany it, whether on wood, or in chromo-lithography, are not only of faultless execution, but are of the greatest service to the student by their faithfulness.

In the January and February Number of 1869, Cav. de Rossi returns to Roman subjects, and describes the newly-discovered Cemetery on the *emplacement* of the Grove of the Arvales, its inscriptions, and the curious fresco found in its crypt.

That of March and April contains a very ingenious dissertation, in which he makes a single rough and broken epitaph, (found in the pavement of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, during the late restorations,) illustrate the history of Rome under the Pontificate of Vigilius, and the invasion of the Goths; and upon the use of the Chrism in Confirmation in the early Church. Also some very curious researches into the meaning symbolized in a figure on an earthen *ampolla*, lately dug out at Arles.

My last notice shall be of a much lighter production—the *Campidoglio* already mentioned above—and perhaps I cannot give a better idea of its merits, than by extracting some paragraphs from one of its Stories.

CELLINI'S PERSEUS.

'. . . . Cellini set himself to carry out the wishes of Cosmo de' Medici, with the ardour which uniformly distinguished him. He had completed his colossal model within a few days, and the Grand-duke expressed himself fully satisfied with his conception; at the same time he did not disguise from him his fears that the casting was well-nigh impossible, for there were no means at command for turning out a statue of such magnitude. Cellini was not a man to be cast down by fear of obstacles; he girt himself for the operation with redoubled ardour. He set to work and produced a plaster model of greater perfection than the first; this he covered with wax, and washed over the surface with a liquid he had composed expressly for the purpose; this he covered again with several layers of argillaceous earth, and then exposed it to the heat, so that the wax within gradually melted away, leaving, between the inner and outer mould, a space (technically called the *anima*, the soul,) sufficient to receive the metal. His next care was to construct a furnace, and the melting of the metal to the best of his ability; then he had to collect such a quantity of lumps of copper and tin as he thought would suffice; and having all in readiness, and some workmen, who had had experience in founding cannon, to help him, he gave orders to commence fusing. But before the work had progressed far, the pine-wood, which he had collected in great quantities, blazed away with such fury that it set fire to the roof, under which the operation was being carried on. The loss of the roof proved disastrous, for it happened to be terribly bad weather, and the wind and rain now damped the fire and hindered the fusion. Cellini stood undaunted, ordering more wood to be heaped on, so that an even heat should be kept up constantly round the metal; but, in the meantime, the fatigue and excitement began to tell upon him, and he thought to have died before his work was accomplished. At last he was constrained to take some repose, to which he only consented when he had got the operation into such order that it promised to go on steadily. But he had not been long asleep, however, before one of the men came running wildly in, exclaiming, "It's all no use, the fire's going out, and the metal is cooling down!" Cellini shook off his weariness without the delay of an instant, and running to a neighbour's, bought a fresh store of oak logs; but instead of going to rest again, he occupied himself with getting the shed repaired with boards and old hangings, and anything he could lay his hand on, so as to keep out the weather, setting the men, meantime, to blow the fires. But, it would seem, his iron determination was to be tried in every way: at the very moment that he had given the word to commence the casting, a flash of lightning, with its attendant thunder, almost blinded and deafened him at once. A moment later he saw that the lightning had struck the furnace, and the molten metal was pouring out, hither and thither, through countless cracks. What was to be done? In a fury of disappointment he shouted to his men to run into the house, and bring out every article in metal on which they could lay their hands, so as to make up for that which was leaking out in every direction; and in proportion as it poured off into the mould, he went on supplying it with these adventitious aids; ready to sacrifice everything to his statue.

It was thus his great work was at last brought to a close; and when the mould was broken there came to light the grand statue of Perseus, which takes its place proudly beside the Judith of Donatello, and the David of Michel Angelo, and is the admiration of our own age, no less than of his own.'

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

HINTS ON READING.

Our foreign Correspondents on books have led us almost to neglect our own, and yet there is much that we ought not to pass over. Foremost, of course, stands that most valuable book in which John Keble, 'though dead, yet speaketh:' the collection of his *Letters of Spiritual Counsel*, made by the Rev. R. F. Wilson. The exceeding truth, reality, and simplicity, of the whole character of the man, rendered his every word, whether of poetry, sermons, or letters, peculiarly individual; and these being written out of his very soul, with his most deep and considerate judgement, and with earnest prayer, are some of the most important utterances he has left. Everyone should have them at hand, and know them well enough to become, if possible, saturated with their tone of wisdom and humility—as devout and spiritual as it is practical and clear.

It is not our province to enter on questions that belong to the clergy, but if any of our readers are grieved by the debate as to the expediency of Evening Communions, and are perplexed by customs of their own locality, we would recommend them the reprint of *Evening Communions Contrary to the Church's Mind, and Why*, from the *Literary Churchman*, published by Skeffington. We think it will convince them that to abstain from attending is a duty, both as regards themselves and the encouragement of the practice.

We have omitted to mention the appearance of the Rev. W. H. Ridley's useful Comment on the *Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark.* (Rivington.) We advise those who use it at family prayers to cast an eye over the pages, as in the earlier sheets the amount of errors of the press is wonderful.

The Poems of the Rev. Samuel Rickards, (Parker,) are a very tender and graceful collection. The thoughts inspired by flowers, often the flowers that have by others been left unrhymed, are very sweet and touching; but his peculiar forte seems to us to lie in epitaphs. The needful brevity led to a compression that gives force to the thoughts. The last two lines of that on Lady Winchelsea are very striking:

'When in the kingdom of the blest,
Life shall be liberty, and duty rest.'

The following, on a mason, has so entirely the quaintness of the Stewart age, that one is inclined to read 1636 for 1836 as the date:

'The stones men hew and build with, must
In few short years go back to dust;
But their own dust, which here we lay,
Shall rise ere long and stand for aye.

Be wise, ye builders, then; build well
The house ye raise for heaven or hell.'

A most excellent volume of Macmillan's Sunday Library, is Miss Keary's *Nations Around;* an excellent account of the Egyptian, Phœnician, Assyrian, and Persian contemporaries of the Israelites. The collation of the Books of Kings, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, with the Babylonian records, is full of interest, and delightfully written.

Contemporary Annals of Rome, (Richardson,) is the reprint of some very amusing letters to the *Westminster Gazette*, by a resident in Rome during the canonization of the Japan martyrs and Garibaldi's last attack.

First Teachings about the Earth, by M. J. Ogle. (Simpkin and Marshall.) This is a second edition of a capital little book for laying the foundations of geography in young children simply scientifically and quite comprehensibly.

Unawares, by the author of One Year, (Smith and Elder,) has that special grace with which F. M. P. treads on French soil, and describes one very noble and another very engaging character, set in a delightful frame.

Theodora, a Tale for Girls, (Griffith and Farran,) is not to our taste. Everybody is exaggerated, for good or for bad, to an absolutely ridiculous extent.

Sensation ought to be kept out of good books, and we are sorry to see so much of it in the *Churchman's Companion* of late. It is not a taste to be cultivated.

We own, too, to feeling some regret that the *Sunday Friend* is not more careful as to the poetry. Is there not something irreverent in putting anything so sacred into the mouth of a jackdaw? Moreover, is it good for little girls of twelve years old to see their verses in print, especially when they don't rhyme?

Lost and Found, by Phœbe Fielden, (Macintosh,) is a nicely written Confirmation story, but we wish that tales on this rite would avoid bringing the vow (a merely accidental addition) into so much more prominence than the sacramental blessing.

Life of a Dominican Artist, [Père Bessou,] (Rivington) is a beautiful book, describing the most saintly and very individual life of one of the companions of Lacordaire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER ON FASHION.

My dear Niece,

We are now once more in our quiet home, after all the turmoil of a fortnight in Paris, and I am mindful of my promise to send to you, independently, some account of the Paris fashions. My family letters have told you the other news; the friends we met, the sights we saw, especially that gem of Christian architecture, the Sainte Chapelle, with its gorgeous glorious colours subdued by harmony, and restful through their perfection. Even the old *gardien* told us how the sight is constantly a fresh joy to him, and how he sits alone in his niche and never grows tired of looking, and repeats constantly to himself,

'*C'est beau; c'est beau!*'

Our journal, then, is known to you, and I may proceed at once to the fashions. I must begin at the beginning, by recalling our own University Boat-race, and the English fashions we saw there. I had, you know, an excellent place in a friend's carriage on the Mortlake bank, and I assure you that nothing could be more appalling than the dress exhibited around us. There was a white embroidered muslin without a cloak, fluttering past us in the cold wind. It made us instinctively remember the benefits of the consumptive hospital. There was a sort of Polish jacket, green, laced with gold; and other conspicuous horrors. Ill-mixed colours, of course, in abundance. But nothing could equal the hair. It towered two feet above the wearers' heads; it hung down deep upon their necks in splendid plaits, out of which the sausage-like pads were sticking here and there. Its colours were crude even to asperity; yellows and blacks such as kindly nature never disfigured human head with. But most striking of all were two unlucky girls—not ladies of course, but still modest-looking girls, properly red and uncomfortable at the notice they attracted.

They had bought hats of fancy straw trimmed with an azure gauze meant to represent the Cambridge blue; and to add a look of youthful innocence, the milliner had attached to the back of each hat a short and bushy crop of frizzled tow, meant to represent flaxen hair. Doubtless the design required that the wearer's own hair should be put out of sight somewhere; but these poor girls, fancying that the shades matched, had let theirs down in a mane. And the shades did not match at all, and everyone was laughing at the yellow fuzz above the light brown tail. I longed to beckon the girls up to me and say: 'My dears, you know that tow is rather ridiculous; do let me cut it out for you.' But one does not dare to do that kind of thing; and so the girls went by, with unutterable shame expressed in each line and movement of their shoulders. Then I looked at our own drag, and saw within it, Janette with her two long Roman rolls; Kate with the large pin-cushion, which against all persuasion, she still cherished on the top of her head; even dear old Miss Sims with a neat potato-shaped chignon; and I thought of the stuffing inside each, and wondered if it were really more refined, or half as honest, to cover over the false hair, as to let it float a caution to many.

Then I went to Paris, and we walked and sat in the Champs Elysés. The difference was indescribable. Almost every woman who passed us at least *looked* both simple and refined. The dresses were, as we had heard, generally black; if not black, they were grey or brown. In the summer, young girls walking with their mothers would wear light stuffs, but all in quiet shades. They were exquisitely made. All of a nice walking length, though not shewing the feet; and French girls' *paniers* are always fresh—not 'the crumpled rag' at which your father aims his jokes—for they lift them when they sit down. If it is warm, no jackets are worn; if cold, a short half-fitting one of the same stuff as the dress, and cut up at the back to prevent the sash from making a hump. Such *minutiæ*, carefully attended to, make the great difference which all observe but no one can describe. But the hair! I looked with wonder and with joy. Where were the pincushions? where the Roman rolls? where the stuffed plaits? We knew that the little round chignons were out of fashion, and had often laughed at Miss Sims's. But the other splendid erections also 'shone by absénce.' Ah! here they come! Here are pads, and coloured dresses, on two fine girls walking alone. '*Des Anglaises*,' said someone, with a titter, as they passed. But surely not English alone look thus, for who are those whose dress is markedly French and whose plaits are so unnaturally big? We asked Madame D——; '*Des Juives*,' she said, and assured us that Jewesses and English ladies alone persisted in the pads. How do people dress their hair? you ask. The young girls wear two simple plaits, which they turn up and fasten with a small bow at the top of the head. There is *no* false hair worn by the nice Frenchwomen. I wrote this news to Kate; and on my return, her pin-cushion, which had been inexorable to the entreaties of English friends, had fallen before the fiat of a French fashion.

Altogether then, dress is just now beautifully simple in Paris; the fine bonnets in the windows are notably '*pour les étrangères;*' no Parisian would wear them. The materials worn by young people are simple, alpacas or light silks. The exquisite make and finish alone give the charm and style. Even for reception evenings, the same toilette is worn. A Frenchwoman wears out her one or two dresses while they are fashionable, instead of having a dozen to lay aside and be remodelled next year.

So much for my details. But let an old aunt draw a moral. You English girls will soon all be beautifully simple too in dress and hair. But why in obedience to fashion only, and not to your own feelings of what is not only tasteful but also right? Think of those poor girls with the tow in their hats. They were sillier, but had they done worse than the better-educated girls who stuffed their own hair with that of others? Is it quite honest to use false hair? Of course not; the question is absurd. Then can you not, some of you, be brave enough to *be* honest, and henceforth, whatever the fashion, to wear none? You, as a girl, have more influence with girls than we older women have. May I ask you, dear, to think upon this matter *not* lightly; and if, like me, you deem it well, to set the example of making the best of what nature gives you, and not telling an untruth by your dress any more than by your lips. Honestly, and without making too serious an affair of this, I believe that you would thus—and even by forming, if possible, some little band of English maidens so resolved—be doing a little bit of real useful work for Truth and Modesty in your own generation.

Believe me, dear Niece,

Your loving Aunt,

ANNE M.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Received by the Sister Superior, St. Peter's Mission Home, Plymouth—*From* D. E. R., *a parcel of various articles; from* F. Y., *a parcel of clothing; from* F. E. M., *books; post-office order for £*1, *from* Eton; 5*s. in stamps,* (Anon.); 5*s. in stamps, from* A Governess.—*Let us mention among the gifts that would be most useful here—books for the lending library; and likewise men's and boys' clothes; and boots, old or new.*

Received, with many thanks, by The Sisters of the Poor, St. Luke's, Finsbury, *from* E. M. F., *four small books.*

Also, from T. G., *for* The Children's Dinner, *the six weeks allowance of a Sunday Scholar.*

Acknowledged, with many thanks, 2*s.* 6*d. from* T. H. S., Marlborough, *for the* Clewer Fields Mission.

The Sisters of St. Peter's Home and Sisterhood, Kilburn, *acknowledge with grateful thanks the receipt of a Scrap-book and Text, for* The Children's Ward, *from* A Lover of The Monthly Packet.

The Treasurer of the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, Gravesend, *is greatly indebted to the friends who have sent him money, all of which he has acknowledged by post except the following, for which he now returns his best thanks:*—S. E. S., Grimsby, 2*s.* 6*d.*; G. S., Bridgewater, 10*s.* 6*d.* *He begs the favour, when money is sent, that an address may be sent with it, to which a receipt may be sent by return.*

Will the Editor of The Monthly Packet *kindly inform* M. H. *where these lines are to be found—*

'Like oil upon the troubled waters,'

and

'Though lost to sight,
To memory dear.'

Enquirer *asks where to find a poem ending with the words,* 'For she was a water-rat.' *The other question does not come within our scope.*

B. *and* C. *ask if it is known who is the author of* Una, a Double Story; *and whether the composer there mentioned is meant for Mendelssohn.*

Orchid *is the singular of the English form of the botanical term* Orchidiæ, *including the whole tribe of orchis-like plants.* Orchids *is the plural.*

The Monthly Packet *has always been under the same editorship.*

In reply to A. P.'s *request for an addition to a young child's prayer, I may mention that for some years I have used the following adaptation of a hymn for the purpose:—*

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Watch o'er me from day to day,
Hear me, Jesus, when I pray.
Amen. Thank God.

When the small supplicant's sense of Truth may be offended by the epithet '*little,*' '*Thine adopted child*' *can be substituted, and the prayer thus rendered not entirely unsuitable for youth, should it recur to a person's mind after childhood is past. I have also been in the habit of using the old Evening Hymn,* 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,' *with my children before going to bed, in the hope that in after life it may exercise a protective influence over them—boys especially.*—A MOTHER.

For A. P., *sent by another Correspondent.*

MORNING HYMN.

Father, Thou hast heard my prayer,
And I own Thy tender care;
For, by Thee in safety kept,
I have laid me down and slept.
Teach me now my heart to raise
In a morning hymn of praise;
And for JESUS' sake, I pray,
Bless and keep me through the day.

EVENING HYMN.

At the close of every day,
LORD, to Thee I kneel and pray.
Look upon Thy little child,
Look in love and mercy mild:
O forgive and wash away
All my naughtiness this day;
And both when I sleep and wake,
Bless me for my Saviour's sake.

To *T. N.*—Having seen your advertisement in the June Number of *The Monthly Packet*, I have much pleasure in informing you of the manner in which a parochial lending library has lately been formed in this place. We first collected subscriptions from different friends; and then, on forwarding the money to The Pure Literature Society, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, obtained a grant of books to double the amount sent. We had previously obtained all particulars of the Society from the Secretary, Mr. H. Turner, and also a letter of recommendation from a subscriber. We chose the books from the Society's list, which is a very good one; and, with a few more books given by friends, opened the library. The books are kept in a locked case in the National School room, and two ladies attend every Monday to change them. They are covered with red glazed linen, for which we gave 4¾*d.* the yard, but it might be had for less if bought wholesale. I enclose a copy of the rules, which are pasted inside each book; also a label for the name, which is put outside; and a ticket, which is put on the back, with the letter and number of the book on it. An alphabetical list of the books is kept in a catalogue published for the purpose by the Christian Knowledge Society. The penny payments, with the half-crowns from the

Hon. Subscribers, are sufficient to pay all expenses, and also to keep up a fresh supply of books. We have all kinds of books, and find that the small shop-keepers, as well as the labouring poor, are glad to have them. Any further particulars you may wish for I shall be happy to give at any time.—*E. S.*

RULES.

1. Subscribers of one penny per month are entitled to one volume at a time; of twopence, to two volumes, and to one volume for each additional penny subscribed.
2. Books can be changed at the National School Room, ———, every Monday, between twelve and one o'clock.
3. No book is to be kept longer than four weeks; but a volume, after having been returned, can be re-issued, should no one else have asked for it.
4. No books may be lent out of the house of the Subscriber who took them from the Library.
5. If a book be carelessly torn, or the leaves lost, the Subscriber in whose possession it is when injured must pay a fine of 3*d.* If a book be lost, half the published price must be paid.
6. All Subscriptions must be paid in advance.
7. Honorary Subscribers to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a year. These subscriptions will form a fund for the purchase of books.

In reply to *T. N.*'s request for some hints as to rules and books for the formation of a Lending Library, we beg to say that in this village a library has existed for more than twenty-two years, for the benefit of all the parishes on the estate of the nobleman by whom it is supported. This library is free to all who comply with the rules, which are as follows:—

1. The books of this Library will be lent to none but persons residing in the parishes of ———.
2. No persons will be entitled to receive books from this Library without presenting to the Librarian a recommendation from the Clergyman of the parish in which the applicant resides.
3. Persons desirous of obtaining books must apply to the Librarian on any Monday, when also any books they may have in their possession must be returned to him.
4. Not more than one volume will be lent to the same person at one time.
5. Persons borrowing books from this Library, are on no account to lend them again to other persons.
6. A fine of 1*d.* a week will be enforced for every week that a volume is kept beyond the time specified in it. And any persons defacing or destroying any book, will be required to make it good, and will not be allowed to borrow a fresh volume until this rule be complied with. All fines will be placed in the poor's box of the parish in which the damage or delay takes place.

Few villages are so favoured as these, however; and in many places, persons borrowing one volume at a time pay 3*d.* a quarter, for two volumes 6*d.*, and so on. Among the principal favourites are—

The Monthly Packet.
Leisure Hour.
Sunday at Home.
Churchman's Companion.
Magazine for the Young.
[The first three of which are taken in monthly numbers, the other two in half-yearly volumes.]

Jowett's Christian Visitor.
Tracts for Christian Seasons.
Monro's Allegories.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Heartsease.
Heir of Redclyffe.
Good Stories.
History of England. (Dr. Neale's and Poole's.)
Robinson Crusoe.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Winnie's Difficulties.
Stokesley Secret.
Friarswood Post-office.
Langley School.
Ben Sylvester's Word.
Christmas Mummers.
Railroad Children.
Leonard the Lion-heart.
Vendale Lost Property Office.
and most of the more recent publications of the S.P.C.K.; also easy works on Natural History, Botany, &c.

If *T. N.* would communicate with us through the Editor of *The Monthly Packet*, we should be very pleased to send a catalogue of our library books.—*B.* and *E.*

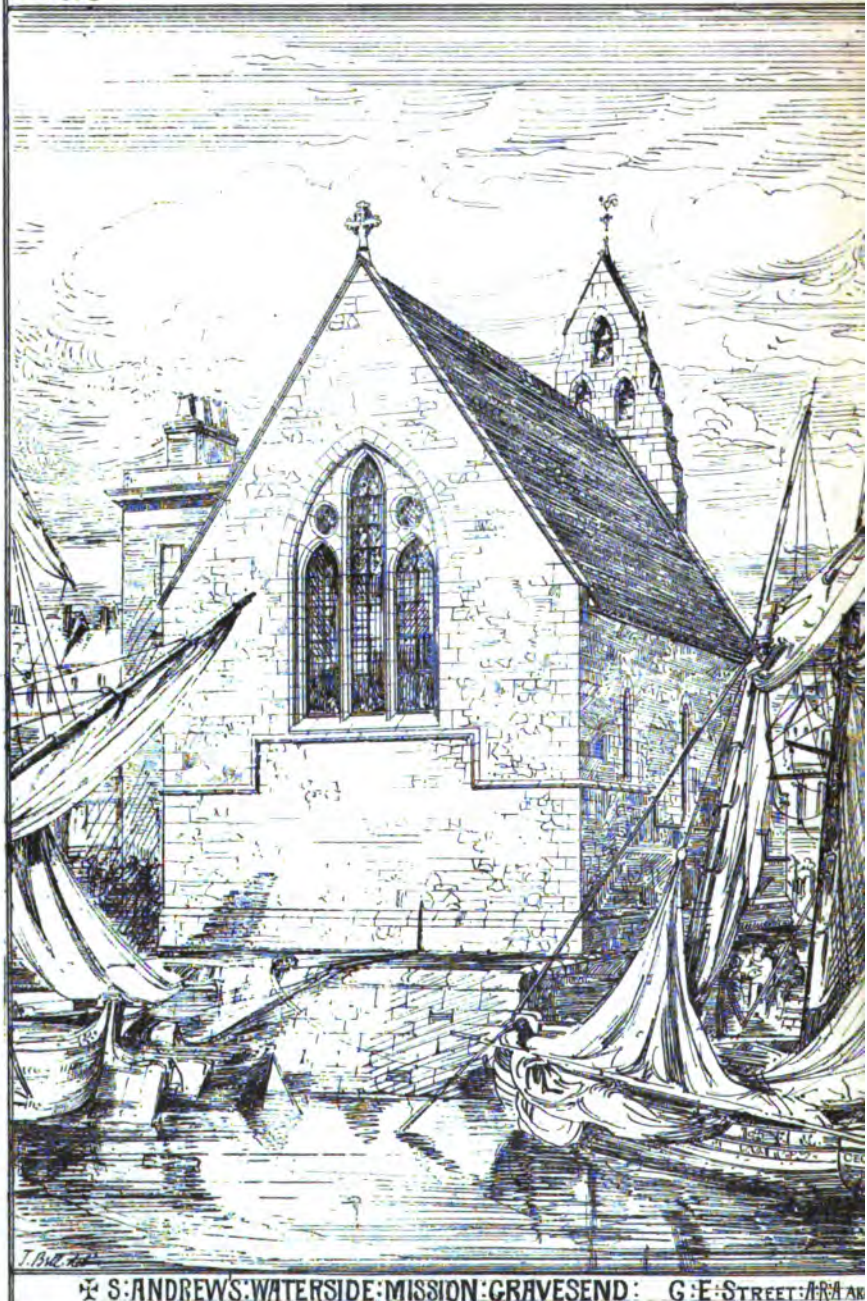
A. has had ten years experience in the management of a country Book Club. Her members were of various classes. She had eighty on the books or more; fewer in summer than in winter. This Club consisted of farmer's sons and daughters, domestic servants, small shop-keepers, labourers, their wives and children, and a few navvies. The books were laid out on tables, the first Tuesday in the month, so that each member or his deputy could select. Each member brought or sent a card on which the dates were printed, and the numbers of the books selected were entered. *A.* was very particular about having the cards sent; and if a card was lost, there was a fine. Each volume was a halfpenny. There were some few charged a penny—those which cost more than five shillings. 'Please, Miss, H—— wants a big book,' was a frequent message, and a penny was offered. *A.* rarely missed attending herself. If absent, another lady attended. It needs some tact to choose or recommend books, and many who could not come themselves, would request *A.* to select their books. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Sunday at Home,' 'Life of Hedley Vicars,' 'Sermons for Working Men,' all the smaller Stories by the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 'Little Maids,' S.P.C.K. Stories by the Author of 'Likes and Dislikes,' 'Peter Parley's Annuals,' some of Miss Drury's Novels, Mrs. Sewell's Ballads, 'Masterman Ready,' and, above all, 'Robinson Crusoe,' were always in request. 'Please, Miss, H—— wants to have "Dick Turpin's Ride," or "The Newgate Calendar,"' was sometimes said. *A.* always declined these books, and substituted something exciting, like 'Ben Sylvester's Word.' *A.* would not advise T. N. to let the books be passed round without her special leave. *A.* had a fresh payment if a book was kept over the month, and the card was filled up again. *A.*'s Book Club, after the first start, was self-supporting, and numbered about three hundred volumes. The covering and re-covering and repairing the books is very important. This Book Club was always called in the parish, 'Mrs. ——'s Lending Library.'

If *T. N.* will send her address, *A. B.* can also give her some experiences.

Declined with thanks.—A. P.

June 9th.—Stories and Lessons on the Collects, *edited by the Rev. William Jackson, are exactly what you want.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.



✠ S:ANDREWS:WATERSIDE:MISSION:GRAVESEND: G:E:STREET:A:R:A AR

Photo-Lithographed by Whiteman & Bass, London

S. Andrew's Waterside Mission,
GRAVESEND.

Patron:
THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Missionary Curate:
THE REVEREND WILMOT BUXTON, M. A.,
Of Brazenose College, Oxford.

PROPOSED NEW CHAPEL.

THE first stone of the New Chapel was laid on S. Peter's Day, June 29th, 1870, by Rear Admiral Inglefield, C.B. It was laid on the chalk rock a few feet below the mud in front of the Mission House. For this purpose it was necessary to choose a time when it was low water. The confined space and other circumstances rendered it desirable that the ceremony should be as simple as possible. A Celebration of the Holy Communion was the service fixed on, and the hour 8.30 a,m., when it was low tide. Due notice was given to every supporter of the Mission in every part of England to secure their kindly presence in spirit. The early hour was purposely chosen to limit the attendance in person, the present humble chapel being only just able to hold the 60 or 70 worshippers who assembled in it. Immediately after the reception the whole congregation went out upon the wharf, and the stone was lowered in silence into its resting place, where it was placed by Admiral Inglefield in the name of the Eternal Trinity. It was a plain white block of stone, weighing about a ton, with no mark or inscription on it but a simple cross. As soon as Admiral Inglefield had declared it to be duly laid—the Celebrant commenced the Lord's Prayer and concluded the Communion Service in the open air on the wharf, the whole congregation being there with uncovered heads. This was the whole of the simple and affecting service.

The Building Committee are glad to communicate the following particulars to the Subscribers. It will be remembered that the original idea was that the Mission House should be purchased and turned into a Chapel. That could have been done, but as the idea gained consistency it was seen that a nobler work than this ought to be done. The present wharf is exceedingly crazy, and there would be a danger of the whole thing falling bodily into the river in 20 or 30 years, unless the foundations were laid upon the rock.

Moreover to pull down the House and put a Chapel on its ruins was to destroy a large number of rooms wanted for the present work—Night Schools—Mothers Meetings, storing of the books and papers sent to us, and preparing them for Libraries, &c.

Moreover it was felt to be a duty that the noble gift of £1,000 should stimulate the benevolence of the other supporters of the Mission, now numbering many hundreds. It touches our honour that we should not stand by and see it all done for us.

It was decided therefore to purchase a strip of land about 17 ft. wide, to the west, and obtain a grant from the Thames Conservancy of 20ft. on the river side. They are thankful to report that both these points have been gained, and by God's good help they trust now to see a noble block of buildings with a sea wall built down to the rock, likely to last hundreds of years, comprising a Chapel capable of holding 180 persons, and the chief part of the present Mission House, as it will now only be necessary to cut away part of it. Room will be left for a future addition to the Chapel and a future addition to the House. The Building Committee have undertaken the purchase of the site, the construction of the sea wall, (a costly business,) the expense of putting the Mission House to rights, and the building of the foundation up to the level of the street. This will cost £1,500 at least, of which they have got £500 or £600 only. They purpose to take contracts for a bit at a time, and will go on as they get money—not incurring debt further than is absolutely necessary for the progress of the work. From the level of the street the cost of the Chapel will be borne by the Benefactress.

Donations for the Building Fund may be sent to the Building Committee, who are as follows:—

The Rev. C. E. R. Robinson, Rural Dean, The Castle, Gravesend.
The Rev. J. Scarth, Heath Cottage, Winkfield, Windsor.
Rear Admiral Inglefield, C.B., 10, Grove End Road, London, N. W.
Or the Missionary Curate. The Rev. W. Buxton, 8, Constitution Cottages, Gravesend.

Small Donations in Stamps are very welcome.
Donations over £1 1*s.* 0*d.* may be paid in 3 years.
Donations over £5 may be paid in 5 years.

Those who send money in Stamps, Crossed Cheques, or Post Office Orders, are earnestly requested to give an address to which an acknowledgement may be sent by return, if secrecy is desired an initial will be enough—but a request for acknowledgement in the *Monthly Packet* or *Penny Post* gives very great and unnecessary trouble to the Committee and the Editors.

✠

"It has often been remarked, and not without good reason, that if we wish to spread the knowledge of the one living and true God to *distant lands*, our best plan will be to spread it *first at home*."

"It is well to get the base of our operations sound and sure before we press forward—to get the foundation of our house well laid before we build the upper structure; if not the advanced work may be ever so good, ever so strong, ever so beautiful, but it will signally fail when the base of the house falls away for want of strength."

"Our Missionary Societies are doing their work well and successfully in foreign countries. They are bravely and liberally sending out staunch and zealous men into the farthest corners of the Lord's vineyard; but their hopes of success are often blighted by an evil which issues *from home*. It is a common complaint amongst our clergy abroad, that the conduct of the *English* impedes the spread of the Gospel which has been undertaken *by the English*. This is shown partly by the carelessness and irreligion of emigrants, and partly by the more open profligacy and crime practised by sailors."

"It is a very sad fact, but it must be told, that many of those whose lives are spent trading between England and other countries bring a scandal on her fair name, cast a stain on her memory, and mar the good which the truest and best of her children are doing."

"We want, then, Missionary labours and Missionary labourers in *England*. We want to influence for good those who carry our merchandise to other parts."

"CHURCH PROGRESS." *July* 1869.

⁂ *A full account of the threefold work of this Mission which attempts to bring the Gospel,* (1) *to the fishermen, &c. on shore,* (2) *to the "coalies" on board the coal hulks moored in the middle of the river,* (3) *to the Emigrants and merchant seamen in the hundreds of vessels which daily pass the town will be found in the* MONTHLY PACKET *for October,* 1868, *Vol.* vi. *p.* 391. *and in the* PENNY POST *for February* 1870, *vol.* xx. *p.* 48.

Printed by J. S. Caddel, "Gravesend Journal" Office, 1 King Street.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

AUGUST, 1870.

THREE POEMS BY THE REV. J. KEBLE.

The three ensuing poems have been found by Mr. Keble's family written on the blank leaves of books, which were in use during the last two years of his life. They are in his hand, and written in his peculiar manner, the lines not separate, but divided by marks. We are allowed, by the kindness of the family, to present them here.

I.

In the beginning Thou didst all create,
Both worlds in sight, and worlds no eye might see;
Thou ordered'st all in number, measure, weight,
Nor void nor waste in Thy new work might be.

But now this aged Earth in all her deeps
Dire tokens yields of rout and disarray;
Thy creatures lie in torn and slaughtered heaps;
Did Love then fail, and Wisdom pass away?

Nay, 'twas the Will, the dread Free-will, allow'd
To souls that may know *Thee.* A star from Heaven
Fell down, fell hopeless; Angel hearts grew proud,
And rais'd the storm which lower worlds hath riven.

But Love Almighty on the ruin built
A fresh fair home where all might please Him well;
And Love Allwise, e'en then foreseeing guilt,
Wrought against wrath to come a wondrous spell.

When eve and morn had three times brought the day,
And earth and seas had parted at Thy word,
And herbs began beneath their green array
The hope of coming years to nurse and hoard;

Then didst Thou choose (but who may know) the tree
Which in due time should yield Thy saving Rood,
Then sow the primal seeds on hill and lea,
Of corn and wine, to be Thy Flesh and Blood.

The fourth day dawns, Thou speak'st again, and lo!
In the bright maze of yonder glorious spheres
Earth takes her place, henceforward to and fro
To move, by signs and seasons, days and years.

Such His decree, adjusting for all time,
By silent wheels of His dread enginery,
The day, hour, moment, when His Word sublime
A Work 'mid His own works would deign to be.

What seest thou, Sun, first glancing o'er the main?
'Motion and life I see, beneath, above,
They glide, they soar, like spirits born again
In water, now to mount in Paschal Love.'

So dawned, so sank, four thousand times and more,
Our Holy Thursday's type; but holier yet
The final secret of Creative Love,
The sign He gave ere Friday's sun had set.

That morn the blood that should the Cross foreshew,
First in the veins of lower creatures ran;
That eve He spake the crowning word, and lo!
The seed that should become the Perfect Man.

O Lord of sacrifice, O God of grace,—
Since the world was preparing thus alway
Thine awful Feast in all created space,
For me unclean—prepare me, Lord, to-day.

II.

ADMINISTRATION.

O ALL-CONTROLLING, Uncontroll'd,
Sole Cause of causes, only free
At Thine own willing to decree,
To use Thy greatness or withhold.

Thou of old time hast told Thine own
Of three dread loving words of Thine,
Three voices from the inner shrine
Reserved unto Thyself alone.

'Let there be light, and there was light,'—
No other tongue might speak the word;
Thou to no creature dost afford
Creating and preserving might.

'Beside Me is no Saviour, I
That wine-press trod, and none with Me:'
The Parent's love the Child must free,
And pay his price, and for him die.

The reins and hearts by Thee are tried,
And to none other would'st Thou give
The touch that makes the dead soul live;
Thou must convert, and none beside.

Thus in High Mercy's threefold dole
Each Holy One His proper grace
Vouchsafes, allowing there no space
Between Him and the favour'd soul.

But even as mothers deeply store
The incommunicable love,
Yet with no grudging smile approve
When sisters say, 'The babe give o'er,'

Or kindly nurse holds out her arms;
So deigns High Mercy to diffuse
Its genial airs and healing dews
By virtue of created charms.

A chain hangs down from Heaven to Earth;
He holds it, Who is God and Man:
From His bright Throne of world-wide span
A thousand lines of grace go forth.

In silence and in power they dart
Along His mystic wires, to find
Each one his place, each one entwin'd
With Nature's working, or Man's heart.

And so His Priests and Sacraments
Are with His people in all lands,
Thro' meanest signs, by sinner's hands
To seal His bounty and dispense.

III.

June 13.

Com'st Thou at evening? We would fain
Be found before Thee meekly kneeling,
Where through the far-off storied pane
The last soft gleam is upward stealing.

Com'st Thou at midnight? O may we
Be watching found—some lowly moan
Just breathed in humbleness to Thee—
Some hidden deed of Penance done.

Com'st Thou at cock-crow? Well for those
Whose pillows vacant shall be found,
And they gone forth to seek repose
Perchance with Thee upon the ground.

Com'st Thou at morn? The home how blest
Where from Thine Altar trimm'd aright
The hallowed lamp hath known no rest,
The chanted Psalm outworn the night.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

When Hugh Miller visited England, he unluckily fell upon a sermon preached on St. Bartholomew's Day, which discussed the question whether the Apostle were the same with Nathanael. Naturally, it seemed to the Scotsman an unprofitable question; unused to Saints' Days, he could not understand our eagerness to cherish and apply any characteristic to the Apostle whose name alone is recorded, or our desire to feel that we may rightly place on our August festival the meditations suggested by the presentation of the Israelite without guile to the Saviour. If possible, this poem has rendered that interview yet dearer and more beautiful in our eyes by the thoughts it has connected therewith. The opening description is of the mirror, flashing out the rays of the sun in dazzling radiance, and yet, when turned away, perfectly reflecting every 'small flower of bashful hue' towards which it is directed. In like manner, Scripture displays one Glorious Image in the intense brightness of holiness, and at the same time vividly shews 'the very life of things below.' So it is, that—as we are reminded in the quotation—we cannot dwell on Scripture without the sense (like what some pictures give) of an eye being fixed on us. It is continually searching into us, continually making us feel as if each were the only individual addressed; and this is verily one of the great tokens of Inspiration.

'What word is this? whence know'st Thou me?
All wondering cries the humbled heart;
To hear Thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself impart.'

That conviction of the conscience makes the soul cry out, 'This is the finger of God.' The Word that shewed such intimate knowledge of the inmost self must be Divine; therefore belief and worship must follow, provided the heart is simple, and without prejudice or pride. So it was with Nathanael when the Incarnate Word shewed that perfect knowledge of his lonely hours beneath his fig tree. He owned his God at once, and to him was given the promise thus interpreted for us—

'The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright,
Shall see things greater, things Divine.

Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And blessed Angels, to and fro
On messages of love shall glide,
'Twixt God above and Christ below.'

This is the blessing to the simple-hearted guileless man! No path to him is crooked; he goes on from strength to strength, hearing and gathering up the many voices of the great cloud of witnesses, whom others fail to trace or comprehend, yet still loving better than all the Voice which first revealed to him that he stood before the All-seeing Christ.

The meeting with Nathanael is, after all, not appointed by the Church as a Gospel or Lesson for St. Bartholomew's Day; and the Lyra poem is on the narrative in the Acts, which serves as the Epistle. It is not one of which the exact import is very easy to define; it is suggestive rather than doctrinal, and seems chiefly to dwell on the all-pervading Grace, flowing out on all sides from all that was connected with the Saints, and through them with their Master. The hem of Christ's garment, the shadow of St. Peter touched in faith, convey virtue from the Godhead made Man—spreading forth the 'shadow of a great Rock in a weary land,' and affording blessing to all who shelter under it.

(To be continued.)

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

Before leaving the seventh gulf, Dante indulges in a strain of ironical address to his native city Florence, which had grown to such importance in Hell. Perhaps the sarcasm carries increased effect with it from the fact of the five offenders having been all men of high position in the state, and yet all condemned for their indulgence in a vice from which the ruling classes of a nation may be supposed generally exempt. What the calamity was, which all the neighbour cities of Florence—even the little Prato—longed for, it is not easy to say. Dante's general feeling seems to be that such a course of wickedness must provoke an act of providential retribution, and that the longer this was delayed, the greater the suspense to himself, and the more overwhelming the catastrophe which he apprehended. It is possible, though not certain, that he refers to some domestic calamities from which Florence suffered in May, 1304, when many lives were lost in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge over the Arno, and subsequently in a large conflagration, which destroyed more than seventeen hundred houses. If any of our readers think these hardly adequate to the occasion, they can still interpret Dante's lines as a general sentiment of foreboding, and prophetic of the Nemesis which he felt must come soon in some form or another. As to line 7, Horace, Ovid, and others also allude to the ancient superstition, that dreams appearing after midnight come true; but Dante here means no more than 'If I am not mistaken.'

Then the poets remount the height, and descend upon the bridge overhanging the eighth gulf, in which are placed the givers of evil counsel; and here Dante feels that there is a lesson needful for him to learn. As a prominent, and still more as an unsuccessful politician, he was doubtless tempted at times to swerve from the right course; and considering how many years he passed in exile, it seems but reasonable to suppose that the danger against which he warns himself lay in the negotiations which he carried on at Verona, Ravenna, and other places, for his restoration to his native city. In line 54, Dante either forgets or alters the old story of Thebes, in which, while the funeral of Eteocles was celebrated with all due honour, Polynices was cast out by order of Creon, till Antigone dared to elude the watchers, and bury him under cover of night. In line 60, he makes the wooden horse the fountain head of the Roman race, as having caused that overthrow of Troy which drove the Trojan remnant to settle in Italy. Why that stratagem, or the others mentioned in connexion with it, should be considered as moral offences, is not quite clear. Nor is it at first sight intelligible why the fact of Ulysses and Diomede being Greeks should make them unwilling to answer Dante; since, if he was an Italian, so was Virgil: but the stress the latter lays on the fame they have acquired through his epic, (not an enviable fame, it must be owned,) seems to indicate the poet's intention. With the speech of Ulysses, which occupies the remainder of the Canto, our readers should compare Tennyson's short piece on the same subject, which is evidently founded upon it. The whole of that poem, but especially the lines beginning

> 'My mariners,
> Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me:'—

down to

> 'It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew'—

receives a new light when compared with this Canto. And in return Tennyson supplies that inner character of the hero, which, though not expressed in direct language, is felt to be necessarily underlying the whole of Dante's conception. Our readers will not need to have pointed out to them the pathetic beauty of this episode, letting in, as it does, a ray of light from the upper world into the midst of the horrors of Hell, and yet ending so soon and so disastrously. The mountain whence sprang the fatal whirlwind is the mountain of Purgatory, in the antipodes of Jerusalem, whither Ulysses' five months voyage from the straits had brought him. Why he and his crew should thus have been prevented from landing, needs no explanation.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXVI.

FLORENCE, rejoice, of all thy peers the grandest,
  Who over sea and land thy wings hast stretched,
  And throughout Hell in name and fame expandest.
Those five I found amidst the robbers wretched
  Were all thy sons; whence shame my spirit quelleth,
  But thou to honourable note art fetched.
But yet, if truth in dreams near morning dwelleth,
  In no long time shalt thou be feeling surely
  What Prato's hopes, ay and the others', swelleth;
Which coming now would not come prematurely.
  Would it were here, since come it must! for more
  It pains, the older that I grow. Securely
We parted thence, and by the steps, before
  Trod by our feet the border while descending,
  The Master climbed back, and drew me o'er.
And there amongst the rocks and boulders wending
  Our lonely way, the feet had need to borrow
  The hands' assistance often in ascending:

And then I sorrowed, and ev'n now yet sorrow,
  When upon that I saw my mind abideth,
  And rein my spirit within bounds more narrow,
So that it run not save where virtue guideth,
  Nor to my loss pervert what boon soever
  My star or something higher for me provideth.
Sparkles of flame as numerous as ever
  The peasant on the hill side who reclineth
  Beholds, when he who lights our world, doth sever
His presence from us least, what time resigneth
  The fly her place unto the gnat, and over
  Farm land and vineyard down the valley shineth
The fire-flies' swarm; so many then did hover
  O'er the eighth chasm, as we at once perceived,
  Approaching where the depth we could discover.
As he who by the bears his wrong retrieved
  Beheld the chariot of Elias starting
  And horses into highest heaven received,
But could not follow them on their departing,
  Nor aught behold save one thin flame, revealed
  In shape a little cloud, and upwards darting;
So through the circuit of the hollow wheeled
  Flame after flame; and none its theft displayeth
  In that a sinner is in each concealed.
Down o'er the bridge to gaze, my zeal essayeth,
  In danger ev'n without a push, of falling
  Save that a rock firm clasped my posture stayeth.
Then he who saw me thus desirous, calling
  Unto me, said, 'Here wander in detention
  Spirits, each wrapped in the garb appalling
That burns them.' And I, 'Master, my apprehension
  Is now more sure; some time have I suspected
  That so it was, and wished to hazard mention,
And ask who fills that fire, that comes bisected
  In summit, like the twofold fiery feather
  That crowned the pyre for Theban twins erected.'
Then he, 'That holds within its sorrow's tether
  Diomede and Ulysses, thus combined
  In pain, as erst in wrath they ran together.
There they lament the cunning that designed
  The horse's ambuscade, that did awaken
  To life the seed wherein was Rome enshrined.
There too they rue the act whereby forsaken
  Deidamia yet though dead bewaileth
  Achilles; and for Troy's Palladium taken.'

'Unless within those sparks their utterance faileth,'
  I said, 'I earnestly to prayer apply me,
  And pray till prayer a thousand fold availeth,
That thou to linger here wouldst not deny me,
  Until the horned flame toward us swerveth;
  See, how with longing thitherwards I hie me.'
And he in answer, 'This thy prayer deserveth
  No little praise; therefore shall it be granted,
  But take good care thy tongue its speech reserveth.
Leave words to me; for all that thou hast wanted
  I know, and in them haply some suspicion
  Of thee, for they were Greeks, may be implanted.'
Then when the flame had gained such position
  Wherein my lord fit time and place discerned,
  After this form I heard him make petition:
'O ye who both within one fire are burned,
  If aught of you I merited while living,
  If aught of you little or much I earned
When to the world my lofty verses giving;
  Go not away, but one of you so pressed
  Say where he went self-lost to die.' Receiving
Such words the old flame's greater horn addressed
  Itself to wave with murmurings, conveying
  The idea of one by freshening wind distressed;
Hither and thither then its summit swaying
  As if it were a tongue that spake, it aimed
  A voice, and said, 'When after much delaying
I quitted Circe, who my presence claimed
  Near Gaeta for full a year's long leisure,
  Ere that Eneas so the place had named;
Not reverence for my aged sire, not pleasure
  In my sweet son, not ev'n the due affection
  That should have been Penelope's best treasure,
Could quench the thirst I had to make inspection
  Of the world's life, and learn the lore imparted
  By men, their faults and virtues. In subjection
To this idea, in one sole boat I started
  Through the mid deep, with that small crew that braved
  The voyage with me, when all the rest departed.
Then either coast was on my sight engraved,
  As Spain, Marocco, Sardinia appeared
  With all the isles that by that sea are laved.
I and my comrades now were old and wearied,
  Ere into that strait throat of water sailing,
  Where Hercules his warning pillars reared,

That none should pass beyond them: but unquailing
  I passed, with Seville on the right hand, even
  As I had erst left Ceuta. Therefore hailing
My crew, I spake, "Brethren, who having striven
  Through many thousand dangers, are arrived
  At the great West, now in the fading even
Of sense, whate'er remaineth to be lived,
  Make not, I pray you, my ambition hollow
  In the sun's track to explore the world deprived
Of human kind. Think whence ye sprang; to wallow
  Through life like brutes ye never were created,
  But virtue and fair sciences to follow."
Thus I with slight entreaty stimulated
  My comrades so, that for the quest awaking
  Their zeal thereafter scarce could be abated.
So to the morn our bows we turned, and making
  Wings of our oarage in the vain endeavour
  We sped, the left hand aye more closely taking.
The stars of the other pole I watched ever
  Shine nightly all, while ours so low were placed
  That from the watery floor arose they never.
Five times was kindled and again effaced
  The light from underneath the moon, since steering
  Due west between the lofty straits we passed;
When loomed a mountain on our sight, appearing
  Brown in the distance; none so high existed
  Of all that I had seen. Our spirits cheering
At first, it soon lament instead enlisted;
  For from the new-found land a whirlwind springing
  Smote full the fore-foot of our bark, and twisted
It three times round with all the waves; then bringing
  A fourth attack, our stern on high it lifted,
  (For so it pleased another) downwards flinging
The prow, till o'er our heads the billows drifted.'

(To be continued.)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. VIII.—THE CHURCH'S SONG.

'My Beloved is mine, and I am His.'—*Canticles*, ii. 16.

(*Tune*, Pilgrimage.)

I AM Thine: I stand before Thee,
  JESU, evermore Thine own:
Not by merit, but by glory
  Of Thy grace, elect alone,
    Thy beloved
  Unto men and angels shewn.

Thou art mine: I did not choose Thee,
  Only came when Thou didst call;
Now, oh never let me lose Thee,
  From Thy favour never fall!
    My Beloved,
  First and last, and All in all.

I am Thine: Thy Word remaineth,*
  That no creature far or nigh,
Where the lord of evil reigneth
  In deep Hell or haunted sky,†
    Shall for ever
  Part of love the mystic tie.

Thou art mine:—although Thy Vision
  Fills not yet my longing sight,
Though the doubting world's derision
  Holds my honour in despite,—
    Mine in darkness,
  Surely as at last in light.

I am Thine: in tribulation
  From Thy parted Heavens above

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* Romans, viii. 38, 39.

† Cf. Eph. ii. 2.—'*The Prince of the power of the air;* also, Eph. vi. 12.—'*Wicked spirits in heavenly places.*' It is the opinion of all the doctors of the Church, (says S. Jerome,) that the intervening air between Heaven and earth is full of adverse powers.

Comes divinest consolation,
Lighting as the Holy Dove,
With the message
Of Thine everlasting love.

Thou art mine: in bliss and sorrow,
In the shade as in the shine:
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
To the age of ages,—mine;
Yea, my Master,
Mine Thou art, for I am Thine.
Amen.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

AUGUST 6TH.

BY. F. HARRISON.

LIFT thine eyes, my soul, with wonder,
And with reverence bow the head;
Earthly clouds are rent asunder,
Heavenly radiance is shed;
Sinai's flame and Horeb's thunder
Were not half so strange and dread.

It is Moses, and he weareth
O'er his saintly face no veil;
When the Light of light appeareth
All created glories pale;
And the law the old world feareth
Fades, and newer laws prevail.

'Tis Elias, and around him
Hangs no mantle's mystic fold,
Rays of woven light surround him,
Beautiful and manifold;
Like a garment they have wound him
In a tissue bright as gold.

It is JESUS, He who lately
Toiled to earn His daily bread;
And His own friends marvel greatly
At the glory round His Head;
At the glistering robes and stately,
Dazzling white about Him spread.

LORD, our Friend and our sweet Master,
It is well that we are here,
For our torpid hearts beat faster,
And our wandering souls draw near
To this Light, which no disaster
Evermore can make less clear.

Now they speak: O most astounding!
For they speak of His Decease!
How amid all woes abounding
His vast sufferings must increase,
Till from cruel foes surrounding
Shameful death shall bring release.

Wondrous vision! shewn to render
Timid hearts more bold and brave;
JESUS, terrible and tender,
Weak to suffer, strong to save;
Who will rise with tenfold splendour
From the darkness of the grave;

Who for evermore remaineth
King and Conqueror alone,
In the glory where He reigneth
O'er the Kingdom all His own,
Till His chosen band attaineth
To the footstool of His Throne.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XV.

A NEW DYNASTY.

A.D. 1310 TO A.D. 1342.

SAVE me from my friends! might well have been King Charles's cry, when, after his fourth coronation, he began to survey the position which he had at length attained. He had enemies enough, both open and secret, to occupy all his attention; but with them he could not deal while he was hampered by his so-called friends, the nobles who had been his chief supporters, and to whom he in great measure owed his throne. Their support had not been given from motives of pure benevolence;

and Charles soon found that it would be in no wise politic to refuse them the rewards they expected, namely, extension of lands and power, or, as not unfrequently happened, the royal countenance for acts of usurpation already committed. The Counts of Brebir, for instance, had usurped authority over Croatia, Bosnia, and the town of Jadra, and, growing still bolder after the coronation, now exercised all the rights of royalty over the subject provinces; nor could Charles venture to interfere with them. The Palatine Omode too had made himself virtually king of the north-east of Hungary, and was now intent, with the approbation or helpless acquiescence of Charles, upon bringing the important town of Kassa (Kaschau) into his power, an attempt which, however, cost him his life. Being thus circumstanced with regard to those professedly his friends, it is hardly matter for astonishment that Charles should, for the time, have contented himself with the surrender of the regalia, and have left the hostile Vajda, Apor László, in undisturbed possession of all the lands and powers he had appropriated in Transylvania, even to the Countships of the Székels and Saxons. For the same cogent reasons he was obliged to overlook the yet more formidable hostility of the old Palatine, Csák Máté. Csák had not been present at the coronation, and no threats or persuasions of Cardinal Gentilis had succeeded in inducing him to greet the King, when, in the course of his royal progress through Upper Hungary, Charles was passing through the territories of the haughty noble. Csák's authority was implicitly acknowledged throughout the valley of the Vág, and from Komárom on the Danube to Kassa and the Zips. So great was the impression he made on the minds of the people, that to this day the land which once owned his sway, is called Mátyus-földje, or land of Mátyus; and many a tradition still exists of his immense treasure, his numerous and well-fortified castles, his large garrisons of soldiery, and the almost royal state maintained at his great stronghold of Trencsin. His court was rivalled only by that of the King himself, if indeed it was rivalled, for it is not improbable that the offices of Palatine, treasurer, &c., may at this time have been better worth having at the Court of King Csák than of King Charles. So bold did he become, that even while Charles was travelling in his neighbourhood, he plundered the possessions of some subjects more loyal than himself, and shortly after marched at the head of a large armed force, through the district lying between the Tisza and Danube, and threatened Buda, where the King and Queen were holding their court. The ban pronounced against himself and his allies, by the Cardinal, had no other effect than to excite his anger, for the priests and even the bishop within his territory dared not do otherwise than perform all the offices of religion as usual. Fresh depredations, however, on his part, and a league made by him with the six sons of the late Palatine Omode, who were supported by the citizens of Kassa, obliged Charles at length to take some decided step. Not that he dared venture on a struggle with the great chief in his stronghold; but he hoped, by cutting off his allies, gradually to weaken his power. And in this he succeeded, for though the royal banner was captured, the rebels fled after an obstinate fight, having lost their chief leaders; and Kassa opened her gates. For the present, Charles thought it advisable to attempt no more, for his own interest and attention were fully absorbed by the affairs of Germany, which had just now lost her Emperor, Heinrich of Luxemburg, and could not agree upon his successor. Heinrich's son Johann, who had been invited by the Bohemians to marry their Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Wenzel II., and become their king at the early age of fourteen, though now four or five years older, was still considered too young to succeed his father; and the Luxemburg party consequently made choice of Ludwig of Bavaria, while the Habsburg party chose Friedrich the Fair, Duke of Austria, to be the new Emperor. Friedrich concluded an alliance with the Hungarian king, which was so far advantageous to the latter that it restored to him the city and county of Pressburg, hitherto possessed by the Austrian Princess Agnes, widow of András III., in right of her marriage settlement.

But Csák, who by the defeat of his allies had been stopped from farther extending his possessions at home, was emboldened by the league with Friedrich and the distracted state of Bohemia, to try and indemnify himself by a raid into Moravia, then attached to the Bohemian crown. The expedition was successful enough, and Csák made himself master of several fortified places, the possession of which was not, however, long left to him; and in the spring of 1316 he was compelled to relinquish his conquests and beat a retreat, pursued even into his own territory by the Bohemian army, which proceeded to lay siege to one of his strong castles. The garrison was still making a brave defence, and great numbers of the Bohemians had perished, when Csák himself coming up at the head of his mounted soldiery, by an unexpected shower of arrows put the besiegers to flight. Soon, however, they rallied, returned to the charge, and by their superior numbers succeeded in gaining the victory, though still quite unable to reduce the impregnable stronghold, before which they again sat down. Seeing their numbers daily diminished by want of food and other hardships, Johann was at length only too glad to accept the peaceful overtures made to him by Csák, though he, the son of one Emperor, the destined father of another, and King of Bohemia, had to submit to the humiliation of treating with the Hungarian Magnate on equal terms. The articles of peace were drawn up by eight plenipotentiaries, chosen equally by the King and the noble, and Johann returned ingloriously to Prague, having indeed defeated Csák, but having been, nevertheless, obliged to accept peace at his hands. Csák, however, had little to congratulate himself upon, for the war had cost him dear. He had had the coolness after his defeat to apply to King Charles for assistance, believing, or affecting to believe, that as the alliance with Austria had been directed against the whole Luxemburg party, including therefore not only the Emperor Ludwig, but also Johann of Bohemia, so Charles could have no objection to assist in any attack upon the latter, even though by so doing he strengthened the position of his refractory subject. Here, however, he was destined to disappointment, for instead of sending him the reinforcement he desired, Charles seized the opportunity to take possession of Komárom, and Visegrád, a castle on the Danube which had belonged to Csák. The Magnate seems to have made no attempt to recover these places, but he still maintained himself and his bold adherents among the impregnable mountains, every now and then making his unwelcome appearance where he was least expected. No district suffered more from his depredations than the see of Nyitra. In vain did the Bishop excommunicate his dangerous neighbour; Csák laughed him to scorn, and obliged him to fly. As for the King, he either could not or would not enter upon a dangerous conflict with an old and childless man, whose death could not in the course of nature be far distant. It had been rumoured many times already that the great rebel had passed away, and as many times had he suddenly re-appeared in all his fierce strength; but at last he was missed longer than usual, and, as months passed on and still he did not return, it was generally believed that he had perished; not, however, in his own immediate neighbourhood, nor among his immediate friends and foes. For many many a year, he was expected suddenly to return as he had done before, but he never came. No one knew what had become of him, nor either the time or manner of his death, but he was never seen again; and now first might Charles congratulate himself on being really king, for most of Csák's adherents did homage and became faithful subjects. One word more of the sturdy brave old Palatine, before we turn to other matters. In these pages he has not shone in a very favourable light, but in an unfinished play of Kisfaludy Károly, he appears to much better advantage. He is there represented as most chivalrously devoted to the Princess Erzsébet, for her sake supporting the claims of her betrothed Prince Wenzel, and on the withdrawal of the latter, using his utmost endeavours to obtain her recognition as queen. There is no doubt much truth in representing him as her champion, but whether or no there be any foundation for the idea that Erzsébet at one time found an asylum in Castle Trencsin, and there received the homage of Csák's adherents, we cannot say. Certain it is, that, whether for her sake, or from hatred to a foreign dynasty, or from love of independence, Csák remained the sworn foe of Charles to the day of his death.

And now to return to the King, who had meantime suffered a domestic loss in the death of his Polish wife, and had received a warning from an episcopal synod at Kalócsa, touching his love of gaiety and amusement, his neglect of the clergy, and his negligence in convoking the Diet. For the bishops had discovered that their protégé, now that he was firmly established on the throne, and no longer needed their support, had considerably altered his behaviour towards them. They even sent a complaint to Rome, which evoked a letter from the Pope, and brought about a marriage between Charles and Beatrix, a sister of Johann of Bohemia, who, however, died the following year. Shortly afterwards, Charles married Elizabeth, daughter of Wladislaw Lokietek, King of Poland.

If the Synod had once had cause to complain of the King's neglect of public affairs, that time had now passed away. So soon as he saw himself freed from Csák, Apor, and the other rebellious nobles, who had hitherto paralyzed his energies, Charles grasped the helm of the state with a firm hand, and never henceforth for a moment wavered in the course he had marked out for himself. As the eldest son of Charles Martell, the throne of Naples should have been his, but Boniface had made it over to his Uncle Robert; and now, as some compensation for its loss, Charles demanded the Princedom of Salerno, which was refused. Not being at this time able, or perhaps desirous, to enforce his demands, Charles was obliged to put up with the refusal; but he did not lose sight either of his rights or his intention to recover them whenever the opportunity should offer. For this reason it may be that he contrived to keep on good terms with Venice, in spite of some provocation. The sea-coast towns were always a bone of contention; and Jadra, which, during the war between Venice and Genoa, had taken the occasion to throw off the yoke of the former, had now again been induced to seek her protection by Mladin, Count Brebir, who renounced his assumed title of Count of Jadra, and was in exchange made a patrician of Venice. Relying henceforth on the support of Venice, he became the tyrant of the sea-coast, oppressing the towns of Traw, Sebenigo, &c., to such a degree, that they, despairing of help from Hungary, also concluded a treaty with their powerful neighbour. The Doge of Venice sent to acquaint Charles with the nature of the transaction, and to assure him at the same time that the rights of the Hungarian crown should not be in any way injured by it. Charles thanked him politely, but announced his intention of coming in person to Dalmatia, to restore peace. Mladin, trusting to the services rendered by his father to the King, boldly presented himself at his camp, expecting, by means of the presents he had brought with him, to gain a favourable hearing. But in this he was disappointed; his crimes had been too great for pardon, and he was taken prisoner, and confined for life in one of the castles of Hungary. Charles had intended to spend some time in Dalmatia; but no sooner was Mladin secured, than he was summoned back to Hungary by the news of the battle of Mühldorf, in which his ally Friedrich the Fair had been taken prisoner by the Emperor Ludwig. What, however, still more nearly affected Charles was that the Kumans whom he had sent to the assistance of Friedrich, returning home in disorder, had committed in Hungary the same terrible depredations to which they had become accustomed in the enemy's country. They were speedily reduced to order; and Charles, finding that they still hated the quiet orderliness of town life, busied himself in making new settlements for them, and strove by various political and military regulations to bring them to a higher state of civilization.

He had also at this time some trouble with the Saxons of Transylvania, who had never regarded him with much favour, and were now greatly exasperated by the attacks made on their rights and privileges by the two Vajdas who had been entrusted by him with extraordinary powers for the subjugation of Apor's sons and adherents. At last, infected by the insurrectionary spirit of the time, and excited by their leaders, the whole nation rose to arms under the command of their Count Henning. Charles despatched a body of Kumans to the assistance of Vajda Thomas, and the Saxons were speedily defeated, their count being slain on the field of battle. His estates were confiscated, but afterwards sold at a merely nominal price to his children, and the rest of the rebels were treated with great moderation; yet still, though there was no further outbreak, the embers of rebellion smouldered on, ready at any moment to be fanned into a flame by the ill-advised conduct of the Vajdas. Perceiving this, Charles took the surest means of establishing peace on a firm basis, by restoring to the Saxons all the rights and privileges they had enjoyed under his predecessors, and thus converted them from malcontents into faithful and loyal subjects. Dalmatia, on the other hand, was the scene of constant disturbances, which at first sight is remarkable, seeing that that province had been for years devoted to the Angevin interest, and had been the first to accept Charles as her king. Her devotion to him, however, lasted only so long as he remained unrecognized by the rest of the kingdom, and opposed by the leading party in Hungary. When he became king, acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of the land, and having a lawful claim upon her allegiance, Dalmatia was not inclined to yield it, for in the interim she had become so habituated to anarchy as to prefer it to an orderly government; opposition to the leading party in the state had also become so customary with her, that she continued it, even now when it had ceased to benefit, and was indeed prejudicial to, the cause she had in the first instance espoused. In 1325, Charles appointed a Ban, who was to have authority over the whole of Sclavonia, and sent him thither with an army to re-establish peace. Mikas, with the help of Count Frangepán, succeeded in getting his authority everywhere recognized, and then informed the King that one principal cause of the frequent disturbances, existed in the numerous privileges which had been from time to time granted to the nobles, the effect of which was to withdraw them from the jurisdiction, and make them independent of the Ban. Following his advice, Charles withdrew the privileges, and made the Barons subject to Mikas, but still the latter would not venture upon any decisive conflict with them, nor did he endeavour to attach the towns more closely to the state; but, satisfied with having restored peace for the time, placed a Hungarian garrison in Bihács, and quitted Dalmatia. No sooner was he gone, than the towns, feeling themselves once more at the mercy of the Barons, naturally again sought the protection of Venice, though very careful to have a saving clause inserted in the treaty, touching the rights of the Hungarian kings. In time the Barons too were won over to the republic, but their quarrels continued as before. Charles paid but little attention to them, thinking, no doubt, that if left to themselves their strength would be gradually worn out; whereas, an attack from a common foe would be certain to unite them.

Moreover, he had no fleet, and without one the struggle would have been hopeless; and yet further—perhaps the most weighty reason of all —a serious attempt at reducing Dalmatia to obedience would almost certainly have involved a war with Venice, which Charles, with his views respecting Naples, was most anxious to avoid. As for Venice, eager as she was to gain Dalmatia for herself, she played her part with great skill and cunning, making no attempts at enforcing her authority, such as might have roused the pride of the Dalmatians against her, but appearing as a mediator and peace-maker, carefully recognizing the supremacy of the Hungarian king, and contenting herself with gradually gaining more and more influence in the affairs of the province, while she secretly fomented its discords, and patiently waited for the time, when, without trouble, it would fall into her hands.

Meanwhile, Charles, indifferent as he appeared to be to the fate of Dalmatia, was keenly alive to the interests of the kingdom at large, and, by his care and attention, had succeeded in once more bringing it into a flourishing condition. When this was effected, and the revenue improved, he began to look abroad. Hitherto the relations of Hungary with foreign nations had been of the simplest, being almost entirely confined to treaties and wars. But her present king was the pupil of Italian statesmen, bent upon the advancement of his family, and not satisfied to exercise his powers only in such a circumscribed field. He was determined not to be excluded from the affairs of Europe, but to make his voice heard and respected in her councils; and, as ruler of a large and flourishing state, he easily succeeded. His first important step was to make peace between Austria and Bohemia, and to induce Johann to set at liberty Duke Heinrich, who had been his prisoner since the battle of Mühldorf. He then concluded a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the King of Bohemia and his sons, even promising that if, at any future time, he should be involved in a war with Austria, he would not make peace without Johann's consent. But when, a few years later, Johann with the approbation of the Bohemian states was about to make an attempt to drive Lokietek from the throne of Poland, Charles sent him a peremptory message, which arrived just as he and his army had reached Cracow, warning him to desist, for he should resent any attack upon his father-in-law Lokietek as much as if it were directed against himself. Johann obeyed, as indeed he could hardly help doing; and, as some consolation or reward for his obedience, Charles then proposed to betroth his eldest son László, heir-presumptive to the Hungarian throne, to Johann's daughter Anna—a proposal which Johann gladly accepted. The following year the two kings were engaged in a campaign against Austria, really to gratify Johann's hatred of the Emperor Friedrich, but ostensibly to compel the Dukes of Austria to do justice to their brother Otto.

The kings of the house of 'Arpád had usually had their fixed residence at the palace in the Castle of Gran; but Béla IV. frequently dwelt in his new palace at Buda, and András III. gave up the one at Gran entirely to the Archbishop. Charles, however, having no great love for Buda, whose citizens had been so obstinately opposed to him, built himself a new palace at Temesvár, in the south-east of Hungary, a rather swampy district, of which he soon wearied, finding it probably too much out of the way, and too little imposing, for a man in such constant communication with the kings of Europe as himself. His next choice was a spot on the right bank of the Danube, at the foot of a mountain, whose summit was crowned by the old Castle of Visegrád, which had formerly belonged to Csák. The black ruins, which now look down with such an air of melancholy upon the river as it flows for ever at their feet, were once part of the magnificent palace built by Charles, and containing three hundred and fifty apartments. Near the palace were the only less splendid dwellings of the great barons, with their red roofs and gables, standing in a long row upon the bank of the river. Very magnificent must Charles's palace have been; and most splendid of all the great reception hall, with its floor of valuable mosaics, its ceiling adorned with Italian frescoes, and its pillars hung with banners, shields, and arms, the trophies of many a victory. Outside the palace all was life and gaiety. Magnates in their flowing mentës, and with fluttering heron plumes in their fur caps, galloped up and down; noble ladies rode about, accompanied by their daughters on white palfreys; and the royal carriages, with a great deal of gilding about them, decorated with the royal arms, and drawn by six black horses, were frequently to be seen—such carriages as were then to be found at no other court but that of Hungary. At night, when the cold moon shone through the lofty windows of Solomon's tower, casting bright-coloured shadows from the stained glass upon the marble floor of the hall, what different scenes it beheld in the castle! Below might be the warriors, drinking from foaming goblets, carousing and making merry, while, in the balcony above, some fair dame would be playing on her lute, and higher still an aged astrologer peered into the night, inquiring the fate of kingdoms from the distant stars; and again, down below in the deepest depths, in a dungeon hollowed out of the rock, some poor prisoner condemned to perpetual imprisonment, would climb up to the bars of his narrow window to catch a glimpse of the melancholy moonlight, or a few broken notes of the music. In Solomon's tower dwelt Zách Felicián, formerly Palatine to Csák, and now one of the King's most faithful servants. The King and Queen were at Visegrád in 1330, mourning the early death of their two eldest sons László and Károly; and in the spring of the same year, the Queen received a visit from her brother Casimir, the Crown-Prince of Poland, a talented but gay and worthless young man, whose love of amusement and want of principle brought about a terrible tragedy, the remembrance of which has ever since been connected with Visegrád. Casimir fixed his inconstant affections for the time upon Zách's daughter Klara, who was in waiting upon the Queen; and Klara one day fled from the palace to her father, complaining bitterly of his conduct. The proud old noble, enraged at the insult offered to his daughter, and suspecting that the Queen had been a party to it, rushed with his sword drawn into the great hall, where the royal family were just sitting at table; dashed up to the Queen and aimed a blow at her head, which, however, lighted upon her right hand and cut off four of her fingers. The King, who threw himself before his wife, also received a wound in the hand; and Zách, quite beside himself with fury, next fell upon the two children, Lajos and András, who, however, were protected by their attendants. At length the madman was struck to the ground and despatched, and his head was struck off and exhibited in Buda. Casimir, the real cause of all this misery, had got safely out of the way, back to Poland, leaving others to bear the fruit of his misdeeds; and bitter enough they were, for Charles upon this occasion shewed himself a true descendant of him who had murdered the last of the Hohenstaufens. Not satisfied with the death of Zách, he caused the unfortunate Klara to be paraded round the town on horse-back, with nose, lips, and hands cut off, and compelled to exclaim, 'So let it be done to everyone who attacks his king!' Zách's only son had escaped with a faithful servant, but they were overtaken, brought back, tied to horses' tails and dragged to death, their dead bodies being thrown to dogs. Klara's sister was beheaded, her husband imprisoned for life, and her sons, who escaped to Malta, never dared return to their fatherland. And still Charles's blood-thirsty vengeance was not satisfied. At a meeting which was held shortly after, and consisted almost entirely of men high in office, bent upon gratifying the King, a sentence was passed, which condemned to death all the men of Zách's immediate family, even to the third generation. More distant relations were to suffer perpetual servitude, and all connected with the family by marriage were banished from court and deprived of their estates, which the King then bestowed upon the man who had succeeded in killing Zách. Such was the vengeance taken by Charles. Unparalleled in the annals of Hungarian history, it was regarded with horror as an indelible blot on his reign, although he attempted to justify it by declaring that he had discovered the whole family of Zách to be involved in a conspiracy against him. This excuse, however, deceived none but those who wished to be deceived; and the misfortunes which overtook Charles in the same year, were very generally regarded as just retribution.

In Wallachia, called by the Byzantines Ungro-Blachia, and by the

Hungarians Havas-Alföld,* or Land beyond the Alps, reigned a prince named Michael Bessarab or Bazarád, who had greatly improved the condition of the country, and had moreover added to it the castle and district of Szörény. During the disorders, to which Hungary had been a prey, the bond of union between herself and Wallachia had been well-nigh severed; but when Charles had restored the peace and strength of the kingdom, Bessarab hastened to offer his homage, and to promise the accustomed tribute; but he said nothing about the restitution of Szörény. Without trying what might be done by negociation, Charles determined to attack the Prince, and take possession of the whole province. He set out with a large army; Bessarab withdrew to the mountains, whence he sent an embassy humbly renouncing Szörény and praying for peace. But Charles would not heed the prayer, and still pressed on among the mountains till he reached a narrow pass, into which he entered with the whole army. Suddenly, a horn sounded above their heads and echoed among the mountains, which rose on all sides around them. At the signal the heights above suddenly swarmed with Wallachs, who instantly began hurling down huge stones upon the troops below. Crowded together, utterly defenceless, and unable to escape, the men perished miserably by thousands. The flower of the Hungarian and Kuman nobility fell in their endeavour to defend the King, and he himself escaped with difficulty disguised in the dress of one of his attendants, who devoted himself to death to save his master. Henceforward, till the end of this reign, Wallachia remained independent of Hungary.

Charles's restless and ambitious disposition still, however, left him no repose. He was bent upon securing the throne of Naples, and therefore arranged a marriage between his second son András, and Giovanna, the granddaughter of his uncle Robert. The affairs of Poland also seemed to him to demand his interference, for he had acquired great influence in that country, by sending troops at different times to its assistance against the Lithuanians and Teutonic Knights, and by putting a stop to the aggressive designs of Johann of Bohemia. When, therefore, Lokietek, the second founder of the Polish kingdom, died in 1333, leaving one son Casimir, Charles had little difficulty in bringing about the election of the latter, for the Poles were bound to Hungary by ties of gratitude for the past, and could not but feel the advantage of securing her alliance for the future, though it is not likely that they were as far-sighted as Charles, whose keen eye took in the whole situation at a glance. Casimir had no son to succeed him, and he was much attached to his sister and her husband; what more likely, then, than that he should recommend one of their sons to his subjects as their future king?

Not until the Polish election was satisfactorily accomplished, and provision made for securing the throne of Hungary to his eldest son Lajos, did Charles set out for Italy, with his second son András, then seven years old. On landing in Apulia he was received by the Duke of

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* Literally, the Alpine Lowland.

Durazzo; and soon after, the grey-haired King Robert came at the head of all the Barons to meet him and conduct him to Naples, where the betrothal shortly afterwards took place, and András as heir-apparent received the title of Duke of Calabria. But Charles, though he had the satisfaction of knowing that his son would in all human probability be King of Naples, was obliged to return home without seeing him crowned as he had hoped. András remained at Naples, to be brought up with his youthful bride; and with him stayed his Hungarian nurse Ysolde, his governor, and his preceptor, a Minorite monk, who, if Petrarch's description of him be half true, must have been a very rough diamond, and not particularly fitted to train the young prince in the courtly and at least outwardly refined manners of Naples.

On his return to Hungary Charles set to work in earnest to carry out his plans with regard to Poland, and found a zealous co-operator in his brother-in-law Casimir. But to ensure success it was absolutely necessary for him to be on peaceable and friendly terms with the neighbouring princes of Europe, and to secure the consent if not the assistance of the knight-errant Johann of Bohemia, who still called himself King of Poland, and might yet find means to make good his pretensions. As it happened, the juncture of events was favourable to Charles's scheme.

Johann, who had been careering about in Paris for the last three years, had just returned home to maintain the rights of his daughter-in-law Margarethe Maultasch, daughter of the late Duke of Carinthia and Count of Tirol, whose estates had been bestowed by the Emperor Ludwig on his ancient enemies the Dukes of Austria, for Ludwig was now more inclined to fear the increasing greatness of Bohemia, and did not wish to see these provinces added to her dominions. Under these circumstances the reconciliation of Hungary and Poland with Bohemia was easily effected. Johann renounced all claims upon Poland for himself and his sons, and the three kings held a congress at Visegrád, where Charles entirely took the lead, and settled everything as he wished. The struggle between Poland and the Teutonic Knights was terminated, the latter being allowed to hold Pomerania in peace; and Johann was indemnified, after a fashion, for the loss of Poland, by the promise of a large sum of money, which Casimir was to pay him, and for which Charles became surety. Charles indeed was the moving spring, which animated the whole congress, and greatly must his vanity have been flattered to find himself in such a position of importance. Yet farther to please the Bohemian King, a league was entered into against the Emperor; and Johann returned home, laden, as were all the princes who attended the congress, with magnificent presents.

In the spring war broke out, and faithful to their promises, Charles and Casimir sent troops to the assistance of their ally, but a quarrel between the Emperor and the Dukes of Austria put a speedy end to the campaign, which had not brought much advantage to Johann, for though his sons kept the Tirol, Carinthia remained in the possession of the Dukes of Austria.

Having now, as he thought, sufficiently prepared the way, Casimir in

1339 proposed to the states of Poland that he should adopt an heir, and that this heir should be his nephew Lajos. The advantages of this step were, as he pointed out, many and obvious. Lajos was, like himself, of the race of Piastus on his mother's side, and as King of Hungary would be able to increase the power of Poland, and also to defend her against the wild Lithuanians, and her old enemies the Teutonic Knights. Many of the Poles had been already won over to support the scheme; and the rest, influenced by their example, unanimously agreed to accept Lajos of Hungary as their future king.

Thus, then, had Charles apparently succeeded in attaining the height of his ambitious wishes: and henceforth, to his death, which took place in three years from this time, he was only occupied in endeavours to maintain peace, and to avoid anything which might frustrate the ends for which he had laboured so perseveringly. He died at Visegrád, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. The day following his death, he was borne to the principal church of the lower town, wrapped in a purple mantle, with a crown on his head, and accompanied by a number of priests. Thence he was removed to Buda, where the Magnates of the kingdom and the burghers of the city assembled around him for the last time, as he lay in state before being carried to his final resting-place, by the side of other Hungarian kings at Stuhlweissenburg. Violently as his pretensions to the throne had been for years opposed, he was much regretted by his subjects; for though the interests of his own family had been foremost with him, he had raised Hungary to such prosperity as she had not enjoyed for many a long year.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE:

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOME.

'Within those walls each fluttering guest
Is gently lured to one safe nest;
Without, 'tis moaning and unrest.'
Keble.

A GREAT delight came to Wilmet and Geraldine the day of the Bishop's visit, no other than Alda's being able to spend a week with them. Miss Pearson spared Wilmet that whole afternoon, that she might go up to meet her at the station, whither she was escorted by a maid going down to Centry.

There she was, in her pretty black silk, with violet trimmings, looking thoroughly the grown young lady, but clinging tight to her twin in an overflow of confused happiness, even while they stood together to get their first glance of the Bishop, who came down by the same train, and was met by Mr. Bevan with the carriage.

'I'm glad it is so nice and warm; it is better for Fernan, and Cherry can go!' said Wilmet, ready for joy about everything.

'Nice and warm! 'Tis much colder than in London,' said Alda, with a shiver. 'Has Cherry kept well this winter?'

'Quite well. She walks much better. And Marilda?'

'Oh, Marilda is always well. Rude health, her mother calls it. What do you think she has sent you, Wilmet? A darling little watch! just like this of mine!'

'O Alda, you should not have let her. It is too much. Fernan wanted to give Lance a watch, but Felix would not let him.'

'Yes, but he is not like Uncle Thomas, and it makes you like me.'

'That we shall never be quite again,' sighed Wilmet.

'Oh! a little setting off, and trimming up! I've brought down lots of things. Aunt Mary said I might. What is this youth like, Wilmet—is he a boy or a young man?'

'I don't know,' said Wilmet; 'he is younger than Felix, if that helps you.'

'Well, Americans are old of their age. I have met some at Mr. Roper's. Oh, and do you know, Mrs. Roper told Aunt Mary that these Travises are quite millionaires, and that this youth's mother was a prodigious Mexican heiress. Aunt Mary wants to ask him to Kensington Palace Gardens when he comes up to Town! I'm glad I am in time for the christening. Doesn't he have godfathers and godmothers?'

'Yes; he would have nobody but Felix and Mr. Audley, and Lady Price chose to be his godmother; indeed, there was nobody else.'

'You could not well be, certainly,' laughed Alda. 'Oh! and I've brought a dress down. I thought some of us might be asked to the Rectory in the evening.

'My dear Alda, as if such a thing ever happened!'

'Ah! you see I have been so long away as to forget my Lady's manners.'

'Mr. Audley is going, and Fernan was asked, but he is not anything like well enough. So when Mamma and the little ones go to bed, we are to come down and spend the evening with him.'

'Fancy, Wilmet, I have quite been preparing Marilda for her Confirmation. She had hardly been taught anything, and never could have answered the questions if she had not come to me. She is always asking me what Papa said about this and that; and it is quite awkward, she will carry out everything so literally, poor dear girl.'

'She must be very good.'

'Oh! to be sure she is! But just fancy, she keeps a tithe of her pocket-money to give to the Offertory so scrupulously! She would really not buy something she wanted because it would have been just a shilling into her tenth. I'm so glad she is confirmed. I never knew what to do at church before. I couldn't go home by myself, and now a servant always waits for us. Oh! how fast the poor hotel is building again! It will brighten our street a little! Dear me, I did not know how dingy it was!'

Nothing could look dingy where two such fair bright faces were; but Alda's became awe-struck and anxious as she went up to her mother's room. Indeed, Mrs. Underwood looked up at her rather confused, and scarcely knowing the fashionable young lady; and it was only when the plumed hat was laid aside, and the two heads laid together, their fair locks mingling, that she knew she had her elder twins again, and stroked their faces with quiet delight.

There was scarcely more than time to kiss the little ones, and contend with Stella's shyness, before first Lance hurried in and then Felix, excused from his work two hours earlier. He could only just run up and dress before he convoyed Geraldine to church, she having the first turn of the chair, helped her to her seat near the Font, and then came back for Fernando, who was under his special charge.

Fernando sat looking very pale, and with the set expression of the mouth that always made Cherry think of Indians at the stake. His little new Prayer-book was in his hand, and he was grasping it nervously, but he said nothing, as Felix helped him up and Lance held his crutch for him. It was his first entrance into a place of worship. They had intended to have accustomed him a little to the sights and sounds, but the weather and his ailment had prevented them. He was drawn to the porch, and there Felix partly lifted him out and down the step, while Lance took his hat for him, and as they were both wanted for the choir procession that was to usher in the Bishop into church, they had to leave him in his place under Geraldine's protection.

He had not in the least realized the effect of the interior of a church. St. Oswald's was a very grand old building, with a deep chancel a good deal raised, seen along a vista of heavy columns, and arched vaults, lighted from the clerestory, and with a magnificent chancel-arch. The season was Lent, and the colouring of the decorations was therefore grave, but all the richer, and the light coming strongly in from the west window immediately over the children's heads, made the contrast of the bright sunlight and of the soft depths of mystery more striking, and, to an eye to which everything ecclesiastical was absolutely new, the effect was almost overwhelming. That solemnity and sanctity of long centuries, the peaceful hush, the grave beauty and grandeur, almost made him afraid to breathe, and Cherry sat by his side with her expressive face composed into the serious but happy look that accorded with the whole scene.

He durst not move or speak. His was a silent passive nature, except when under strong stimulus, and Cherry respected his silence a great deal too much to break upon it by any information. She was half sorry when the noise of steps shewed that the congregation were beginning to drop in, chiefly of the other young Confirmation candidates. Then presently Alda came, and whispered to her that Wilmet could not leave Mamma; and presently after, Lady Price bustled in with her daughter, looked severely at Alda under the impression that she was Wilmet very improperly tricked out, and pressed Fernando's hand before going on to her own place. Then came the low swell of the organ, another new sensation to one who had only heard opera music; then the approaching sound of the voices. Geraldine gave him the book open at the processional psalm, and the white-clad choir passed by, one of the first pair of choristers being Lance, singing with all his might, and that merry monkey-face full of a child's beautiful happy reverence. And again could be recognized Felix, Mr. Audley, Mr. Bevan, all whom the poor sick stranger had come to love best, all to his present perception glorified and beautiful. They had told him it would be all faith and no sight, but he seemed to find himself absolutely within that brighter better sphere to which they belonged, to see them walking in it in their white robes, to hear their songs of praise, and to know whence came that atmosphere that they carried about with them, and that he had felt when it was a riddle to him.

And so the early parts of the service passed by him, not so much attended to or understood as filling him with a kind of dreamy rapturous trances, as the echoes of the new home, to which he, with all his heavy sense of past stain and present evil propensity, was gaining admission and adoption. For the first time he was really sensible of the *happiness* of his choice, and felt the compensation for what he gave up.

When the Second Lesson was ended, and the clergy and the choir in their surplices moved down to encircle the Font, it was as if they came to gather him in among them; Felix came and helped him up. He could stand now with one support, and this was his young godfather's right arm, to which he held tightly, but without any nervous convulsiveness—he was too happy for that now—during the prayers that entreated for his being safely gathered into the Ark, and the Gospel of admission into the Kingdom. He had an impulse to loose his clasp and stand alone at the beginning of the vows, but he could not, he had not withdrawn his hand before he was forced again to lean his weight upon the steady arm beside him.

Nothing had been able to persuade Lady Price that she was not to make all the vows as for an infant, but luckily nobody heard her except her husband and the other sponsors, for it was a full, clear, steadfast voice that made reply, 'I renounce them all!' and as the dark deep eyes gazed far away into the west window, and Felix felt the shudder through the whole frame, he knew the force of that renunciation; and how it gave up that one excitement that the lad really cared for. And when that final and carefully-guarded vow of obedience was uttered, the pressure on his arm seemed to shew that the moral was felt of that moment's endeavour to stand alone.

The sound of prayer, save in his own chamber, was so entirely new, that no doubt the force of the petitions was infinitely enhanced, and the entreaty for the death of the old Adam had a definite application to those old habits and tastes that at times exerted their force. The right hand was ready and untrembling when the Rector took it; the stream of water glittered as it fell on the awe-struck brow and jetty hair, and the eyes shone out with a deep resolute lustre as 'Ferdinand Audley' was baptized into the Holy Name, and sworn a faithful soldier and servant.

He had begged to be baptized by the English version of his name; the Spanish one had grown up by a sort of accident, and had always been regretted by his father. He had wished much to take the name of Felix, but they were so certain that this would not be approved, that they had persuaded him out of it. He was soon set down again by Geraldine's side; and she put out her hand and squeezed his hard, looking up into his face with tearful eyes of welcome.

When the last sounds of the voluntary had died away, and the congregation had gone, she ventured again to look up at him and say, 'I am so glad!'

'Why did you never tell me it was like this?' he said. 'I should never have hung back one moment. Now nothing can touch me, since I belong to *this*.'

'Nothing can *really*,' said Geraldine softly. 'Above all, when it is sealed to us to-morrow.'

Then there came a movement from the vestry, and the Rector and Mr. Audley were seen following the Bishop, who came down to where the two lame children still sat together, and putting his hand upon Ferdinand's head with the hair still wet, gave him his blessing before he spoke further. It was only a word or two of congratulation, but such as to go very deep; and then seeing that the boy looked not excited, but worn and wearied, he added, 'You are going home to rest. I shall see you to-morrow after the Confirmation;' and then he shook hands with him and with Geraldine, asking if she were the little girl of whom he had been told.

'She is very young,' said Mr. Bevan, strongly impressed with the littleness of the figure; 'but she has been a Communicant for more than a year, and she is—a very good child.'

'I can believe so,' said the Bishop, smiling to her. 'I have heard of your father, my dear, and of your brother.'

Cherry coloured rosy red, but was much too shy to speak; and the Rector and Bishop went away, leaving only Mr. Audley. 'Are you very much tired, Fernan?'

'I don't know,' he half smiled.

'I think he is, he is too happy to know it,' said Geraldine. 'Please let him go home first.'

So Mr. Audley helped him out to the chair, where Felix, Alda, and Lance, were waiting; and he said, 'Thank you,' and held out his hand, while Lance eagerly shook it, saying, 'Now it is right at last; and here's Alda—isn't she a stunner?'

'I thought it was Wilmet,' said Fernan; and Alda went into church to keep Cherry company, thinking how curiously blind the male sex were not to distinguish between her dress and poor dear Wilmet's.

Mr. Audley was more than satisfied, he was surprised and comforted. He had prepared to meet either disappointment or excitement in his charge; he found neither—only a perfect placid content, as of one who had found his home and was at rest. The boy was too much tired after his many bad nights and the day's exertion to say or think much; all he did say was, 'I shall mind nothing now that I know what it is to be one of you.'

Mr. Audley tried to remember that there must be a reaction, but he could not bring himself to fear or to warn, or do anything but enjoy the happiest day of his three years ministry.

He had to go to the Rectory dinner-party, and leave his neophyte to the tendance of the Underwoods. Felix sat with him in a great calm silence, while the rest were taken up by the counter attraction up-stairs, where Alda was unpacking an unrivalled store of presents from herself and Marilda, useful and ornamental, such as seemed a perfect *embarras de richesses* to the homely scantily endowed children. That little gold watch was the prize and wonder of all. It was the first in the family, except that Felix wore his father's, and Alda knew how an elder girl was scorned at school if she had none; but Wilmet, though very happy with hers, smiled, and would not agree to having met with disrespect for want of it. Then there were drawing-books for Cherry, and a knife of endless blades for Lance, and toys for the little ones; and dresses—a suit for Wilmet like Alda's plainest Sunday one, and Alda's last year's silk for Geraldine, and some charming little cashmere pelisses—Aunt Mary's special present to the two babies—things that would lengthen Wilmet's purse for many a day to come; and a writing-case for Felix; and all the absent remembered too. Uncle Thomas had given Alda a five-pound note to buy presents, and Marilda had sent everyone something besides, mostly of such a matter-of-fact useful type that Alda stood and laughed at them. And Mrs. Underwood was pleased with the exhibition, and smiled and admired, only her attention was tired out at last, and she was taken early to her own room.

The elder ones went down to sit round the fire in Mr. Audley's room, where Ferdinand insisted on leaving his sofa to Geraldine, and betaking himself to the easy-chair, where he leant back, content and happy to watch the others through his eye-lashes. Alda was a little on her company manners at the first, but all the others were at perfect ease, as they sat in the dim light. Felix on the floor by Cherry, who delighted in a chance of playing fondling tricks with his hair and fingers; the twins in Mr. Audley's big chair, where they could lean against each other; and Lance cross-legged on the hearth-rug roasting chestnuts, of which a fellow chorister had given him a pocketful, and feeding everyone in turn.

Geraldine gave a sigh to the wish that poor dear Edgar were there.

'He is very happy!' said Alda.

'Oh yes, but I wish he had not missed being here to-morrow. I wonder when he will come home.'

'I cannot guess; Aunt Mary wants to go down the Rhine next summer, (only she is not quite sure it is not the Rhone,) and if so, I suppose he would join us there.'

'It is a whole year since we have set eyes on him,' said Felix.

'But I believe he writes more to Cherry than anybody, does not he?'

'Oh yes, and sends me lovely photographs to copy. Such a beauty of himself! Have you seen it?'

'I should think I had! They have set it up in a little gold frame on the drawing-room table, and everybody stands and says how handsome it is; and Aunt Mary explains all about him till I am tired of hearing it.'

'And Clem?'

'Oh, Clem came to luncheon yesterday. He is very much grown, and looks uncommonly demure, and as much disposed to set everybody to rights as ever.'

But Alda did not enter much more into particulars; she led away the conversation to the sights she had seen in their summer tour; and as she had a good deal of descriptive power, she made her narratives so interesting that time slipped quickly past, and the young company was as much surprised as Mr. Audley was when he came home and found them all there, not yet gone to bed. They were greatly ashamed, and afraid they had done Ferdinand harm, and all were secretly very anxious about the night; but though the wakeful habit and night feverishness were not at once to be broken through, yet the last impression was the strongest, and the long-drawn aisle, the 'dim religious light,' and the white procession, were now the recurring images, all joyful, all restful, truly as if the bird had escaped out of the snare of the fowler. Real sleep came sooner than usual, and Fernan rose quite equal to the fatigue of the coming day, the Confirmation day, when again Geraldine had to sit beside him—this newly admitted to the universal brotherhood, instead of being beside that dear Edgar of her own, for whom her whole heart craved, as she thought how their preparation had begun together beside her father's chair.

Their place was now as near the choir as possible, and they were brought in as before, very early, so that Fernan gazed with the same eager unsated eyes into the chancel and at the altar, admitted as he was further into his true home.

The church was filled with candidates from the villages round as well as from the town, and the Litany preceded the rite which was to seal the young champions ere the strife. The Bishop came down to the two lame children, and laid his hands on the two bent heads, ere he gave his final brief address, exhorting the young people to guard preciously, and preserve by many a faithful Eucharist, that mark which had sealed them to the Day of Redemption, through all this world's long hot trial and conflict.

There was holiday at both schools, and Felix had been spared to take his place in the choir, but Mr. Froggatt could not do without him afterwards, as the presence of so many of the country clergy in the town was sure to fill the reading-room and shop; and he was obliged to hurry off as soon as he came out of church. Now the Bishop had the evening before asked Lady Price whether 'that son of poor Mr. Underwood's' were present among the numerous smart folk who thronged her drawing-room, to which my Lady had replied 'No; he was a nice gentlemanly youth certainly, but considering all things, and how sadly he had lowered himself, she thought it better not. In fact, some might not be so well pleased to meet him.'

The Bishop took the opportunity of trying to learn from the next person he fell in with, namely, Mr. Ryder, how Felix had lowered himself; and received an answer that shewed a good deal of the school-master's disappointment, but certainly did not shew any sense of Felix's degradation. And what he said was afterwards amplified by Mr. Audley, whom the Bishop took apart, and questioned with much interest upon both Ferdinand Travis and the Underwood family, of whom he had only heard when, immediately after his appointment, his vote for the orphan school had been solicited for the two boys, and he had been asked to subscribe to the Comment on the Philippians. Mr. Audley felt that he had a sympathizing listener, and was not slow to tell the whole story of the family—what the father had been, what Felix now was, and how his influence and that of little Lancelot had told upon their young inmate. The Bishop listened with emotion, and said, 'I must see that boy! Is the mother in a state in which she would like a call from me?' but there an interruption had come; and when the country clergy came in the morning, Mr. Audley had thought it fittest not to swell the numbers unnecessarily, and had kept himself out of the way, and tried to keep his fellow-curate.

So he had seen no more of the Bishop until some little time after he and Fernan had lunched, and were, it must be confessed, making up for their unrestful nights by having both dropped asleep, one in his chair, the other on the sofa; there came a ring to the door, and Lance, who had a strong turn for opening it, found himself face to face with the same tall grey-haired gentleman, at whom he had gazed in the rochet and lawn sleeves. He stood gazing up open mouthed.

'I think I have seen you in the choir, and heard you too,' said the Bishop, kindly taking Lance's paw, which might have been cleaner had he known what awaited it. 'Mr. Audley lives here, I think.'

Lance was for once without a word to say for himself, though his mouth remained open. All he did was unceremoniously to throw wide Mr. Audley's door, and bolt up-stairs, leaving his Lordship to usher himself in, while Mr. Audley started up, and Ferdinand would have done the same, had he been able, before he was forbidden.

There was a kindly talk upon his health and plans, how he was to remain at Bexley till after Easter and his first Communion, and then Mr. Audley would take him up to London to be inspected by a first-rate surgeon before going down to the tutor's. The tutor proved to be an old school-fellow and great friend of the Bishop; and what Fernan heard of him from both the friend and pupil would have much diminished his dread, even if he had not been in the full force of the feeling that whatever served to bind him more closely to the new world of blessings within the Church must be good and comfortable.

This visit over, the Bishop asked whether Mrs. Underwood would like to be visited, and Mr. Audley went up to ascertain. She was a woman who never was happy or at rest in an untidy room, or in disordered garments; and all was in as fair order as it could be with the old furniture, that all Wilmet's mending could not preserve from the verge of rags. Her widow's cap and soft shawl were as neat as possible, and so were the little ones in their brown-holland, Theodore sitting at her feet, and Stella on Wilmet's lap, where she was being kept out of the way of the more advanced amusement of a feast of wooden tea-things, carried on in a corner between Angela and Bernard, under Lance's somewhat embarrassing patronage.

Alda sprung up, stared about in consternation at the utter unlikeness to the drawing-room in Kensington Palace Gardens; and exclaimed, 'Oh! if Sibby had only come to take the children out! Take them away, Lance.'

'Sibby will come presently, or I will take them to her,' whispered Wilmet. 'I should like them just to have his blessing.'

'So many,' sighed Alda; but meantime Mr. Audley had seen that all was right at the first *coup d'œil*, had bent over Mrs. Underwood, told her that the Bishop wished to call upon her, and asked her leave to bring him up; and she smiled, looked pleased, and said, 'He is very kind. That is for your Papa, my dears. You must talk to him, you know.'

The Bishop came up almost immediately, and the perfect tranquillity and absence of flutter fully shewed poor Mrs. Underwood's old high-bred instinct. She was really gratified when he sat down by her after greeting the three girls, and held out his hands to make friends with the lesser ones, whom their sisters led up, Angela submissive and pretty behaved, Bernard trying to hide his face, and Stella in Wilmet's arms, staring to the widest extent of eyes. The sisters had their wish—the fatherless babes received the pastoral blessing; and the Bishop said a few kind words of real sympathy that made Mrs. Underwood look up at him affectionately, and say, 'Indeed I have much to be thankful for. My children are very good to me.'

'I am sure they are,' said the Bishop. 'I cannot tell you how much I respect your eldest son.'

The colour rose in the pale face. 'He is a very dear boy,' she said.

'I should like to see him before I go. Is he at home?'

'Lance shall run and call him,' said Alda; but the Bishop had asked where he was, and Wilmet had, not unblushingly, for she was red with pleasure, but shamelessly, answered that he was at Mr. Froggatt's, offering to send Lance in search of him.

'I had rather he would shew me the way,' said the Bishop. 'Will you, my boy?'

The way to Mr. Froggatt's was not very long, but it was long enough to overcome Lance's never very large amount of bashfulness; and he had made reply that he went to the Grammar School, and was in the second form, that he liked singing in the choir better than—no, not than *anything*—anything except—except what? Oh, a jolly good snow-balling, or a game at hockey. Did he like the school? Pretty well, on the whole; but he did not suppose he should stay there long, his brother at the Clergy Orphan said there were such a lot of cads, and that he was always grubbing his nose among them; but now, 'do you really think now that cads are always such bad fellows?'

His Lordship was too much diverted to be easily able to speak, but he observed that it depended on what was meant by a cad.

'That's just it!' exclaimed Lance. 'I'm sure some that he calls cads are as good fellows as any going!'

'And what does your eldest brother say?'

'Felix! Oh! he does not mind, as long as one does not get into a real scrape.'

'And then?'

'Oh, then he minds so much that one can't do it, you know.'

'What, does he punish you?'

'N—no—he never licks any of us now—but he is so horridly sorry—and it bothers him so,' said Lance. 'Here's old Froggatt's,' he concluded, stopping at the glass door. 'My eyes! what a sight of parsons!' (Lance had pretty well forgotten who he was talking to.) 'There, that's Felix—no, no, not that one serving Mr. Burrowes, that's Redstone; Felix is out there, getting out the sermon paper for that fat one, and that's old Froggy himself bowing away. Shall I go and call Felix? I suppose he will not mind this time.'

'No, thank you, I will go in myself. Good-bye, my little guide, and thank you.'

And Lance, when his hand came out of the Bishop's, found something in it, which proved to be a tiny Prayer-book, and moreover a half-sovereign. He would have looked up and thanked, but the Bishop and that 'fat one' were absorbed in conversation on the step; and when he turned over the leaves of the little blue morocco book, with its inlaid red cross, he found full in his face in the first page the words, 'Lancelot Underwood, March 15th, 1855,' and then followed an initial, and a name that utterly defeated Lance's powers, so that perceiving the shop to be far too densely full of parsons for him to have a chance there, he galloped off at full speed to Cherry, who happily could interpret the contracted Latin by the name of the See, and was not *quite* so much astonished as Lance, though even more gratified.

Meantime, the Bishop had made his way to the bowing Mr. Froggatt, and asked to speak with him in his private room, where he mentioned his kindness to young Underwood, and was answered by a gratified disclaimer of having done anything that was not of great advantage to himself. The good man seemed divided between desire to do justice to Felix and not to stand in his light, and alarm lest he should have to lose an assistant whom he had always known to be above his mark, and who was growing more valuable every month; and he was greatly relieved and delighted when the Bishop only rejoiced at his character of Felix, and complimented the Pursuivant by being glad that a paper of such good principles should be likely to have such a youth on its staff; it had been well for the lad to meet with so good a friend. Mr. Froggatt could not be denied an eulogium on the father, for whose sake he had first noticed the son; and when the Bishop had expressed his sorrow at never having known so bright a light as all described the late Curate to have been, he courteously regretted the interruption on a busy day, but begged just to see the young man. He had little time himself, but if he could be spared to walk up to the station—

Mr. Froggatt bustled out with great alacrity, and taking the charge of the customer on himself, announced, for the benefit of all who might be within earshot: 'Mr. Underwood, his Lordship wishes to speak with you. He wishes you to walk up to the station with him. You had better go out by the private door.'

Felix was red up to the ears. His eight years seniority to Lance were eight times eight more shyness and embarrassment, but he could only obey; and at his first greeting his hand was taken—'I hoped to have seen you sooner,' the Bishop said; 'but you had always escaped me in the vestry.'

'I had to go to help my sister, my Lord,' said Felix.

'And your friend,' said the Bishop. 'That is a good work that has been done in your house.'

Felix coloured more, not knowing what to say.

'I wish to see you,' continued the Bishop, 'partly to tell you how much I honour you for the step you have taken. I wish there were more who would understand the true uprightness and dutifulness of thinking no shame of any honest employment. I am afraid you do sometimes meet with what may be trying,' he added, no doubt remembering Lady Price's tone.

'I do not care now, not much. I did at first,' said Felix.

'No one whose approval is worth having can consider yours really a loss of position. You are in a profession everyone respects, and you seem to have great means of influence likely to be open to you.'

'So my father said, when he consented,' said Felix.

'I shall always regret having just missed knowing your father. Some passages in that book of his struck me greatly. But what I wished to say was to ask whether there is any way in which I can be useful to you in the education of any of the younger ones, or—'

'Thank you, my Lord,' said Felix. 'I think you kindly voted for my brothers last year for the Clergy Orphan school. Only one got in, and if you would vote again for little Lancelot—'

'My droll little companion, who Mr. Audley tells me did so much for that poor young American.'

'Indeed he did,' said Felix. 'I doubt if any of us would have got at him but for Lance, who did not mean anything but good nature all the time.'

'He is just the boy I want for our Cathedral school.' And then he went on to explain that a great reformation was going on. There was a foundation school attached to the Cathedral, with exhibitions at the University, to which the Cathedral choristers had the first claim. There had been of course a period of decay, but an excellent Precentor had been just appointed, who would act as head-master; and the singing boys would be kept on free of expense after their voices became unavailable, provided that by such time they had passed a certain examination. Such a voice as Lance's was sure to recommend him; and besides, the Bishop said with a smile, he wanted to raise the character of the school, and he thought there was the stuff *here* that would do so.

Felix could only be thankful and rejoiced; but it was a pang to think of Lance being as entirely separated from home as was Clement; with no regular holidays, and always most needed at his post at the great festivals. There was something in his tone that made the Bishop say, 'You do not like to part with him?'

'No, my Lord, but I am glad it should be so. My father was not happy about—things here, and charged me to get my brothers away when I could.'

'And as to holidays, you are near at hand, and most of the choir are of our own town. I think he may generally be spared for a good term at each holiday time. The organist is very considerate in giving leave of absence, even if he should turn out to have a dangerously good voice for solos. I will let you know when to send him up for the examination, which he will pass easily. Good-bye. You must write to me if there is anything for me to do for you. One month more, and your father would have been one of my clergy, remember.'

Felix went back, flushed with gratification, and yet, to a certain degree, with confusion, and not exactly liking the prospect of being interrogated as to what the Bishop had said to him; indeed, he never told the whole of it to anyone but Cherry. Somehow, though Wilmet was his counsellor and mainstay, Geraldine was the sharer of all those confidences that come spontaneously out of the full but reserved heart.

Besides, Wilmet was at present in such a trance of enjoyment of her twin sister, that she seemed scarcely able to enter into anything else. She went through her duties as usual, but with an effort to shake off her absorption in the thought of having Alda at home; and every moment she was not in sight of her darling seemed a cruel diminution of her one poor fortnight. Indeed it was *tête-à-têtes* that her exclusive tenderness craved above all; and she was often disappointed that Alda should be willing to go and visit Fernan Travis when they might have had a quarter of an hour together alone. How much more selfish she must have grown than Alda in this last half year!

Alda's talk was indeed full of interest, and gave a much better notion of her way of life than her letters did. She seemed to have been fully adopted as a daughter of the house, and to enjoy all the same privileges as Marilda; indeed, she had a good deal more credit with all varieties of teachers, since she learnt rapidly and eagerly; and Marilda, while encouraging her successes, without a shade of jealousy, made no attempt to conquer her own clumsiness and tardiness. Even 'Aunt Mary,' as Alda called Mrs. Thomas Underwood, often had recourse to Alda for sympathy in her endeavours to be tasteful, and continually held her up as an example to Marilda.

'And poor dear good woman,' said Alda, 'she has such a respect for Underwood breeding and our education, that I believe I could persuade her to anything by telling her it was what she calls '*comifo*.' Even when she was going to get the boudoir done with apple-green picked out with mauve, enough to set one's teeth on edge, and Marilda would do nothing but laugh, she let me persuade her into a lovely pale sea-green.'

'Is not sea-green rather too delicate for her?' asked Cherry.

'Why, it was very wicked of Edgar, to be sure, but he said that it was to suit the nymph reining in the porpoises. He made a sketch, and Marilda was delighted with it; she really is the most good-natured creature in the world.'

'She must be!' ejaculated Wilmet; 'but surely she ought not to like laughing at her mother.'

'Oh, everybody laughs at Aunt Mary, and she hardly ever finds it out, and when she does, she does not mind! Even old Mrs. Kedge, her mother, does nothing but laugh at her for trying to be fine. Old Granny is not a bit by way of being a lady, you know; she lives in a little house in the City with one maid, and I believe she rubs her own tables. I am sure she goes about in omnibuses, though she has lots of money; and Marilda is so fond of her, and so like her, only not so clever and shrewd.'

'But why does she live in such a small way?'

'Because she never was used to anything else, and does not like it. She hates grand servants, and never will come to Kensington Palace Gardens, but she really is good-natured. She told Clement to drop in on her whenever he likes, and bring any of his friends; and she always gives them a superb piece of plum-cake, and once she took them to the Tower, and once to the Zoological Gardens, for she thinks that she cannot do enough to make up to them for being bred up to be little monks, with cords and sandals, and everything popish.'

'You don't let her think so?'

'Well, really when she has got a thing into her head nothing will uproot it; and after all, they do carry things very far there, and Clement goes on so that I don't wonder.'

'Goes on how?'

'Why, just fancy, the other day when Uncle Thomas fetched him in his brougham because I was coming home, there he sat at luncheon and would not eat a scrap of meat.'

'Ah! it was a Wednesday in Lent,' said Cherry.

'Only a Wednesday, you know; and *there*, with four or five strange people too. One of them asked if he was a Catholic, and of course Clement looked very wise and greatly pleased, and said, 'Yes, he was,' and that brought down Aunt Mary with her heavy artillery. 'Bless me, Clement, you don't say so. Is Mr. Fulmort really gone over?' 'Yes,' said Clem. (I know he did it on purpose.) 'He is gone over to preach at St. Peter's.' And then one of the gentlemen asked if Clem meant Mr. Fulmort of St. Matthew's, Whittingtonia, and when he said 'Yes, he lived in the clergy-house,' he began regularly to play him off, asking the most absurd questions about fasts and feasts and vigils and decorations, and Clem answered them all in his prim little self-sufficient way, just as if he thought he was on the high road to be St. Clement the Martyr, till I was ready to run away.'

'Couldn't you have given him a hint?' asked Wilmet.

'My dear, have you lived twelve years with Clem without knowing that hints are lost on him?'

'Dear Clem, he is a very good steady-hearted little fellow,' said Cherry. 'It was very nice of him.'

'Well, I only hope he'll never come to luncheon again in Lent. There are times and seasons for everything, and certainly not for display! And to make it worse, Marilda is the most literal minded girl. Fasting was quite a new light to her, for she never realizes what she does not see; and she got Clem into a corner, where I heard him going on, nothing loth, about days of abstinence, out of Mr. Fulmort's last catechizing, I should think; and she ended by asking what Cousin

Edward did, so that I fully expected that I should find her eating nothing, and that I should be called to account.'

'And what did you tell her, then?'

'Oh, you know I could say quite truly that he did not.'

'I don't think that was quite fair,' said Wilmet gravely. 'You know it was only because he really could not.'

'You don't know how glad I was to have an answer that would hinder the horrid commotion we should have had if Marilda had taken to fasting. And after all, you *know*, Papa would have said minding her mother was her first duty.'

'Why did not you tell her that?'

'I have, dozens of times; but you know there are mothers and mothers, and nobody can always mind Aunt Mary, good soul! Marilda has just made herself, with her own good rough plain sense. I wish she was a man, she would be a capital merchant like her father; but it is hard to be a great heiress, with nothing she really likes to do. She is always longing to come down to Centry, and tramp about the lanes among the cottages.'

'Oh! I wish they would!'

'I don't think Aunt Mary will ever let them. She hates the country; and though she likes to have a place for the name of the thing, she does not want to live there, especially where there are so many of us; and then, Felix's situation!'

'For shame, Alda!'

'Well, I did not say anything myself. It is only Aunt Mary—it is very foolish of people, but, you see, they *will*. As to Marilda, I believe she would like to stand behind the counter with him this minute.'

'Marilda is the oddest and best girl I ever heard of!'

'You may say that. And so ignorant she was! She had a great velvet and gold Church Service, and hardly guessed there was any Bible or Prayer Book besides. I am sure Felix cannot have had more work to teach that youth than I have had with Marilda. Such a jumble as she had picked up! She really had only little baby prayers to say, till she saw my book.'

'What a blessing you must be to her!' said Wilmet, fondly looking at her sister.

'Well, I do hope so. You must know she was regularly struck with dear Papa. I am sure he is the first saint in her calendar, and everything is— 'What did Cousin Edward say?' And when once she has made up her mind that a thing is right, she will blunder on through fire and water, but she will do it.'

'Then,' said Cherry, 'she ought to try and learn, and not to be awkward because of obedience.'

Alda burst out laughing. 'People can only do what they can. Marilda trying to be graceful would be worse than Marilda floundering her own way. But she really is the best and kindest girl living, and she gets on much better for having me to keep her out of scrapes.'

Wilmet went to bed that night thankful to have Alda's head on the pillow beside her, and most thankful for the tokens that she watched among her brothers and sisters, which shewed how much her father's influence was extending beyond his short life.

(To be continued.)

NUNN'S COURT.

CHAPTER II.

'No Church can truly Apostolic prove,
That wants the fire of Evangelic love.'
Monsell.

COULD nothing be done for Nunn's Court?

How often did this question arise in the minds of the trio, who had been eye-witnesses to its unfortunate condition! Mrs. Treville's knitting suffered in consequence. Stitch after stitch went down while she was endeavouring to form some plan for the benefit of its miserable inhabitants; but she seemed powerless to act; and becoming somewhat impatient on finding how much her knitting was at fault, she put it away, saying, 'I am doing no good here; I can at least go and see the poor sick child.'

Summoning her maid, she bade her prepare to go with her; and carefully putting into a basket a few delicacies for the invalid, and a little story-book, she was soon on her way to Nunn's Court.

She found Jemmie sitting on a door-step, rubbing up his flute, preparatory to going out for the day; his face flushed when he saw her, and rising from the step he shut the door. Mrs. Treville asked if she could see his sister; but the deepening flush in his face, and his hesitating manner, caused her to say, 'I suppose I must come again—but when?'

'Will you come with Master Treville on Saturday, Ma'am!' he answered, in a tone of relief; 'she shall be ready to see you then.'

'I will do so; but take these to your sister, she may like them;' and the old lady uncovered the basket.

Jemmie's eyes glistened as he saw its contents, and he murmured, 'She will be so pleased!' and hurried into the house with the basket, not, however, forgetting to shut the door after him. When he returned, there were tears in his eyes, but he only said that his sister sent her thanks to 'the lady.'

'Jemmie!' said Mrs. Treville, laying her hand on his arm, 'I should like to do something for all of you. Something that would give you the same hope that I have.'

He shrank from her touch, exclaiming, 'You are too good for such as we—we are all dirty and bad here, and not fit for such as you to talk to.'

'But, Jemmie, I want you all to be good and clean.'

'No use, no use,' he said, half defiantly, half sorrowfully; and taking up his flute, seemed anxious to be going.

Mrs. Treville did not like to detain him, so she bade him good-bye, and left the court; but had not gone on far before he overtook her.

'You are very good, Ma'am, to care about us at all; only we are too bad for such as you to care about. You will come on Saturday, Ma'am? My poor sister will like you to come; she does want to be good, and you will tell her how.' And before an answer could be given he had hastened away.

Who could tell these poor desolate people of a Saviour's love! Who guide them into the path overshadowed by His Cross! She could not tell! 'How feed this multitude here in this wilderness?' was the cry of the astonished disciples in answer to the bidding of their Blessed Master. 'What are five loaves and a few fishes amongst so many!' And what indeed would be the few poor words that she could speak, or the simple deeds that she could do, amidst such ignorance and misery? Alas, as nothing! Not the planting even, nor the watering, can produce one blade of grass, or cause it to ripen into an ear of corn. Then could planting and watering supply a world with bread? Indeed no! Yet, 'put thy hand to the plough and look not back.' 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.' 'Do good and communicate,' and God will give the increase.

Similar thoughts to these beset Mrs. Treville on her way homewards, and still she seemed bewildered in her plans. 'Tell it to the Church.' Ah, that surely was the right way—our Blessed Lord had said so; and she decided, at once, to take her newly-found burden to the clergyman, whose care that district was in. Here, again, she met only with disappointment, for after a prolonged walk to reach his house, she found him scarcely cognizant of the existence of Nunn's Court, which was quite at the extremity of his parish, and none of the people attended the church; and although he had once or twice called upon them to urge them to send their children to the school, he had found them so unimpressionable that he felt it was useless to attempt doing more, and concluded that nothing short of a miracle would convert them, so that he had ceased to interest himself in them.

Mrs. Treville had no persuasive eloquence in which to plead their cause; she could make no earnest appeal for them, while yet her whole mind was bent to do them good. She did not vex herself on finding that she could not argue with him, but she asked in her simple straight-forward manner, 'Will you kindly tell me what *I* can do?'

'Really, my dear Madam,' was the reply, 'the case is a very sad one, and nothing can be done. It is one of those cases that must be left to God's mercy.'

'But I should be glad to know that I had at least tried to do something. Must all the little children there grow up in the same wretched state as their parents? It is quite a question, if one of them has been baptized!'

'I dare say not; who could expect it? And we are forbidden to cast "pearls before swine," who would only trample them under their feet; it would be wrong to waste upon them what is so gladly received by "the faithful."'

Did he know the story of the Good Shepherd! Did he remember that the Angels' joy grows brighter on the return of one lost one to the fold, or at the regeneration of one little lamb! At any rate, who was she, that she should judge, or presume to teach one of Christ's duly appointed ministers! She sighed, however, as she rose to depart, and said, 'We must pray for them, then.'

Her simple earnestness somewhat touched him, for he answered, 'I will go to the Court when the first opportunity offers, and make another effort to bring them to Jesus. You see I have so many pressing demands upon my time, that I have not a minute to waste.'

'To waste!' The expression haunted Mrs. Treville all that day; but not for worlds would she have put into words the bitter thoughts it suggested.

'Johnny!' she said, on the following Saturday, 'I have been to Nunn's Court again.'

He put down his book suddenly, exclaiming, 'Not alone, Granny!'

'No, Jarvis went with me.'

'You dear old Granny! Tell me all about it.'

And most touchingly did she tell all, while Johnny listened patiently, his dull face betraying not one spark of interest; but when she had ended the recital, something impelled her to repeat in an indignant tone, 'Not one minute to waste!'

A flash of fun then shot forth from the boy's eyes, and in a very high key, without any modulation in his voice, he shouted, rather than sang,

'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

'Johnny!' said the old lady reprovingly.

'Well, Granny, that is so exactly like it.'

'What can you mean, my dear boy?'

'Oh, I know, Gran'mother, though I can't say it so that you can understand.'

'I can understand, I fear, that you were singing a hymn in mockery.'

'Not exactly that, Granny, though I dare say Ned Mortimer would be shocked. There really is nothing in those lines, and that is why they seem to me appropriate to this occasion.'

Mrs. Treville did not understand him. Johnny's practical sense, despite his dullness, was too deep for her.

'I wonder what Dr. Murray would say,' said Johnny, after a long pause; 'he always seems to know the right thing.'

'Yes, he does; and even in this puzzling matter his advice would, at any rate, do no harm.'

'I am sorry, Granny, you should have so much trouble, when all the burden ought really to fall upon me.'

Mrs. Treville did not reply.

Not many hours later she was kneeling by the bed-side of Jemmie's sick sister, feeling relieved of half her burden.

Dr. Murray had been brought into counsel, and had voluntarily accompanied her and Johnny to the court, and being recognised by Jemmie as the head-master of the Grammar School, easily gained permission to see the sick girl. The tears trembled in Mrs. Treville's eyes as she took the wasted hand in hers, and noted around her every mark of extreme poverty. A few questions sufficed to prove that Jemmie was sole nurse and doctor, and that the brother and sister were all the world to each other. Early motherless, and having a wretched father, their means of subsistence had been distressingly scanty, and in consequence her constitution was fast giving way to the ravages of a consumption.

The entrance of the strangers brought on such a prolonged fit of coughing, that Mrs. Treville began to fear their visit was likely to be productive of evil, particularly when the cough was followed by such apparent exhaustion as to alarm even Jemmie.

'You shall have some nice broth, and wine, my poor child; and a soft pillow for your head, to make you more comfortable; and the doctor will come to see you, and give you some medicine for your cough.' And the old lady stroked the blue and chilly fingers with her own. A disappointed look rested on the young girl's face; and Mrs. Treville looked at Jemmie, who answered, 'You are very good, Ma'am; indeed you are; but Lizzie wants to go to Mother, and she thought you would tell her the way, because you are so good—but, O Lizzie, Lizzie! I cannot let you go!' and burying his face in his sister's pillow, he sobbed bitterly.

Mrs. Treville's tears now fell fast; and Dr. Murray, drawing close to the bed, said in a clear and distinct voice, 'Jesus said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Let us pray.'

And side by side, Mrs. Treville and Jemmie knelt, while Dr. Murray repeated that short and comprehensive prayer:

'O God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive, receive our humble petitions; and although we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us; for the honour of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate. Amen.'

Lizzie would have spoken when they had risen; but Dr. Murray stopped her, by saying, 'We must not tire you, but come again soon. Jesus can and will save you if you trust Him, my child.'

Such a gleam of happiness animated her poor shrunken face, that Mrs. Treville followed Dr. Murray down-stairs with a considerably lightened heart.

'What parish does this court belong to?' asked the Doctor. 'I think I had better see the clergyman.—Have you been christened, Jemmie?'

'Yes, Sir; and Mother wanted Lizzie to be christened too; but she died, and nobody else cared.'

Mrs. Treville looked anxiously at the Doctor; but he was silently thinking. When they emerged from the house, they found Johnny having a game of marbles with the dirty little children, to reward them for not dabbling in the gutter.

'Good-bye, young uns,' he exclaimed, as he was leaving the court. 'Keep out of the gutter! And mind, I will give six new marbles to the boy with the cleanest face and hands next Saturday.'

Such promises were shouted out by the little shrill voices, that, almost deafened by the outburst, he ran quickly on to join Dr. Murray and his grandmother, who were in earnest conversation, the former saying, as Johnny came up with them, 'Then your grandson has no claim to the property until he is of age?'

'None; no minor can have; and Johnny is the last direct heir—the last Treville.'

'Then, my boy, you can do nothing to the wretched place?'

'Only play marbles with the boys, and bribe them to wash their faces.'

'That will be something, at least,' said the Doctor musingly.

'Baptized and gone, my boy!' was Dr. Murray's answer to the eagerly inquiring face which greeted his entrance on the following Saturday morning, at Mrs. Treville's house.

He shook hands with the old lady, and for several minutes no word was spoken. The Doctor then said, 'We must think of some plan, Treville, for putting those children under instruction.'

Johnny sighed.

'Disheartened, my boy!' continued the Doctor; 'think how God has blessed your first attempt!'

'But poor Jemmie!' answered the boy.

'Will look to you for comfort, and you must not fail him. A great work is opening upon you, and you must not shrink from it.'

Mrs. Treville turned anxiously to catch her grandson's answer, but none came; for overpowered with the responsibilities now dawning on him, he had buried his face in his hands to hide the tears he could not control.

'What plan do you suggest?' asked Mrs. Treville, in order to give Johnny time to recover his self-possession.

'Jemmie's father, softened for a time by the death of his child, agrees to permit the use of a room in his cottage at a small rent, which I ventured to say Treville would take upon himself. To convert this into a school and lecture room would be, I think, a most desirable step.'

Johnny looked up eagerly, and asked how it could be supplied.

'Treville!' said the Doctor gravely, 'these poor benighted ones could be taught without our aid. You are simply required to do what you can.'

'And that is almost nothing.'

'That I admit; but, Treville, He who has given you the will to do, will bless your most paltry effort. I think,' continued the Doctor, turning to Mrs. Treville, 'we must try to form a staff of teachers. Do you think you could enlist your maid in the cause, dear Madam, and get her to teach the girls to work?'

'Jarvis could do that well,' replied the old lady; 'and I too should like to do anything I could.'

'Mrs. Murray and Agnes are desirous of becoming helpers also, and others too, so that we are ready to commence operations at once, if we can only secure assent from head-quarters;' and the Doctor bowed playfully to Treville as he rose to go.

Mrs. Treville rose also. 'If you wish us God speed, I think we may make any venture,' she said quietly, with one glance at her grandson, hoping that he would vouchsafe some acknowledgement to the Doctor's kindness, but none came.

Johnny had once more buried his face in his hands, nor did he look up again until the Doctor had departed, and then he was aroused by his grandmother saying, in the most severe tone she could assume, 'You should have counted the cost before you moved in this matter. It would even now be better to say that you wish to retract than to do anything grudgingly, or act ungraciously to Dr. Murray!'

Johnny groaned. Responsibility, in a very heavy form, seemed suddenly laid upon him; and his naturally bright spirit was overpowered.

(*To be continued.*)

BYGONES.

BY A. MILUKOFF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS BY H. C. ROMANOFF.)

CHAPTER I. (*continued.*)

FIRST RECOLLECTIONS.

OUR garden, laid out according to my uncle's desire, flourished beautifully. At the time I speak of, its dimensions seemed to me boundless; its really long alleys stretched, to my eyes, to an endless distance; and when my mother or nurse took me to the arbour from whence we could see the Moskva-river, and the platform with the prints being rinsed, the walk seemed a perfect journey to me. Here I generally played with my younger brother, or with 'Malia,* the daughter of our German pattern-carver, who lived in the same wing as we did. She was a little girl of my own age, a rosy curly-haired blonde, always merry and mischievous. We used to have capital races with her, and sometimes penetrated into the very depths of the garden.

Two little expeditions of ours remain in my memory to this day, probably from my having heard about them more than once from various members of my family.

Once upon a time, in the spring, when the lilacs were just beginning to flower, we were playing together in that same garden, chasing each other down one alley and up another, till at last we came to the brink of the lake, where, on the island in the middle, surrounded by abundant shrubs, rose the little Chinese pagoda, with the corners of its roof turned upwards. My companion held in her arms a large doll, and by some mischance she let it fall into the water; and although it did not sink, somehow or other we could not recover it. I hunted for a stick, with the intention of dragging the drowning doll to shore by its means, but I used it so awkwardly, that I only pushed it further into the water, and it floated away so far, that a grown person could not have got it from the bank. I looked inquiringly at Malia, and perceived that her dark blue eyes were filled with tears.

'It will be drowned!' she whispered.

I felt vexed and sorry. I looked around, and espied the boat, fastened at the landing-place to an iron hook by a rope. It was rather a large boat, and in it was neither oar nor scull, though to be sure I had not the strength to raise either. This, however, did not hinder me; I had made up my mind to save the doll. No sooner thought than done. I scrambled into the boat, and detached the loop from the hook. At first all went well; but suddenly an unintentional movement of mine gave an impulse to the boat, and before I had time to catch at the long grass, it moved from the landing-place, and under the influence of the push I gave it, it floated farther and farther. At last, when I found myself some twenty feet from the shore, without any hope of being able to regain it, I began to cry, and at the same time I perceived that Malia was crying also on the shore.

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* Amalia.

I do not know how long we may have been in this situation, when we heard shouts in the garden. My tears immediately ceased to flow, and a feeling of shame or dread made me sink to the bottom of the boat.

'Where is he?' I heard the voice of my nurse inquire.

'There!' answered the little girl.

She probably pointed to the place where the boat floated; and Nurse, not seeing me, naturally supposed I had fallen into the water, and screamed accordingly. And I still lay at the bottom of the boat. Ten minutes must have passed, when I heard the mingled sound of several voices, then a heavy splash, as though somebody had thrown himself into the water; and a moment or two afterwards I felt that my boat moved.

'Here he is!' said a voice close to my ear.

It was one of the workmen, who, on the alarm given by my nurse, swam to the boat, and then dragged it to the shore, where I was received with warm kisses from my mother, and with a severe scolding from my father.

For a long time after this adventure I was not allowed to go into the garden at all, but at last obtained permission, on condition that I would not approach the pond.

In the course of the same year I had another adventure in the same garden, and with the same companion of my play. I have spoken before of the labyrinth which my uncle laid out, as his brother expressed himself, 'to the destruction of his soul.' I had formed a horrible and fantastic notion of this place; and even at a distance, its green walls raised an involuntary feeling of dread. When we happened to stray near the labyrinth with my nurse, she had sometimes led me into its first passages, but she never attempted to penetrate into the interior of that entanglement of paths and hedges. They told me that it was impossible to get out of it unless one knew certain mysterious words of enchantment in an unknown tongue. Whether from its situation, or the mere existence of its winding hedge, a slight sound, like that caused by a soft wind, was to be heard at all times, and this gave it a tone of still greater mystery. My nurse was fond of telling stories, of which she knew a great number; and under their influence my childish imagination filled the place with wonders. With the idea of that labyrinth were connected all the fantastic creatures of that world of story. There, I imagined, grew golden apples, which were pecked by the fabulous Jar-bird—there live those beautiful Tzarevnas,* who, after being turned into white ducks, fly to the pond to bathe and swim there—there, the wonderful cave of Aladin, in which grew fruits of precious stones.

Early in the evening, while running about with Malia, we came upon the entrance of this mysterious labyrinth.

'Have you ever been in the middle?' asked Malia.

'No. Have you?'

'No, never.'

'What do you think there is there? In the very middle there is a garden full of flowers; and there is a well there, in which a golden ladle floats. Whoever wants to drink, and stretches out his hand for it, it splashes him in the face with live water!'

'That's not true,' said Malia.

'My nurse told me so.'

'She told you fables then. But I know what there is there.'

'What?' I inquired, with intense curiosity.

'New little babies.'

'Whose babies?'

'All sorts of babies, such as you and I were. Mamma told me so. I asked her where I came from, and she said, "Out of the labyrinth." They all lie in little silver cradles hung to the flowers, and whoever wants one comes and takes which he pleases, a boy or a girl.'

'I *should* like to see if that's true! Wouldn't you? Let us go and see!'

'I am frightened.'

'Never mind; we will go together.'

'And if we lose our way? You know, we ought to learn certain words to get out.—Do you know them?'

'No. I asked Nurse to tell me, but she would not. I'll tell you what we will do: we will take a stick with us, and mark the paths as we go along, then we shall be sure to be able to get out.'

Malia was of opinion that my invention was equal to the certain mysterious words in an unknown tongue that grown-up people made use of. We listened attentively. All around was perfectly still, except the gentle whispering of the slightly-stirred leaves, and the chiming of the clock in the Convent with musical bells.

From the nearest shrub I broke a branch, which was to serve us as guide or clue. We passed the entrance arch, and found ourselves in a corridor bordered by thick-set hedges; it extended spirally, forming circles, connecting itself with another and yet another corridor, and then with an impassable no-thoroughfare: we walked slowly on, and I carefully marked the ground with my stick as I went along.

How long we proceeded thus I cannot say; but all at once I perceived that there was a double line in the path, and consequently understood that we had got into the same path a second time. This puzzled us. We hastily turned into the nearest corridor, passed a few more, and again found ourselves in the doubly-marked passage. This circumstance alarmed us seriously.

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* Daughters of a Tzar. (*Trans.*)

'We've lost our way!' said Malia.

'Let us go back,' I replied.

The same silence reigned as before, broken only by the bell of the Convent, gently but clearly chiming the minutes. After a short consultation, we decided to proceed further by the doubly-marked path, but soon we again found ourselves in the same place as before! Further and further, and still no end to the labyrinth. At last we came to a four-cross path, into one of the turnings of which we directed our steps; and after twisting and turning in innumerable paths, we all at once found ourselves in a small round space, surrounded by a thick hedge, and with a circle of blue sky over it. We were in the centre at last!

We glanced at each other with a feeling of fear that neither of us cared to conceal, mingled with disappointment. Before us there was no well with a golden ladle, as my nurse had informed me—no babies rocked in their silver cradles, as Malia expected. It was merely a plot of ground, about the same size as the circle that our horse-mill occupied, and with several narrow passages leading from it. On either side was an iron garden-seat, supported by legs representing those of some monstrous animal, with long toes and claws. In the middle was a small circular flower-bed, surrounding a marble column, which was ornamented with three iron snakes twisting about it, resting on their hideous wide-opened jaws, and supporting on their united tails a vase, in which grew a thick climbing, or rather hanging, plant.

All this appeared strange and horrible in our eyes, and our only thought now was how to get out. I climbed to the top of the hedge, but could see nothing but the tops of the green walls of the labyrinth; and in the distance, the roof of our house on one hand, and the crosses and cupolas of the churches of the Convent on the other. I shouted with all my might, but the only effect of my endeavours was to frighten a little bird out of the hedge; and again all became tranquil. I jumped down, and the awful thought that we never never should get out of the labyrinth made me shake again. Malia evidently thought as I did. We looked pitifully at each other, and burst into tears from the feeling of our utter helplessness.

'I'm so frightened!' said Malia through her tears.

'Let us sit down. Perhaps somebody will come for us,' said I.

'No! Oh, I am so frightened! Look how that black snake is glaring at us!'

'Then let us look for the way out.'

'We had better say our prayers first.'

We knelt down and prayed; then rising, we took each other by the hand, and rushed headlong through the windings of the labyrinth, running as fast as our legs would carry us, and increasing our speed at every instant, as though we were pursued by irresistible destruction. The noise of our own steps alarmed us—we fancied the black snakes were creeping after us. But suddenly it became lighter and lighter in a certain direction; we rushed impatiently forward, and found ourselves in the circular plot, the open-jawed serpents still glaring at us, and the minute bells of the Convent chinking more clearly than ever! I could hardly gain my breath, and Malia had quite lost hers; her little hot hand trembled in my cold one. A little bird came flying towards us; it perched on the edge of the marble vase, settled its wings, chirruped, and flew away from our prison; we gazed at each other in despair.

'What *will* become of us?' said the little girl.

'We shall die here!' I whispered.

She snatched her hand from mine. 'It's all you!' she cried; 'you wicked creature! it was you who enticed me here!' and she glanced at the twisted black serpents.

At this reproach I completely lost heart; I fell on my face to the earth, and wept bitterly. Malia knelt down by my side, and said gently, Don't cry! It is I that am wicked. I was unkind to you.'

Thus comforted, I got up, and we sat down in a corner of the iron seat, clinging to each other in dumb despair, and only now and then were startled from our silence by the quarter chimes, which reminded us how slowly the minutes of our sufferings passed.

But hush! we raised our heads briskly. Somebody was shouting in the distance. What can it be? they are looking for us! We strained our ears to listen. Yes, the shout became distinct enough, though distant, and I even fancied that I heard my name. I jumped up, and scrambling on the hedge, cried with all the force of my childish lungs, 'We are here! we are here! here!' But at that very moment the chimes began again, and completely drowned my little voice. It seemed ages to us while the different-toned bells pealed forth their periodical song. What if my voice were not heard? they would return home without us! thought I. But the bells ceased at last, and I again shouted with all my might. And now indeed the voices were distinctly audible—nearer and nearer. They were calling me and Malia: we came to life again. Soon afterwards my nurse entered the plot with the gardener, and finally led us out of the enchanted labyrinth.

Next to the garden we loved best to play in the coach-house, where stood the 'Enemy's Coach.' This we called the travelling carriage of Marshal Davoust, which the French left behind them in our premises when they fled from Moscow. I recollect every particular of that trophy, which my uncle used to shew off to his guests with such pride, that one would think he had won it from the enemy. It was an immense coach of the old-fashioned form called a tumbrel, of a dark green colour, much faded; with high old-fashioned springs, bending upwards; and with a sort of hut for the driver, something like the little sort of guard-houses that are attached to post-diligences for the conductor. The steps, which were always in a let-down state, appeared to me to be of an immense height, and always reminded me of Jacob's ladder.

In the inside of this coach, between the two seats, which were covered with tattered and faded cushions, was a folding table, on which the Marshal used to write when on the march. Beneath the seats were various commodious boxes, and all round the sides were pockets and shelves, where we used to keep our toys. On the table we used to make pies and cakes out of yellow sand, in little wooden plates and cups.

In bad weather, when they would not let us go into the garden to play, we used to amuse ourselves in this coach. Sometimes as many as ten of us would assemble there, when we got up various games, now playing the part of the French Marshal, dining at the table, of sand pancakes and pies; now admiring the movements of Malia, figuring on the said table in a fancy dance that she had learnt of her German relations. Galotchka often took part in these diversions; sometimes she made models of the New Maiden Monastery out of damp sand, and in particular excelled in the representation of her own cell; at others she would bring us tiny rag dolls, representing monks and nuns, which were fastened to little round bits of card-board, with little bunches of harsh strong bristles glued to the under side. These she used to place on the table, and by thumping it in a peculiar manner, she made the little figures spring and twist about, to the great delight of the spectators and of the performer herself.

The end of the Enemy's Coach was a very sad one. The coach-house in which it stood was required for another purpose, and the equipage of Marshal Davoust was sold at the Rag Fair.* I could hardly refrain from tears when our dear old coach was rolled out into the yard, and when they began to secure it by means of various ropes to a heavy cart, drawn by a pair of lumber-horses. I remember how the driver seated himself lazily on the cart, waving his whip; the horses began to pull, and our coach rolled towards the gates, squeaking with its unoiled wheels, and mournfully creaking and clanking with all its rusty joints and screws. I felt as though I were parting with my home, where I had played so merrily and lived so joyously.

And in very deed we soon had to say good-bye to our home. My uncle died, and with his life ended my father's appointment at the counting-house. Simeon Afanasievitch terminated his existence under very remarkable circumstances. The cause of his death was—a wedding! My aunt had given away a distant relation in marriage. In the autumn the girl had chopped cabbage at our house, and there she had met with a young dye-merchant, and as they worked together at one tub they became acquainted, and ultimately took a fancy to each other; he made her an offer, and was accepted. My aunt gave the dowry for the bride, and got up a wedding on a tremendous scale. For two or three weeks before the carnival, we had nothing but festivals and diversions; and then, for the first time in my life, I saw all the comico-ceremonious customs attendant on a wedding in the merchant-class.

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* A market for the sale and purchase of second-hand goods of every description, to be found in every large town in Russia. (*Trans.*)

A regular bevy of young girls assembled in the house, all relations or intimate acquaintances of my aunt's. During the day-time they used to sit round a large table, heaped with linen and other materials, and cut out and sewed under-clothing, gowns, and other necessaries for the bride's toilette. But as soon as it became dusk, singing and other amusements were substituted for the needle-work. They ran to slide down the ice-hill, dragged each other about in little sledges in the yard, or played at blind-man's buff, or the ring, in the great saloon. Although the bridegroom was personally acquainted with the bride, a marriage-broker* made her appearance in the house, (why, I cannot make out,) a little fat woman with a wide red face, with a silk handkerchief on her head, the ends of which stuck up like horns. She played the part of a she-clown in the comedy, and was eternally inventing some stupid nonsense or other; the girls made great fun of her, and got up every description of trick and practical joke to serve their ends.

Almost every evening the bridegroom used to come. He wore very high shiny boots, which creaked so loudly that we were always aware of his arrival at the distance of two or three rooms; and at ten paces off we could smell his pomatum and perfumes. As soon as ever he entered, the girls used to sing him songs of exaltation,† and my aunt placed him beside the bride on the sofa, where they sat and held their tongues the whole evening. Tea and sweetmeats were handed. When beer or home-made wine were presented, the bridegroom used scarcely to touch the glass with his lips, putting it immediately on the tray again.

'He is sure to turn out a drunkard!' said my nurse in reference to this.

'Why do you think so?' I asked.

'It is always the way! If a bridegroom does not wet his moustache with wine, he is sure to drink too much when he is a husband.'

At the end of the evening, after a ceremoniously cold parting between the bride and bridegroom, the latter used to go up to the table where the girls sat, and lay before them a half-imperial‡ or a ten rouble note,§

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* Generally an elderly woman, whose profession it is to make matches. She is employed by the gentleman to ascertain what dowry the girl he fancies is likely to have, and to make all necessary arrangements, the offer included. By the girl's friends, occasionally, to find out a man who wants a wife. Unknown among the nobles. (*Trans.*)

† A difficult term to translate. It means *really*, songs in which a bridegroom, or bride, or any person figuring in the marriage festivities, is named by name and patronymic; for instance, Lord Ivan Maximovitch, Lady Anastasia Nilovna, King-Father Nil Petrovitch, &c. The names are introduced, regardless of metre, into songs suitable to the occasion. (*Trans.*)

‡ Value about 15s. § Value about £1 10s.

when the singers would smile at him, and instantly begin a refrain for the occasion.

'Return, Sir!
Come back, Sir!
Make presents to us girls!
Part with another gold piece!'

Occasionally he answered to this call by giving them another coin, on which they always accompanied him home to his residence with a merry song, expressive of gratitude, good wishes, and personal compliments.

But the grandest time was the farewell maiden party; and what did they not do, those girls! There were a great number of guests, and the large saloon was lighted up with unusual lustre. The waiters handed wine and refreshments without giving the partakers either 'rest or interval,' while all the time one amusement followed another. The workmen of the manufactory were brought in, and they seated themselves in two rows on the floor, after the manner of the rowers of a boat, and sang in chorus, 'Down our mother the Vol-ga,' accompanied by pantomime. The marriage-broker danced the Russian national dance with a merchant as short and as fat as herself, and the girls sang songs of exaltation to the betrothed, and to all the guests, naming each by name and patronymic. The grander of the guests, when they took a glass of wine, observed that it was not nice—that it was bitter—and begged the bridegroom to sweeten it, that is, to kiss the bride.

'How bitter it is!' said one merchant, an important personage, touching the glass with his lips; 'have the goodness to sweeten it with ten kisses!'

And the betrothed rose from their seats and stiffly exchanged the ten kisses; after which the merchant made them a low bow and drank off the wine. Sometimes he would sip a little, and making a face of pretended disgust, would turn to them again.

'Still it is not sweet enough to my taste. Be so kind as to add half-a-dozen. Rather warmer ones, please.'

And again the bridegroom would imprint on the bride's cheeks (alternately) the stipulated number of kisses in the same apathetic manner. I do not suppose that that couple exchanged as many kisses during the whole of their married life, as they did that evening.

When the bridegroom went home, the girls accompanied him to the gates, and sang him the last song; my aunt was in such spirits that evening, that when his sledge was brought up, she ordered a bottle of champagne to be poured down the throats of each of the horses, little thinking what might be the fate of the bridegroom, with tipsy horses and a tipsy coachman to boot. However, it turned out that they all got home safe and sound.

It was after this wedding that the disaster befell our house, of which I spoke before, and which completely altered my father's circumstances. The fact was, that three days after the marriage, a grand dinner was given to all the relatives and near acquaintances, at the house of the newly-wedded pair; and it happened that a pasty, made of the livers of eel-pouts, was served at that dinner. That it was that altered our fortunes! The father of the bridegroom partook too freely of it, and died in consequence. At the funeral festival, celebrated in remembrance of this victim, a similar pasty was prepared, maybe by chance, maybe from a wish on the part of the relatives to bring to mind the taste of the deceased in the most effectual manner. But however that may have been, the pasty of eel-pouts' liver appeared for the second time among the same party of relatives and acquaintances, and marked another victim as its own. Simeon Afanasievitch, firmly persuaded of the fine condition of his organs of digestion, which he described as 'varnished and tinned,' so heartily commemorated the deceased by profuse partakings of the fatal pasty, that he in his turn slept with his fathers. The same evening he began to complain of inconvenience, and notwithstanding his dislike of medicine, sent for the doctor, but on the following day he was carried from his bed to the table.*

The funeral was a magnificent affair, with a canopy, a numerous choir, a bishop, and a perfect regiment of torch-bearers, with tears, sobs, and a luxurious luncheon, at which, however, the death-dealing pasty was not to be seen, though it formed, I was told, the principal subject of conversation among the guests.

On the demise of my uncle, everything changed for us. The widow, to whom the deceased left the whole of his property, stopped the works and eventually sold them. My father began to look out for employment, and at last found a situation with K——, a merchant, and manufacturer of gold and silver cloth. We left the New Maiden Field, and removed to the neighbourhood of the Soukharéff tower.

I deeply regretted leaving the house, but especially the garden, although it was early spring, and the trees still stood leafless. I was sorry too to part with Malia; we were very fond of each other, and we so seldom quarrelled at our play, and so often enjoyed ourselves together, that in saying good-bye to her, I seemed to bid farewell to all play and fun. The day before we left I went with my mother to the Convent, where she had several acquaintances among the nuns. I too said good-bye to Galotchka, who took me to her cell, crammed me with sweetmeats, calling me her betrothed, and smothering me with kisses; she gave me as a keep-sake a little cross, which long remained in my mother's care.

Fifteen years afterwards I came from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and had to go to the New Maiden Field on business. I thought I should like to look at the house where the first years of my childhood passed, and an opportunity presented itself for me to gain admittance in order to examine the garden with which were connected so many reminiscences. The works and the dwelling-house were much altered by the new owner, but the garden remained the same, though it had become much more shady and overgrown. But it appeared to me infinitely smaller than it did to my childish imagination. How miserable did that vast lake now appear! how short and narrow the alleys! how small and mean the flower-beds and plots! The labyrinth was completely removed, but to judge from the space it occupied, it must really have been large. Altogether this walk in the old garden much affected me. Although student life and head-work over books had tended to crush my former dreams and thoughts, and although, under the influence of the literature of the day, I was an intense worshipper of 'the West,' and looked down with pitiful condescension on Moscow, yet the recollection of childhood awakened in my heart a feeling painfully sweet, and I was ready to shed tears. But I hastened to cool down such gusts with reflecting on the absurdity of such childishness, and mercilessly laughed to scorn my uninvited sentimentality.

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* Russians are laid out on a table, where they remain, in their coffin or not, till burial.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HERMIT'S PILLAR.

BY MARY BRAMSTON, AUTHOR OF 'ERICK THORBURN.'

At the end of the sixth century, Europe presented perhaps a drearier picture than at any other time in the history of Christianity. As in the dreary days of December, when the rain lies in pools on the ground, and the golden leaves of November are rotting into leaf-mould, we find it difficult to remember that this is a necessary element in the life of nature, and that below this gloom and corruption the sap of a new spring is rising—so it must have been to the thoughtful men of that age. For the old Roman rule and order had perished, and the savage lawlessness of the Teuton tribes had not yet been brought under that self-rule which alone can make an intelligent member of a state, not a helpless prey to his own passions.

In the old Roman towns, however, something of the ancient civilization still remained. Those which had strong natural position, such as Coblentz on the Rhine, still retained their old walls, their old heathen temples turned into churches, and something of their old laws, administered, however, no longer by Roman magistrates but by Christian priests and bishops. Into their hands the power had fallen, not because they had eagerly seized it, but simply because at that time they were the fittest, strongest, and wisest men existing.

Abbot Ebbo of Coblentz, at least, found his task no sinecure. Every morning, after hearing Matins in the chapel of his monastery on the side of the hill, whence could be seen the broad waters of the Rhine, and the swiftly rushing Moselle joining it—the highway of the nations, not for peaceful purposes of commerce, but for war-ships of the contending tribes round about—he went down to the town hall, and sat there all the forenoon to hear causes, and to judge like some oriental chief: and no one thought of rebelling against his authority, for they knew he was a good and just man, and that they would not be likely to better themselves by any change. Neither did he neglect his spiritual functions either, for in the afternoon he would visit his schools, superintended by monks of his monastery, where the boys of Coblentz were taught a certain degree of reading off a black board, the chanting of the Gregorian tones, and the recitation of a small amount of Scripture history, mingled with a great deal of the legends of the saints, in inculcating which the rod was freely used; and then, accompanied by one or more monks, he would sally forth and visit his parishioners who were sick, or otherwise needed him, returning to the evening meal at the refectory, and spending the few hours after Evensong in study, or in genial converse with his monks.

Such men, hard-working, brave, and honest, were not uncommon among the clergy of those days. Ignorant they might be, mistaken doubtless they often were; yet but for true and conscientious work like theirs, Europe might now be in the same state as it was then.

It was a summer evening: Abbot Ebbo sat at the gate of his monastery, enjoying the cool breeze which blew softly off the opaline river, and the still blue sky which faded into green, and thence into gold, before it went down behind the purple hills which border the Moselle. A manuscript of St. Augustine lay open on his knee; but he was resting rather than studying, as he well might do, considering his hard day's work in the hot sun. As he sat, a young man in a monk's dress came up to him, and waited to be bidden to speak.

'Thou wouldest speak to me, Wulflaich?' said Ebbo kindly. 'Sit down, my son, and let me hear.'

The young man was somewhat remarkable both in aspect and countenance. He was tall, thin, and pale; his eyes were light blue, and had a far-away dreamy look; his lips were thin, and almost always parted; and the hair that bordered his freckled face was of a bright red, almost scarlet, the only positive piece of colour about him.

'My Father,' said Wulflaich, finding that Ebbo waited for him to speak, 'the two years of my probation are over to-morrow.'

'So soon!' said Ebbo kindly. 'Why, my son, it appears to me but the other day that thou camest with brother Alboin's commendatory letter from Lombardy. Two years. Well, thou hast well acquired our tongue; no man hearing thee would say, "That man is a foreigner."'

'I have laboured much thereto, my Father, that I might the better fulfil the purpose for which the Lord called me hither,' said Wulflaich.

Ebbo turned upon him his keen eyes. 'And thy purpose stands, my son.'

'My purpose cannot but stand,' said Wulflaich. 'It will not die until I do. How could it? Was it not the Lord's call that I heard, far away among the olive groves of Ravenna, saying unto me, "My son, go into the land of the north, and preach the Gospel unto the miserable nations that know Me not"? And I said, "Lord, who am I that I should go?" and the answer came, "How did Noah's dove differ from the rest of the birds in the Ark? yet was she chosen to bear the first token of the subsiding of the waters." And when I looked down, behold, in my hand was an olive leaf plucked off, whereby I knew that the Lord had called me unto this work.'

A certain struggle took place in Ebbo's mind. His common sense revolted at the wildness of Wulflaich's story, while yet his conscience reproached him for not having sufficient faith to believe it.

'Therefore, my Father,' Wulflaich went on, 'I pray that it may seem good unto thee to ordain me to the holy office of a deacon; for, unworthy as I am, such is my great desire.'

'And in which direction thinkest thou to go, my son?' said Ebbo.

'Up the valley of the Moselle. There are hundreds and thousands who have never heard the name of Christ, and who worship an accursed Roman idol. So saith Brother Wilrad, who hath traversed those parts.'

'And thou hast counted the cost?' said Ebbo gravely, laying his hand on that of the young monk. 'They who go as apostles to the heathen, must not dread toil, weariness, pain, or death.'

A gleam lighted up Wulflaich's face. 'My Father, I dread them not! Should God call me to be worthy of the honour of martyrdom, He will then sustain me. But that glory, I fear, is too great for me. Let come what pleases Him; it is His will alone that I seek.'

Then Ebbo smiled a smile of approving pleasure: but a little sadness mingled with the smile, as, with the true humility of a good man, he contrasted his own less highly pitched feelings with those of this young monk.

'My son,' he said, 'I will grant thy desire. Well are known to me thy piety and thy zeal. Go forth upon thy mission with joy, and the Lord be with thee.'

A week later, Wulflaich the deacon set off for the scene of his new life, carrying in his hand a staff, and in his wallet a loaf of rye bread, an iron drinking cup, and a missal of which he was able to make out the meaning of the more familiar passages without much difficulty. But a journey in those days was little like a journey now. Even the journeys of such men as Livingstone or Eyre give us little idea of it, for there was no prestige attaching to the face and speech of the traveller, as being of different race from the rest. And though then, as now, some men by the mere force of their presence were able to impress others, such was not the case with the strange-looking visionary Wulflaich.

For the first few miles, Wulflaich came upon scattered villages, served by monks from the monastery whence he himself came; then all traces of human habitation grew more and more scarce, and at last ceased altogether. The forest grew thicker and more tangled, as it reached away up the rounded hills; the afternoon grew gloomy and grey; the bark of the wolf, or the grunt of the wild boar, came to his ears; and in his path, more than once, he saw what had once been a human skeleton, now hardly to be detected as such. A less imaginative man than Wulflaich might well have been awed by the loneliness; and

Wulflaich, brave as he was, shuddered at the thought of the demoniac enchantments which he believed to haunt such places: but he had an infallible charm against such. He lifted up his voice and chanted a Latin Psalm which he knew by heart. His voice was a loud sweet tenor, and the silent forest arches re-echoed it, and the birds began to chirp at the sound of the strange new music.

Then the evening came. Wulflaich filled his iron cup with water from the river, ate a piece of his rye loaf, and lay down to sleep under a tree, committing his soul to God. It was a clear moonlight night; and the moon was high in the heaven when he awoke suddenly, and saw a dark figure bending over him. Its eyes were black and fierce, its face was hairy, its shoulders and breast were bare; it looked like an animal in human form. Wulflaich had no doubt what it was. 'Avaunt, Satana!' he cried with a stentorian voice; and the creature fled. Wulflaich, whose nerves were not easily affected, quietly turned to sleep again, making the sign of the cross, and saying, 'No wonder that the devil seeks to slay me, and to hinder my work among his servants. Is it not a proof that my labour among these people will not be in vain?'

Wulflaich had, indeed, escaped a great danger, though not of the kind he thought. The creature which he had seen was a wild man of the woods—the actual prototype of the Orson of our nursery tales—a brutal maniac who had found his way into the forest, and who managed to support life there much in the same manner as the beasts among whom he dwelt. Had it not been for Wulflaich's sudden shout, which had frightened him away, the creature would probably have strangled him with his powerful hands, and might have proceeded to feed upon his body, like the beasts whom he resembled.

The next day he continued his journey, and he observed other portents on his way. The demons still followed in his wake, and made strange croaking and barking noises, which a naturalist, or even a forester, could have attributed to their right causes—frogs and water-birds. And late one evening he saw three mermaidens playing in the water, and as he made the sign of the cross and bade them avaunt, they vanished in the long reeds; and he knew that they, too, were devices of the Evil One to delay his journey. But at length he came to a place where he beheld that sight of which he had heard Brother Wilrad speak. For on a green platform of grass, carefully mown and tended, he saw a white marble statue standing out, pure and lucent, against a background of dark green oak boughs. A draped female figure, with a clear still face, larger than life, stood upon a granite pedestal; and upon her head was a crescent moon, upon the horns of which her most recent votaries had hung wreaths of flowers, in a manner more suggestive of their devotion than of their taste.

Wulflaich had seen such things before in the Lombard churches, where they had been quietly converted from heathen to Christian use, and remained until the Iconoclastic fury had set in; and thus his first feeling was not unmixed horror at the sight. Weary with his journey, he sat down to look at the image, wondering whether she represented an idol or the Blessed Virgin.

Soon a woman came by with her child, and Wulflaich asked her whose the statue was?

'The Goddess Hörsel,' was the answer; and Wulflaich was further told that in the next week there would be a great festival in the goddess's honour. 'Ay, stranger, you will see something then!—Come away, Mahault.'

The history of that statue was an example of the confusion of ideas and races which prevailed at this time in France and on the Rhineland. This statue of Diana had first been placed in this secluded place by a Roman gentleman of eccentric tastes, who had there had a villa; he had had an idea of restoring the primitive worship of the Roman gods, and had taught the villagers to pay it homage. When the Romans were no longer the ruling element in Gaul, and the aged votary of Diana had long been dead, the statue still remained, a treasure to the simple villagers, to whom it became the single representative of the unseen world, and degenerated into a mere idol possessed of magical powers. Then came the irruption of the Franks over the Rhineland into France; and as they gradually overspread the country and settled down, softening their German accents into the Latin speech of their Celtic slaves, some of them reached this little village, where they continued the worship of the Roman goddess, only changing her name for that of their own Hörsel, the moon-queen.

Wulflaich was again left alone with the silent white statue facing him; but now he knew it was no saint, but a horrible idol. He walked up to it, making the sign of the cross as a protection against heathen charms, and examined it carefully. It was a beautiful statue, even now, though it bore the signs of age. It seemed to have been kept in good repair, though the sharpness of its outlines was less clear than they had once been; here and there a fragment had been chipped off, but it had evidently been carefully tended, and cleaned from the moss and damp which would otherwise have accumulated there. Wulflaich turned his back to the idol and fell on his knees.

'I vow,' he said, stretching forth his hands to heaven, 'to destroy this abominable idolatry which they who know not Thee, O Lord, offer to this accursed piece of stone. And if this I may not do, then let me yield up my life a testimony to Thee, that by my death, at least, I may witness against it.'

Then Wulflaich sat deeply lost in thought, pondering on the right way to do that which he wished to begin. As usual with a monk of his time, the legends of the saints were more familiar to him than the Acts of the Apostles, and he began to think what course would have been taken by those whom he wished to imitate. Suddenly the story of St. Simeon Stylites, the pillar-saint of Antioch, came into his mind, and how thousands had been converted to Christianity by hearing the preaching and seeing the austerities of the hermit. Suddenly into Wulflaich's mind came the thought, 'Wherefore should I not do likewise?' and with a light in his eye, he proceeded to the neighbouring village to ask for an axe wherewith he might erect himself a wooden pillar for his purpose.

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Some four months later, a party of travellers arrived at Coblentz, and were immediately conducted to the monastery as the obvious resting-place for such. An inn conducted on modern principles would hardly have paid the innkeeper in the sixth century.

Stray travellers were the newspapers of that time, and, as the custom was, all the chief men of Coblentz found some excuse that evening for coming into the refectory of the monastery, where sat good Abbot Ebbo, obeying the command of St. Paul to his order by shewing hospitality without grudging. He was now listening, and the strangers were speaking—telling of the incidents of a journey through that Oster-reich, or eastern kingdom, which the Franks had not yet learnt to call Austrasie—the land which afterwards came to be known as Burgundy, Lorraine, and Champagne.

'Then, holy Father,' pursued the traveller, 'we having thus erred from our way, feared greatly to be lost in the forest by night, for therein, as all men know, are fearful demons and all manner of evil enchantments. But in the evening we perceived a village, whereinto we entered, when, to our amazement, none were to be seen in the streets but small infants and aged persons; and on our asking why, they said that the rest had gone to hear the pillar-man preach. We therefore, wondering what they might mean, went in the direction whither they pointed us, and there we beheld, on a tall wooden pillar, a man in monk's garments, preaching to the assembled multitude beneath. We listened, and heard that he was exhorting them to leave their accursed idolatry, and to be baptized; and turning to a white stone idol in the likeness of a woman nigh at hand, he defied it, insulted it, and spat at it; and then jeered at it, in that it did not answer nor reply. And we learnt from the people that from morning till night he stood upon the pillar, partaking only of a little bread, oil, and water; that his name was Wulflaich.'

'Wulflaich!' said Ebbo, looking at his monks.

'Ay, holy Father: a man pale and freckled, long and lean, with wild eyes and red hair. The people held that he was somewhat more than mortal; for no mortal man, said they, could bear so little sustenance.'

'And what fruit had his labours had?' said Ebbo, much interested.

'We know not, my Father. Some seemed to listen to him with veneration, others with mockery. But at least he had round him a crowd of folk, some of whom might have been listening in faith.'

The rest of the travellers' tales were less interesting to Ebbo: and late that evening he paced the court-yard of the monastery, deep in thought. Presently he saw an aged brother creeping towards the chapel for his midnight devotions, and called him to him for counsel.

'My mind misgives me, Brother,' he said, 'concerning our son Wulflaich. For though far be it from me to undervalue the deeds of the blessed saints, such as St. Simeon of Antioch, who, as we know, spent his life upon just such a pillar as Wulflaich has built for himself; yet it seemeth to me that not by outdoing other men in strange feats of endurance which excite the marvel and curiosity of the vulgar, but rather by shewing forth the virtues of a godly, temperate, and Christian life, the Kingdom of God is to be spread. What sayest thou?'

'So also think I,' said the old monk. 'The marvel of Wulflaich's austerities may effect somewhat for the time; but when they have killed him—as in this land of the north they surely will, ere long—the effects of his teaching will vanish like the dew beneath a July sun.'

'I am therefore minded,' said Ebbo quietly, 'to go and to reason with him, that he may leave his pillar, and work more manfully, if less conspicuously, at building up the people among whom he labours into the Christian Church; that when his work is tried by fire, it may not be found wood, hay, or stubble.'

'Thou, my Father?' said the monk, looking astonished; 'thou to brave the perils of the journey, which must be at least thirty leagues hence, through the enchanted forest all the way! Coblentz, my Father, needs thee more than that mad young Wulflaich, with his visions and his talk of heavenly voices, and doves, and olive branches. What should we do wert thou taken from us?'

'Brother Aldmar,' said Ebbo, smiling, 'it is not the part of a man of God to seek to terrify his brother from walking in that path to which the Lord calls him, and my life is not so invaluable as thou wouldst have it. Surely, it would not be the part of a Christian man should I shrink from seeking my son, Wulflaich, and giving to him that advice which may chasten his youthful zeal, and temper it with that wisdom which may make his work lasting, like an oak of the forest, rather than fleeting, like a Jonah's gourd.'

Ebbo's determination was not to be shaken; but the consternation which prevailed in Coblentz when it was known that he was actually going a journey of thirty leagues into the forest, was as great as it would be in England were it known that the most important statesman of the day was going on a journey of exploration in central Africa. Indeed, for the last fifteen years he had never been a distance of above ten miles from Coblentz. His time was fully taken up there, and the rest of his diocese was occupied by shifting and unsettled tribes of Franks and Saxons, incessantly at war with each other, and fighting and devastating all the land, so that any peaceful settlement was absolutely impossible. And thus, indeed, it remained until the next century, when the Irish missionaries began the work which the English Boniface and his companions finished.

At first Ebbo had intended to go on his journey alone, not choosing to risk the safety of any other man with his own; but the brethren of the monastery would not hear of this, and he eventually set forth accompanied by two brethren, Witmar and Ingram, armed with strong axes to hew their way through the forest, or to defend themselves against human foes; the spiritual, it was believed, would be effectually scared by a relic of St. Martin's tooth, which each wore in a little amulet-case suspended round his neck, to be returned to the chapel-shrine should they safely return.

However, the three ecclesiastics met with few adventures: they were less imaginative than Wulflaich, and Ebbo, at least, had been a huntsman and warrior in his youth, before that had occurred which had changed his life, and made him into a monk and a priest. What that was he never spoke of: but some whispered of a tender and gentle maiden whom he had loved, who had been borne away in some Saxon raid to be the slave and plaything of her heathen conquerors: how he had raised a band, and had come to rescue her, and had found that she had never reached her destination alive—having died on the journey from grief and terror. Though a long life had passed between that time and this, Ebbo's keen genial face still shewed the lines of pain on it when young, and perhaps his kindliness, tenderness, and sympathy—rather unusual qualities in the monks of those days, might be traced to the fact that he himself had loved and suffered.

He heard his companions' remarks upon the strange sights and sounds of the forest with a humourous smile, now and then gently dispelling some cherished illusion. For they too heard the frogs croak, and the water-fowl cry; and they too saw the mermaidens bathing in the river vanish at their approach (for it was a warm sunny October); but Ebbo told them that they were no mermaidens, but village girls, enjoying the water in this solitary place. And the real danger that had come so near to Wulflaich, the wild man of the woods, left them unmolested. So, after travelling day after day through the forest, at length they reached the spot where Wulflaich lived, or rather existed, upon his wooden pillar.

The first sight of the place was striking. A mass of perhaps a thousand people—men, women, and children, were standing at the foot of the wooden pillar, whence Wulflaich was addressing them. They heard his voice rise and fall on the wind, they saw the wild energy with which he gesticulated, and Ebbo said, 'Let us abide here, my brethren: let us not disturb our friend's work. We will watch here, and see what takes place.'

So they sat down, somewhat screened from Wulflaich's sight by a low thicket, while yet they could hear his words. Ebbo looked keenly at the thin expressive face, with its hectic pallor, and its intensity of earnestness, and marked how it seemed to dominate and influence the listening crowds beneath. Wulflaich had at least the gift of popular oratory, just such as was wanted for these wild heathen Franks who heard him: though, if reproduced in this our day, it would be more likely to raise a smile, so quaint and grotesque was it.

'Why then, O men of Frankenland!' he concluded, 'do you delay that which so long I have urged upon you! Why do you not get your instruments, and at once destroy the image of that accursed Hörsel, that she may destroy no new souls from among you? Away with her, pull her down, chop her into small pieces, into dust—cast her into yonder river, that she may never be seen again by mortal man. No more acceptable sacrifice can God behold. Destroy her—now!'

'Ropes!' shouted out one of the audience, catching the enthusiasm of the speaker; and there was a surging movement of the crowd, which resulted in a sudden rush towards the marble image which still faced them, serene in its lifeless beauty. Then ropes were thrown round her, and by the united strength of a hundred men, she was pulled from her pedestal, and fell upon the ground, shivering into a thousand pieces as she fell. There was a sudden stillness at the sound of the crash: then at once came a groan of horror and a yell of triumph. Wulflaich's task was not done by the simultaneous assent of his hearers.

Then the crowd separated slowly, talking of the wonderful deed of the afternoon: but Wulflaich did not seem to hear them. He knelt on his pillar in prayer; when suddenly he reeled, sank sideways, and barely saved himself from falling altogether. In an instant Ebbo was up the ladder, and by his side, raising him, for he had swooned away.

'Wulflaich, my son,' he said tenderly, pouring a little of the water which was in the iron cup upon the young monk's brow.

Wulflaich opened his eyes. 'Tempt me not,' he said feebly; 'I have withstood thee often. Wherefore now comest thou to me in this guise? Away, tempter, away!'

'Wulflaich,' said his friend, 'I am thy father, Ebbo the Abbot, I am no tempter.—Witmar, fetch that flask of Rhine wine which I bade them put into the wallet. Quick—here!' and he tried to force it down Wulflaich's throat; but he shut his mouth resolutely as soon as the first drop touched his palate.

'Wine!' he said, 'no, holy Father. I must subdue my flesh, I have sworn thereto. Wine is not for me;' and he seemed upon the point of sinking back into the swoon; but Ebbo said resolutely, 'Wulflaich, as thy Abbot and thy spiritual superior, I command thee to drink this wine.'

'For thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities, as said the holy Paul,' said Witmar, as he forced a few drops down the young hermit's throat.

'Who art thou that wouldest call me back into a world where my work is done?' said Wulflaich, in a hollow sepulchral tone, sinking back. 'The idol is destroyed, the joys of Heaven are in my grasp. Away, Brother! leave me to die.'

And he looked upwards with a rapt expression, as if he already beheld the golden gates opening. Ebbo watched him for a few moments in silence, with a wistful gravity in which admiration was blended with doubt. Good Abbot Ebbo, amidst his active laborious life, always regarded with humble veneration those whose religion possessed a more contemplative character; yet his native good sense forbade him to believe Wulflaich's words, that, because the idol was destroyed, therefore his work was done.

Then Ebbo began to try to persuade the hermit to come down from his pillar, and to seek the needful food and rest which his bodily state required. But Wulflaich was obstinate. Perhaps his solitary life, apart from wholesome human companionship, and with all his ideas bent upon one fixed end, had somewhat disturbed the balance of his brain; and all his answer to Ebbo's persuasions was the reiteration that the pillar was his allotted place, and that he would be committing a deadly sin were he to descend from it. Ebbo, therefore, considering that Wulflaich was in no state to be left alone upon the pillar, gave up his night's rest, and watched beside him while he slept. At first his sleep was disturbed and uneasy: but towards morning he grew quiet, and Ebbo had leisure to consider what steps would be best to take with regard to him.

He would have liked to look up to and admire his former pupil Wulflaich as a saint, for Ebbo's mind was of that noble order to which detraction is not a pleasure, but a pain. But yet he hardly knew: for though Wulflaich had, by his preaching, and by the sight of his austerities, persuaded a portion of his hearers to break their idol in pieces, Ebbo knew well that such a work was but the beginning, and by no means the end, as the young hermit seemed to consider it. How, he questioned, could Wulflaich, the self-condemned solitary, even see what were the needs of these people among whom he laboured? how could he judge of their tempers, their characters, their temptations, their sorrow, or their joy? Surely his work, though less striking, would be more effective if he were to leave his pillar and labour like other men in a similar and more commonplace way.

When the morning broke, and Wulflaich awoke refreshed by sleep and Ebbo's enforced stimulants, the latter took the opportunity of gently reasoning with him, and pointing out to him these arguments. But Wulflaich was not easily accessible to argument. A later age would have said that his long solitude and austerities had somewhat crazed his brain; but Ebbo's monks, who heard the dialogue, only sighed, and listened with reverent wonder to the wild rhapsodies with which he answered the Abbot's gentle good sense.

At first he seemed to think that Ebbo's counsel to him to come down from his pillar was equivalent to desiring him to renounce his mission; and he turned upon him and rebuked him sternly, calling him Asmodeus the evil spirit, who wished to undo the holy work of God.

'Wulflaich, my son,' said Ebbo, 'thou knowest not what thou sayest; I call God, whom I serve as well as thou, to witness that in this matter I desire only His glory and naught beside. Prove to me that thy work is better performed by starving thyself on a pillar than by mingling with thy fellow-men, and I have done.'

'Unbeliever!' shouted Wulflaich; (courtesy, generally speaking, was not a monastic virtue in those rough times;) 'who should convince thee if not yesterday's scene? Four months the accursed Hörsel has stood yonder, and glared at me and bewitched me almost into falling down and worshipping her marble likeness, until only through prayer and mortification of the flesh have I withstood her; to-day she lies broken in fragments, cast out to the moles and to the bats. Who, if not I, should now say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace"? For I am ready to depart, and my strength is failing me day by day. Should I then renounce my post for the short life that still remains to me?'

Witmar and Ingram looked at one another.

'The holy man is indeed ripe for the Heavenly City,' said Ingram.

'I marvel that Ebbo doth not fall upon his knees, this moment, to confess his sin,' whispered Witmar, 'after so sharp a rebuke.'

There was, indeed, a moment's silence; then Ebbo's voice again raised its grave mellow tones.

'My Brother,' he said, 'in the name of the Lord I say unto thee—If by leaving thy pillar, and mingling with thy brethren, thou canst do better work for Him, by that same token is the same thy duty, and thy Master needeth thee yet on earth. Doubtless thou hast done much on thy pillar, in leading these people thus with their own hands to break in pieces their idol; but canst thou, there abiding, teach them to order their lives by the Gospel, as much as if thou wert dwelling among them? For three weeks will I abide here, and judge by what I see: at the end of the time both I and thy brethren will deliver thee our judgement; and after that, if thy mind be so fixed, we will urge thee no more.'

Ebbo, who added to his ecclesiastical learning that which, in these days, was its indispensable auxiliary—a slight knowledge of medicine—soon satisfied himself that Wulflaich's state of health was in no respect dangerous, but that he was merely suffering from weakness brought on by long austerities, which sufficient rest and food for a short time would quite cure. He and his monks employed themselves in building a temporary hut wherein to sojourn, just on the edge of the beech-wood, and not far from Wulflaich's pillar; and then they set to work to explore the country, and to see how much effect Wulflaich's preaching had had.

The result greatly justified Ebbo's words. The sight and preaching of the hermit had made a deep impression upon the people around; but the impression, it seemed, was principally that he was a great magician, who could do without food or sleep, and that it would be dangerous to cross his will. However, from this very impression, it happened that Ebbo and his monks were received with great respect, and allowed many opportunities of declaring their message, which, in Ebbo's mouth, as may be imagined, took a kindlier and more practical shape than in Wulflaich's.

Every evening Ebbo returned to Wulflaich, and told him of his labours during the day; and though Wulflaich said nothing, a saddened look came over his face, and he answered less confidently than before, when Ebbo alluded to his pillar. His influence over the two monks, who had at first been so much struck by his wondrous sanctity, certainly declined under the influence of Ebbo's common sense. The hermit might have succeeded in clearing the ground for future work by his pillar-life; but a recital of one of Ebbo's days compared with his, shewed how much more could be done among men than apart from them.

At length on the last day of the three weeks, Ebbo came up hurriedly to Wulflaich. 'Brother,' he said, 'would'st thou prevent a deadly sin, leave thy scruples and descend from thy pillar. One half the village is at feud with the other, and all the fighting men are whetting their swords: this evening they are to fight it out.'

Wulflaich demurred for a moment.

'Come!' said Ebbo impatiently, 'it is ill for thee to ape the holy Simeon of Antioch, in this northern climate too, where thou wilt come by thy death ere another month is out, and to forget the Master Christ, who said, "Blessed are the peace-makers." Descend, my son.'

And, wrought upon by a stronger will than his own, Wulflaich descended the ladder, and walked away with Ebbo; Witmar and Ingram were about to follow, when suddenly the former stopped and called his companion to him.

'Brother Ingram,' he said, 'a thought has struck me. Would it not be a good deed were we to do that which should restore our holy Father Ebbo and ourselves to the city Coblentz, which hath so much need of us; and also sever the tie which binds the holy hermit to his pillar, as with an iron chain, while his presence is so much needed elsewhere, to fulfil that which Father Ebbo hath begun?'

'How so, my Brother?'

Witmar brandished the axe, with which he had come provided from Coblentz, and winked towards the wooden pillar: for, monk though he was, he had a vein of humour, as many of the other monks knew to their cost, from experience of his practical jokes.

Ingram, who had had enough of forest life, readily assented, and the two monks employed themselves for the next hour in cutting down the wooden structure, and removing the logs of which it was made, so that no trace of it should remain.

After which they followed in the direction in which Ebbo and Wulflaich had gone, until they came in sight of all the village folk assembled, and Wulflaich mounted on a bench preaching to them with his wild forcible eloquence, which won its way to their hearts sooner than the quieter and more measured speech of good Abbot Ebbo. It was a striking scene, though none of those who then beheld it had the power of looking at it in a sufficiently dispassionate way to consider it as such. The evening sunshine shed a golden light upon a hundred eager upturned faces—many savage, some brutal, but none merely animal or stolid. Among them were stately matrons, and comely maidens with long uncovered hair, and eager young boyish faces, all enthralled by the strange eloquence, magical in its effect, which fell from the lips of that wild and coarsely-clad shaven-crowned enthusiast. When he paused, as he did now and then, after asking them some searching questions, there was such perfect stillness in the crowd, that you might hear the rustle of the faded leaf as it fell from the autumn bough.

'Men of Frankenland!' he said, 'the Lord, whose servant I am, and whom ye owned but the other day in destroying the noisome idol in whom ye heretofore believed, says to you by my mouth, Fight not. I have told you before how He died for you, and how, as He loved you, ye should love one another. By the glory of the country whence He watches you'—and Wulflaich pointed to the western sky, arrayed in all the splendour of an October sunset—'brighter than the sun, richer than gold, keener than the sword of the warrior—which He will also give to you if ye obey him—I say to you, throw away your weapons. Thou, I say,' (he pointed to one among his hearers, and spoke in a deep terrible voice, so that the man quaked before him,) 'would'st thou suffer the pains of burning fire, make one thrust with that sword to-night. Would'st thou reign as a king in that golden Heaven-Kingdom, cast thy weapon away.' And the man, so addressed, obeying the imperious gesture, drew his sword from his belt and threw it on the ground. 'O happy man,' went on Wulflaich, 'who hath chosen the good part! Who will not follow so worthy an example, and share the reward which awaits him! Away, away with the armour of darkness, and put on the armour of light!'

Then there came a clash of steel, as others among the audience caught the infection, and threw their weapons down in a heap at Wulflaich's feet; and one old warrior threw his down angrily, with a cry, 'I yield Fireflash to Wulflaich's God, not for fear of Conrad the One-eyed!' Then came a tumult of confused cries and weeping: and Wulflaich's colour changed, as, the excitement over, his weakness began to make itself felt. He descended from his bench and sat down; and there seemed to be a reactionary movement among the crowd, when suddenly Ebbo mounted the bench, and said, in his clear voice,

'Men of Frankenland, Ulrich the Whitebeard is the oldest and wisest among you: is it not so? Let him take your swords and keep them until this matter is settled; and for the rest, choose you on each side three men who shall consult together and decide who is in the right, and who in the wrong; and how much restitution the injurers shall give to the injured. What say ye?'

'It is good,' was the answer; the wild lust of fighting had passed from them for the present under the influence of Wulflaich's words.

So, with the thrill of strong triumph in his veins, Ebbo saw the assembly disperse peaceably, having chosen their arbiters: and himself led Wulflaich back to his abode, though more than once the hermit was near swooning on the way. But, to the astonishment of both, when they reached the spot—though Ebbo's hut was perfectly safe, no pillar was to be seen! Wulflaich gave one piteous cry, 'For my sins hath it been removed! Who was I that I should seek to be like the holy Simeon?' and fell back in Ebbo's arms, fainting. When he recovered from his swoon, it was to fall on his knees in agonies of penitence; being under the delusion—so great had grown the confusion of small and great things in his mind—that his pillar had been removed from its place by angelic visitation.

But Ebbo, who had seen a tell-tale look of consciousness on the faces of Witmar and Ingram, was inclined to attribute the event to other agency than that of angels, and going outside the hut, he charged them with the deed. He was just beginning to blame them severely for their practical jokes, when suddenly the comical side of the matter struck him, and the good Abbot burst out laughing. Witmar and Ingram escaped with a reprimand, and Ebbo went into the hut to console the poor hermit, and to tell him that his pillar had been removed, by no miraculous intervention, but by the two monks.

But the last stroke had completely broken Wulflaich's proud and self-sufficient resistance to Ebbo's counsel; and for the next fortnight he was content to lie in the hut, and to be nursed, with almost womanly tenderness, by the kindly Abbot. From that sickness he arose a saner and a wiser man: gentler and more humble; shorn of his overweening pride and fanaticism, and content, henceforward, to accept the good things which God provided for him, knowing that his Father in Heaven knew that he had need of all these things.

He parted from Ebbo in a far different mood from that in which he had met him. He accompanied the Bishop several miles into the forest, to set him on his way, craving his advice, meanwhile, as to various matters in dealing with the people under his care. Ebbo's parting words, gravely said, were, 'Farewell, Wulflaich, my son. Thou hast the ear of this people, and I well believe their heart; take heed that God hath their souls.' And Wulflaich read in these words a gentle rebuke for the unconscious self-seeking which had almost led him on to blind fanaticism.

Ebbo and Wulflaich never met again. The one lived to a ripe old age in his Coblentz monastery, guiding the townspeople, administering law and order, and keeping up a small oasis of government and liberty among those wild races who knew little law but that of brute force. The other laboured to middle life among his adopted people, converting individuals if not nations, and keeping up in their minds a high and noble ideal of earnest and helpful Christian life, to bear good fruit in the course of a hundred years or so, in the national conversions under Boniface and his disciples. The wood, hay, and stubble, of their work—the ignorance, fanaticism, and misconception, which marred it—vanished in time, and were as though they had not been; but the pure gold, the fervour, love, and unselfishness, which actuated them—endures yet, though invisible to us, and overlaid by other more easily recognized material; for it was built into the ever-rising walls of the City of God.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XIV.

NORTH TIROL—WÖRGL TO VIENNA. I.

WÖRGL, THE 'POST,' TORRENTS, WATER-FALLS, WAY-SIDE SANCTUARY—GRATTENBERGL—ROMAN REMAINS—ITTERS, ALTAR-PIECE—THE CASTELLANS OF SCHLOSS ITTER, SCHLOSS HÖGAU AND FORT ENGELSBURG, LEGEND OF THE POOR MAN'S CRUST, ELSBOTHEN.

BRIXENTHAL—HOPFGARTEN—THE ACHE—HOF, THE ZEHENTENVIERE—BRIXEN, FRESCOES AND CARVINGS IN PARISH CHURCH—THE HÖHE SALVE, ITS ASCENT, EHRENTRAUD AND HER SON JOHN-BAPTIST, THE SALVENKIRCHLEIN, ANOTHER ROBBER-PENITENT, CONTEST BETWEEN THE GIANTS OF THE HÖHE SALVE AND THE MARBACHJOCH—WESTERNDORF—WRANGLE OF RACKING AND STEINHÄRING, VISION OF THE UNBELIEVING BRIXNER PEASANT—KIRCHBERG—'OUR DEAR LADY OF KIRCHANGER,' ITS ALTAR-PIECE—FLORA OF THE BRIXENTHAL, VILLAGE BOTANISTS—THE ANTLASRITT, ITS CONTEMNERS, PATRIOTIC ORIGIN, 'CAVALIERS À TROIS VISAGES'—THE MANHARTERS—THE MICHELSRITTERS—KITZBÜHL TO S. JOHANN.

START AGAIN FROM WÖRGL—THE SÖLLETHAL—STAMPFANGER—SCHEFFA, ECCE-HOMO-BILD OF BERNSTÄDT, THE STEINERNE STIEGE—ELMAU—THE KAISER-GEBIRG—THE KAISERSTRASSE.

S. JOHANN, ITS SITUATION, PARISH CHURCH, ANTONIUSKAPELLE, INVASION OF 1809, VALOUR OF ITS LANDESSCHÜTZEN; REPRISALS OF THE BAVARIANS; DEAN WIESHOFER'S SELF-SACRIFICE, ITS EFFECT ON GENERAL WREDE—WEITAU, SPITALKIRCHE, PAINTED GLASS.

> 'People who live in the neighbourhood of mountains and lakes, rocks and ruins, mighty trees and beautiful plants, learn to invest them with individual personality, which makes them consider their nearness, companionship, and attribute their phenomena to actual volition. Hence arise many local traditions.'—*Grimm.*

ONE day while still lingering at Innsbruck, the post brought a tempting reminder of a long-talked-of plan for visiting Hungary with some friends already at Vienna. This plan carried me back through a most interesting tract of Tirol, which I had missed exploring hitherto; taking the rail back to Wörgl, and doing the rest of the journey in the less commodious but far more interesting style, afforded by the carriages of the country.

The railway station at Wörgl, like that of Schwatz, shuns to invade the old town. We slept at the 'Post,' which displays the 'KK' (imperial-royal) Arms over the door, because Ferdinand II. slept there one night in 1622. There are two torrents which fall into the Inn here, one running through the midst of the town, and one a little way north of it; they add much to its picturesqueness, but often commit great havoc with an overflow. In the Lahnthal, about half way between Wörgl and Kundl, are three water-falls amid most picturesque scenery, to which a little way-side sanctuary lends a consecrating charm. There is another such chapel of more pretentious design a little way out of Wörgl on the so-called Grattenbergl, which occupies the site of the Roman fortress Maxiacum, when it stood on guard over several ways which meet there, and now serves to recall a thought of heaven to all who pass along them for their various destinations. Roman remains are constantly being discovered all round it. There are several stories about here of a flourishing Roman town in the neighbourhood, the entire population of which was swept away by the plague. When Christians afterwards came to colonize the neighbourhood, they avoided building on the same spot; the memory of its locality indeed is lost, but the people long retained a great devotion for the three *Pestschützsheiligen.*[*]

There is a pleasant excursion to be made hence into the Brixenthal, and if time presses, advantage may be taken of a *Stellwagen* which meets every train, and may be made use of as far as Kitzbühl for two florins; to walk it would require six hours. It is worth while to turn aside at Itters, the first village passed, to visit the altar-piece of the parish church, which represents the Flight into Egypt: though not of striking artistic merit, its treatment is peculiar; for a number of angels on the wing accompany the Holy Family, bearing their humble household goods, the Infant's swaddling-clothes, the Mother's distaff, S. Joseph's implements, through the air. Around it are the remains of three castles: on the neighbouring height Schloss Itter; opposite this Schloss Högau on the Pinersdorf; and further down the valley, Fort Engelsburg. In Schloss Högau once lived a pious but poor nobleman, whose only daughter had been placed under the invocation of S. Elizabeth. Though she lived with her father in a retirement devoted to holy works of charity, her charms were not altogether unobserved, but won the hearts of the only two youths of equal position who had the opportunity of seeing her, the scions of the noble residents of Itter and Engelsburg. Friedl v. Engelsburg was by character and pursuits well adapted to engage the affection of Elsbeth v.

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[*] Viz: S. Martha, who, the legends tell, consecrated her preference for the active life by nursing the plague-stricken; S. Sebastian, whose intercession once saved Rome, under a visitation of the plague; and S. Rocchus, who fell a victim to his devotion to sufferers from the same infliction.

Högau, so that though still poorer than herself, he was preferred to Rodolf v. Itter, whose wild and haughty nature made him shunned by all the country round, in spite of his broad lands and well-filled purse. *Der Bissen Brot eines ehrlichen armen Mannes macht sie glücklicher als Dein Reichthum*,* was her father's answer; and Rodolf v. Itter went down from the Pinersdorf vowing that a poor devil like Friedl v. Engelsburg should not leave him in the lurch without rueing the rivalship.

The bridal day came, and in the glad festivities Rudolf v. Itter and his threats were forgotten; but suddenly, at night-fall, when the excitement of the *Kranzltanz* was at its highest, with a band of ruffians hired from afar by his gold, he rushed in and dispersed the peaceful guests, and carried off the newly-wedded pair to the Schloss Itter, where he shut them up in a deep dungeon, giving them no food but dry bread, which was sent every day with a mocking message to inquire how they liked 'the poor man's crust.' In vain they begged for so much as a drop of water to relieve their thirst. In their dire suffering, the pious pair never ceased to cry to God and S. Elizabeth for help. Then, behold, as suddenly as Rodolf had with his black band broken in on the bright wedding feast, the gloomy wall of their prison cell was burst asunder, and S. Elizabeth appeared to their astonished gaze, surrounded by a troop of angels who struck off their chains, while a sparkling stream gushed from the cleft rock. News being brought to Rodolf of voices in his prisoners' cell, he ran in furious haste to inquire the cause, when the bright vision convicted him of his sin. He fell at the feet of his victims, obtained their forgiveness, and conducted them back barefoot and with uncovered head to Engelsburg, where they spent the rest of their lives in innocent happiness. Nor did they forget their deliverance. At the spot where the miraculous stream, now called the Kelchsanerbach, flows into the Brixenthaler Ache, they built a church to their patrons, which still goes by the name of *Elsbothen*, (*o* often taking the place of *e* in the dialect of the valley,) and continues to be an honoured pilgrimage. Schloss Itter is now almost a ruin, though rebuilt in 1532. It serves to house some old and homeless poor people.

After crossing the torrent, the road winds round the base of the Höhe Salve, and Hopfgarten is reached. The Ache, which flows through it, is very turbulent, and often does great damage to the village, sometimes inundating the surrounding fields. Hof, another village nearer Brixen, is subject to still more dangerous overflows of the torrent in its neighbourhood. A very curious custom once prevailed here, which, like the so-called *Schildhöfe* in Passeierthal, is interesting as an instance of the earliest beginnings in importance of a middle class. Four of the chief inhabitants were invested—the record of how and when is lost—with the right of collecting the tithes of the scattered parishioners around. This right gave other tokens of local influence, one of which was that every peasant had to come yearly to them, and holding his hat under his arm, crave of them permission to turn out their cattle into the pastures which were their own of right. They received the applicants sitting, and conveyed their assent by a hearty shake of the hands, and by offering them a bumper of wine. There is a story that one well-to-do peasant offered to buy himself off from going through this ceremony, by an offer of two hundred gulden, but the *Zehentenviere* decided that their powers did not include one to barter away their rights.

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* She will be happier on an upright poor man's crust, than on *your* riches.

Brixen* is one of the largest villages of the valley; the picture of the Assumption over the high altar is one of Joseph Schöpf's best works. The frescoes on the roof are also worthy attention. The centre one is also by Schöpf, and is intended to shew forth the joys of heaven; the other two are by Nesselthaler. The wood-carvings of the Confessional and the Pietà are good examples of Nissl's work. Hence the ascent of the Höhe Salve is usually made, though it can also be reached from Hopfgarten in three hours, by some as a pilgrimage, by some to enjoy the wonderful panoramic view its isolated summit affords. Though a height of 5,656 feet, the road is so good that with favourable weather little hardship is involved either on foot or on horseback, and above a thousand persons pass up it yearly, including many ladies. It would be beside my purpose to describe the way minutely, particularly as there are many traditions to tell of it, and it is no wonder if so grand and lovely scenery has inspired the imagination. The church which adorns its very summit is said to have the following touching origin:—There lived in one of the peasants' cottages of the Brixenthal, a fine young man whose strength and skill in wrestling won him universal fear. The sense of superiority made him reckless, and many a lawless deed went unpunished because no one had the courage to denounce him; the very authorities were awed by his fierce daring. There was indeed one whom love inspired with the boldness to warn him, his widowed mother, Ehrentraud, whose only son he was, and her affectionate admonitions long kept him in check. But his adventurous spirit pined under the restraint of home life; the temptation to assume the headship of a robber band whose chief had just been executed, reached him one day when his mother's influence was not by to check him. When she returned from following the herds in the evening, he had fled. For long she lost all trace of him, and though she prayed for him at every shrine in fear and trembling, she never suspected anything so bad as the truth, that the leader of the heartless band of plunderers, who were the terror of all poor herdsmen for miles around, was no other than he. And yet some hidden prompting, she knew not whence, moved her to seek this man out. Alone and undefended she set out on her dangerous mission, and days of search at last brought her at fall of evening to the summit of the Höhe Salve, a much more difficult task than at present; safe in their then unfrequented retreat, the robber band were carelessly bivouacking and counting their spoil. But the lonely woman might be a spy; she was no sooner seen than she was seized and brought before the chief. The widow at once recognized the guidance of Providence in the mysterious impulse, which had brought her thus to speak words of truth to her boy. True to his one good spring of action —filial affection—he ordered the ruffians to unhand her and leave her to him; but the courageous woman called them all together, then explained to them how she had been led into their midst, spoke to them of the evil of their lives, the wrongs done their countrymen; the offences offered to God, and the terrors of the judgement of heaven, to be best averted by submitting themselves to the tribunal of earth, and offering what remained of their lives in expiation for the sin of the past. Her words, winged by charity, found their way into the hearts of all, but touched none more deeply than that of her son, who, knowing her intense affection for him, felt how small was the sacrifice she called upon him to make by comparison with that she had herself made first in proposing it. When overcome by contending emotions, they laid them down upon the ground for their night's repose, they all dreamt one dream. They saw a dark prison, in which was one who, clothed in the robe of innocence, was bound there because he had devoted himself to preaching penance to others; then they saw the cell fill with soldiers, and as one advanced with drawn sword and fierce gesture to strike off the prisoner's head, they saw the smile of complacent peace with which the holy Baptist met his doom, and which seemed to say that the spirit of compunction robbed suffering of its pang. Silently they rose in the morning, and descended before the judge, offering an example of lowly penitence where their long career of licence had given grievous scandal hitherto. They were sentenced to death, and met their end, encouraging each other by the Baptist's holy example. The widowed and now childless mother gathered their heads and buried them on the summit of the Höhe Salve, and then went down to her lonely house and wept. Too desolate to resume her wonted toil, she asked herself in bitterness for whom should her labour henceforth be; who was to inherit the soil she tilled; on whom would the herds she tended devolve. In the visions of the night she received her answer. She saw the glory of heaven, and amid all the jubilant troops of the blessed, none brighter than that of the penitents marshalled behind the Holy Precursor, to whose patronage her son had been devoted in baptism, and among them her son and his companions. When she saw that token she rose with joy, and said the spot where they lay was holy ground, and was only worthy to be the site of a church; so she sold the house, and the land, and the herds, and with the price she built the *Salvenkirchlein*, which was dedicated in honour of S. John the Baptist. The church was destroyed by lightning in 1640, but rebuilt four years later.

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* Not to be confounded with Brixen or Bressanone in South Tirol; of which, later.

Out of the many traditions about the Höhe Salve, I will select another about a robber. There once lived in Bavaria a notorious outlaw, who after many years of a predatory existence, was at last captured and put in prison. If he was not so deep a penitent as the robber-chief of the

Höhe Salve, neither had he such great crimes to answer for; still his early lessons of religion recurred to him in his silent cell, and without being devoted enough to deem his misdeeds called for the sacrifice of his life, he made a vow that if on his trial he was let off, he would never return to his former way of life, but would make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Preacher of Penance on the Höhe Salve. The evidence against him not being conclusive, it happened that he was dismissed from the court of justice; but he forgot the promised pilgrimage to the end of his days. On the day he died, a toad was seen making its way up the Höhe Salve with great difficulty; people looked and wondered, and many a downward kick necessitated the repetition of the toil. Nevertheless, after a long period the toad actually did make its way up to the very summit; but the people would not on any account let him make his way into the church. By dint of great perseverance, however, he contrived at last to squeeze himself in one day when the door was not quite closed, he crept up to the altar, which he had no sooner reached than he appeared before all the people in the form of a comely youth all clothed in light, and told them he was the Bavarian robber, who having repented of his neglected vow in his last moments, had by the intercession of S. John Baptist been permitted thus to fulfil it. Then he fell asleep in peace, and was buried in the precincts of the chapel. The warden of this *Kirchlein* has a little house near the sanctuary, which serves as a place of refreshment for the pilgrims; he is provided with wood by a curious and interesting custom. He goes down to cut it into the woods skirting the mountain, and then lays the faggots beside the path. Pilgrims reckon it part of their penance to carry it up, each a longer or shorter stage according to their strength. In the little piazza in front of the church, a lightning-conductor has been erected, to guarantee it from accidents of a kind to which it had frequently fallen a victim.

A huge rough stone is pointed out in the wall of the *Salvenkirchlein*, of which it is told that two giants of former ages, the one inhabiting the Höhe Salve, and the other the Marbachjoch in the Wildschönau, and who were always disputing which was the stronger, at last decided on a final trial of strength, which was that each should throw a stone over towards the other from their respective heights, (a distance of about five miles as the crow flies,) and whichever hit the point of the mountain, to be acknowledged conqueror of the other. The stone thrown by the giant of the Höhe Salve is to be seen at some distance from the top of the Marbachjoch, but the giant of the Marbachjoch won the day by flinging his with such nice aim, that it alighted on the very tip of the Höhe Salve, where it was gladly made use of by the builders of the chapel.*

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* The popular observation which makes every high peak a weather-prophet for the dwellers in its neighbourhood, is here thus expressed in the local dialect:

'Hat d' Salven an Huat,
Bleibt's Wetta nit guat.'

(*An* standing for *ein*, *Huat* for *Hut*, *Wetta* for *Wetter*, *nit* for *nicht*, and *guat* for *gut*.)

At a little distance before reaching Brixen, on the other side the Ache, is Westerndorf, and at the meeting of the Schleicherbach and the Brixenbach is Lauterbach. Here, it is said, formerly stood, one on either side, two important hamlets, Racking and Steinhäring: of these it is told that their inhabitants could never agree to which the Schleicherbach belonged, one or the other would continually divert its waters for the irrigation of their land, and then the opposite neighbours would break out in fearful imprecations. No mediation could make them come to a compromise, no warning could make them leave off cursing each other. When they died their souls could find no rest; for the curses of their neighbours, which both had alike called down and bandied back, were upon them. At last the measure of their iniquities was filled up; one night when the heaven was clear and serene, the Rackingers and Steinhäringers were alike engaged in getting in their harvest; before they were aware, the sky became covered with black clouds, the rain poured down in floods, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed through the valley, nor could the village bells be moved to deprecate the fierce action of the elements; messengers were sent to crave the ringing of others, but neither the great bell of Kitzbühl or that named the *Brixner Stier*,* nor the *Salvenhündlein*,† nor the *Itterer Katzl*,‡ could be prevailed to move their clappers; the air was full of the spirits of the unrested villagers, and their punishment was to drive on the storm. Thus it raged unallayed for days; and when it ceased, Racking and Steinhäring were found buried under floods of mud and fragments of broken rocks. Not long ago it happened that a Brixner who refused to believe the story, had occasion to go from Brixen to Kirchberg by night: he went safely past Bockam and the *Jägerskapelle*; a little further on, he came to a place with houses on both sides of the road, and among these he wandered all night: when the Ave bells rang in the morning he found himself on the place where Racking and Steinhäring had stood, but where by daylight no houses at all were to be seen. I do not know whether it was this story of these restless spirits that made the people of the neighbouring village of Bockam afraid to be laid in their own churchyard, but for some reason their burying-place is at Brixen.

About a mile beyond Lautenbach is Kirchberg, the last village properly belonging to the Brixenthal, of which it is one of the greatest ornaments; the church, presbytery, and schools, form a pleasing group of buildings, crowning a little eminence, with the houses of the village nestled under its shade; and there is besides, on the Gaisberg, the chapel of 'our dear Lady of Kirchanger,' with a fountain and a statue of S. Anthony. The altar-piece of this chapel, representing S. Michael and the Devil, again displays an instance of original§ treatment; as in place of making the Evil One 'as black as he is (usually) painted,' his alluring wiles are symbolized by depicting him as a well-favoured youth, his horns and hoofs rendered ornamental by gilding. There are one or two more unimportant, though not uninteresting, groups of houses, and then rise the greater and lesser Rettenstein. The mountain *Senners* have made of a fantastic cave in their rocky slope a Lady-chapel, which receives many flower-laden pilgrims in the summer months. The flora of this valley, as also its mineral curiosities, are justly celebrated, but require an expert climber to explore; they have led many of its people to become diligent observers of nature, and many collections worthy of study are to be met with in the villages, particularly Brixen. The occasion on which the lover of local customs should visit it is on Corpus Christi, when a very singular procession, called the *Antlasritt,* takes place between Brixen and Kirchberg. The priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament on horseback, and the population of all the neighbouring villages also—that is, as many of them as can find mounts; the village authorities first in order, and the rest following according to their various degrees, all dressed in their old national costume, but some also in strange and uncouth dresses. I have met some superficial German tourists, who made game of the quaint pageant and its grotesque devices, and condemned the whole thing as unworthy and absurd. But I subsequently found the *Antlasritt* had a heart-stirring origin in local history, and they who gave rise to it bore nobler hearts than they who contemned it. On the direct way between Kirchberg and Kitzbühl, is a little group of not more than ten houses, called Klausen, daringly situated between the lines of three mountain torrents; a chapel, standing on the former parish boundary between the above-named communes, contains a very curious historical picture, setting forth an episode in the warlike annals of the year 1648. It will be remembered that at that time Tirol was surrounded with foreign foes; and it was just on Corpus Christi of the year named that an incursion of French and Swedish troops poured in from the Salzburg frontier, and attempted to overrun the Brixenthal. All the people of the valley were gathered in from their respective occupations, waiting to take part in the ordinary procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and to spend the rest of the holiday in their favourite target-practice; both men and arms were thus at hand. Not a moment was lost in repelling the foe, who, little expecting such a rough and ready greeting, retired in great disorder. The Tirolese readily recognized how their obedience to the ordinances of religion had stood them in. stead on this occasion, and every Corpus Christi bears witness to their gratitude. The men carry their rifles in memory of their victory; and if the costume is, as elsewhere, becoming modernized, they love on this day to wear it just as their fathers wore it. Thus worn, the knees are left bare; a circumstance which, together with their fondness for appearing on horseback, won for them from the French the nick-name of *Cavaliers à trois visages.* The rustic musicians lead the procession with the nearest approach to martial music they can attain, and it is the discomfited Swedes who are represented by the grotesque figures.

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* The ox of Brixen. † The little dog of the Salve. ‡ The cat of Itters.

§ Perhaps I ought rather to say, infrequent, as I have met with other instances elsewhere.

Before passing on to Kitzbühl out of the Brixenthal, I ought to say a word about the sect of the Manharters, as it is rare indeed that one can find anything to say about sects in Tirol. The Manharters, however, erred by excess of Catholic zeal, and were something like the '*petite église*' among the Legitimists of Brittany. In consequence of the partition agreed on between France and Bavaria in 1803, the Brixenthal fell to the share of the former, as part of the ancient province of the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg; on the 30th of May, 1809, all persons in authority, and particularly priests, were required to take an oath of fealty to the French Emperor. As Austria had already abdicated her rights to Tirol, and as there was nothing offensive to religion in the wording of the oath, all the priests took it, with one single exception, in the person of a curate of Wörgl, named Hagleitner. Nothing could induce him to make common cause with a people who had so lately made war on religion; he escaped from the neighbourhood, and succeeded in eluding pursuit. After the expulsion of the French, he returned to his native valley, and soon after was appointed curate in a church in Wörgl. Meantime, his determined and single-handed stand against the hated foreigners made him appear a hero in the sight of the people; the more his courage was talked about, the more he thought of his feat, and the more he was led to speak disparagingly of those who had acted differently from himself: gradually a party formed round him, which not only extolled him to the skies, but grew gradually opposed to the other priests of the valley; since Napoleon had laid violent hands on the Vicar of Christ, they argued, and laid himself open to the censures of the Church, those priests who subscribed an oath of allegiance to him were equally under the censures of the Church; from this premiss getting still deeper into false argument, they concluded that all the sacramental acts of these said priests were invalid, and that Hagleitner was the only one who ought to be listened to: there is no need to detail the confusion and excitement which followed. Hagleitner was removed, but this made little difference; his followers continued to meet for worship at a place called Manhart, whence they are usually called Manharters; they baptized their children themselves, and buried their dead in secret in remote places of pilgrimage. Early in the year of 1816, a sect called the *Michelsritters*, which had arisen in Karinthia, maintaining that the reign of Christ was at an end, and that of S. Michael at hand, found an entrance into the neighbouring Brixenthal. The unsettled spirits of the Manharter party eagerly fastened themselves on to these, but the evil brought its cure with it; their present extravagance was more easily suspected than their former exaggeration, and at last the wiser ones among them determined to send a deputation to Rome to have their case decided for them. Three of their number were accordingly sent thither in 1825, and were received with all gentleness by Leo XII. Duly instructed in the bearing of Catholic doctrine, and canon law upon the points at issue, they returned, bringing with them many memorials with which the Holy Father had gifted them, to their native valley. Their message was readily accepted by the majority of the party, and peace and order returned once more. One energetic woman there was, however, who could not be brought to see their arguments; she still maintained the former erroneous conclusions; a small number followed her determination, and these have perhaps not yet all died out.

At Kitzbühl, the soil, which has been rising all the way, but more rapidly since passing Kirchberg, attains an elevation of 2,100 feet. The road here takes a sharp bend northwards by way of Oberdorf to S. Johann, almost skirting the base of the Glemmer mountains, which divide the Jochbergthal in Tirol from the Pinzgau in the Principality of Salzburg. In the Jochberg rises the Great Ache, which flows in a northerly direction past S. Johann into the Chiemsee in Bavaria; and all the country through which it passes within the Tirolean frontier is called the *Gebieth** *der grossen Ache.*

It is time, however, to take up our direct course for Vienna through Salzburg. There is a diligence, which undertakes to perform the distance from Wörgl (somewhat under a hundred miles) in thirteen hours; but there is quite interest enough by the way to justify preferring a private carriage—that is, such an one as the place affords. The road follows the river Inn for a very little distance, then crosses the Brixenthaler Ache by the Grattenbrücke, and then takes a direct easterly direction past Itters to Söll, a picturesque and thriving village, whence the country we are traversing is called the Söllethal, or Sölland. From Söll there are two or three pilgrimages: the nearest and easiest is that to Stampfanger, on a detached hill of nearly square base, to the south of Söll; the secluded path thither is enlivened by a babbling brook, and rendered solemn by the nearness of the towering height of the Höhe Salve. Much more difficult is the one to Bernstätt, with its Ecce-Homo-Bild, reached from Scheffau, romantically situated on the Hintersteiner lake, which is so deep, that its *forellen*, said to be peculiarly excellent, can only be caught after a storm, or when the spawning season brings them near the banks; but the path can only be attempted by those who are quite *schwindelfrei.*† An almost more difficult path reaches it from Kufstein—whence it is at about equal distance—known by the name of the Stone Staircase, *die steinerne Stiege.*

The seven miles from Söll to Elmau, the next post-village, is the steepest part of the trajet; and all the way, on the north side, as also along the descent from Elmau to S. Johann, nine miles further, you have a look out—now across smiling fields, now over jagged peaks of lower hills, now over dark green woods—to the long stretch of the jagged Kaisergebirg, its highest spires nearly always covered with mist.

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* District.

† Free from nervousness.

I was trying to learn what imperial progress had given this bit of road the name of the Kaiserstrasse, when I found that it was from no mere imperial majesty that the title was derived, but from the natural majesty of this grand old mountain. The people look up to him with a feeling almost akin to filial reverence; they have a name for every one of his splintered peaks, and they reckon that the shelter he affords them enables them to keep their cattle a month longer on their pastures, and that the refraction of the sun's rays against his side ripens their crops a week earlier than their neighbours'. The name of Johann Schlechter, one of the heroes of 'the year Nine,' is a household name in Elmau.

Descending from Elmau by the side of the Rheinache, we reach S. Johann, where we once more find ourselves in the Gebieth der grossen Ache; and as we may never be so near it again, it is well to pursue its various ramifications. S. Johann itself is charmingly situated amid various gradations of heights, the giant Kaisergebirg towering over all, and broad green meadows spread before it. The church has an important appearance, and the Antoniuskapelle contains some frescoes by Schöpf.

On occasion of the conjoined French and Bavarian inroad of the 11th of May, 1809, (it was Ascension Day,) having found it impossible to effect an entry by way of Kufstein, they determined on forcing Pass Strub. The *Landesschützen* were no less determined here, but they had not the advantage of a fortress to protect them; strong, however, in the defence of their dear native mountains and their own bravery, two hundred and seventy-five of them, and half a company of Austrian soldiers, held it long against twelve thousand veterans under Marshal Lefevre and General Wrede, and it was only after five desperate assaults that they forced their way through. The obstinate resistance they met with at every step of the way determined them by the time they came to S. Johann to take the fiercest reprisals. Their greatest fury was vented against the Dean, Matthïas Wieshofer, to revenge the influence he had exerted in supporting the patriotism of the people: and the order went forth to hang him. Dean Wieshofer uttered not a word in his own defence; he received the last consolations of religion from one of his curates, and walked from the spot where he had been condemned back towards the lintel of his own door, where the sentence was to be carried out, with a firm step, and cheerily comforting the people, who filled the air with their lamentations. But as he started on his doleful way, a fearful sight met his eye; the troops had set fire to the town at various points. It was all so familiar to him, that he could have told the name of each house-father round whose devoted roof the white smoke was curling, the tastily carved verandahs, once the pride of their owners, now acting as conductors of the leaping flames. Dean Wieshofer, who had uttered no word in his own behoof, now suddenly turned aside, and flinging himself at the General's feet, pleaded aloud for his beloved parishioners. The General, as might be supposed, turned a deaf ear, and called to the soldiers to take him away. The soldiers seized him roughly, but they could not drag him away; he clung to the General's knees, and while yet in the attitude of supplication, sternly represented to him the sufferings of his people. At last charity prevailed over wrath, and General Wrede himself directed his own men in extinguishing the flames which he had anon ordered them to kindle. Further, with a soldier's honesty, he owned himself so much struck with the faithful pastor's devotion to his flock, that he rescinded the order for his execution, and restored him to liberty.

A little way outside S. Johann is Weitau, with a Spitalkirche dedicated in honour of S. Nicholas in 1262, by Baron Gebhard v. Velben; and his son Ulrich, who lies buried there, was its first chaplain. Behind the high-altar is a curious old glass painting; the subject is 'All Saints,' the favourite invocation of the Velben family; its date is 1483.

(*To be continued.*) R. H. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MANXLAND.

Of no place probably with more truth, and of few with so much, might it be said, that the life of the church was the life of the people, as of the Isle of Man in the olden time. The Church, as some are again beginning to think she ought to do, both influenced political institutions, and leavened all the social and domestic habits of the people. Most of all this has been swept away, but a few traces and relics still remain, even in this nineteenth century.

Ethnologically the Manx are interesting, as being perhaps the only known people, entirely Celtic in race and language, who possess Scandinavian civil and political institutions. The Manx Church, founded by St. Patrick about the middle of the fifth century, was not dissimilar from the well-known Irish or Cornish type: the little kingdom or state of Man was a reproduction in miniature of the Norwegian monarchy.

There are, I think, few problems more interesting, and to a certain extent more important, than to ascertain why it is that Anglicanism—I am using the word in its best sense—seems never yet to have been able to reach the innermost heart, or permanently to retain the affections of a Celtic race. Candid observers must, I am afraid, acknowledge that hitherto the Anglican system has been a failure in Ireland, in Wales, in Cornwall, and, I am grieved to add from personal knowledge, in the Isle of Man. This is the more striking, because the inhabitants of Brittany, who are of the same race as the Welsh, are allowed to be the most intensely Catholic people in Europe. And the devotion of the Irish Celts to their Church and priesthood is proverbial. That the alienation of the Celtic races from the English Church does not arise from any essential incompatibility between her mind and spirit, and their temperament, is shewn in this, that the English Church did actually secure the entire allegiance of the Manx during the sixty and more years Episcopacy of Bishop Wilson.

But now they, in common with the people of Wales and Cornwall, have fallen away into various forms of Methodistic Dissent. So then surely one of the greatest problems for this age to solve is, how to combine the calm 'soothing' features of the English Church, which to one class of mind and heart is her greatest charm, with such a spirit-stirring heartiness, and such expansiveness, and such latitude, if I may use the expression, in non-essential doctrine and ritual as will win and retain the love and the affection of minds and hearts which have been cast in a different mould.

There must have been something very warm in the affection with which that little isolated Manx nation embraced the Catholic Faith when first preached to them by St. Patrick some fourteen hundred years ago, when we think that they gave their own peculiar names to almost all the great Seasons, Fasts and Festivals, of the Church's Year, and even to some of the minor Saints Days. Many of these have come down to the present time, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that several may have been lost.

The infancy of a Church seems very like the infancy of a language in respect to its flexibility. As an infant language easily modulates the forms and idioms of words, so does an infant Church form almost at will, ritual, and ceremonies, Breviaries, and the varying and non-essential parts of Liturgies.

Dr. Neale in one of his celebrated Liturgical Essays gives a few specimens of the Manx names of Fasts and Festivals. I propose in the present paper to enlarge a little from personal knowledge upon one of these. The one which I will take is the name for Christmas Eve—Oie'l-yn-Voirrey, literally the 'Eve of Mary.' Moirrey is the Manx for Mary, and the letters M and V are constantly interchanged in construction.

It is sometimes remarked that at the present day Christmas has usurped the position of Easter; the former having become practically what the latter is still theoretically, the greatest Festival of the Christian Year. And there is an idea prevalent that the change has arisen since the Reformation, and is a kind of Protestant tradition. But I am inclined to think this theory very doubtful. I am disposed to believe that with most of the northern nations, Christmas, with its peculiar and touching associations, took, from the very first preaching of Christianity amongst them, a firmer hold of their imaginations and their hearts than any of the other seasons which commemorate the great facts of the Gospel History. It will not be forgotten what an important share the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve had in the conversion of Iceland, and of several parts of Norway. There may also be something in this, that the devotion of the Eastern Church has in a special manner been lavished upon the Cross and Passion and Resurrection of Christ, the devotion of the Western Church, most of all perhaps in mediæval times, upon His Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy. I suppose there is more in these events which appeals to the spirit of romance, which lies deep down in the breast of every Northman. Something too may be due to the time of year: for of course the iron-bound winters of ice and snow, and the storms and tempests of the Atlantic and the North Sea, were transferred to the vales of Judæa, where the 'shepherds were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.'

So I have no doubt that practically Christmas was always *the* Festival of the Manx Church; and that those customs which have survived to our own time, are relics and indications of the love and the honour in which it was held. So late as a generation ago, I believe there was not a single church in the Island in which there was not a service on the Oie'l-yn-Voirrey. This consisted of the usual Evensong of the English Book of Common Prayer, followed by a sermon. The sermon over, carol-singing began. Each person who intended to sing a carol or hymn, placed a thin lighted taper on the desk, a book-board before him, and went on singing as long as the taper lasted. Then another would light his taper and begin to sing; and so on. There is at least one church in the Island where this curious and ancient custom is retained to the present day. But it may easily be understood how very liable such a practice would be to degenerate into abuse, unless the singers were kept in order with a very tight hand by the parish priest. In fact, the reason why the Oie'l-yn-Voirrey was discontinued in one church was, because one man, instead of singing a hymn or a carol, sung the secular piece called 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.' And I myself recollect perfectly, when a young child, more than thirty years ago, being taken to the last of the old Oie'l-yn-Voirrey services in the town in which I lived. The large church was quite full, and I remember distinctly the scene of disorder, almost of riot, which prevailed in the gallery in which I was. Some were eating nuts and oranges, and some were drinking spirits which they had under the seats, and even smoking tobacco. The voice of the venerable old vicar could scarcely be heard from the buzz of conversation; and at last he was struck by a nut-shell which someone threw at him. After this Christmas Eve, he discontinued the service. The present vicar has again revived it; but it is now simply the ordinary Evensong, followed by a sermon—no carol-singing, and attended by a scanty congregation of perhaps a score.

The writer of this paper, having passed his childhood and early youth in the Isle of Man, has a very vivid recollection of many interesting customs and practices, relics of an earlier and far different age—customs and practices now extinct, and only surviving in the memories of those who witnessed them. No stranger at the present day, though living for years in Manxland, would probably have the slightest idea that such customs had ever existed, so completely have most of them at least passed away.

One of the writer's earliest recollections is of a Manx public Baptism—public, that is, so far, that it took place in the parish church, and that the child had sponsors, though it was after the Sunday Evensong was over. It must be more than three and thirty years ago, but he remembers as if it were yesterday, his friends saying after service, 'We have never seen a Baptism in P—— Church; let us stay to the Baptisms this afternoon.' There were always a number of children christened after Sunday Evening Service. And the way in which the Baptism was administered is this. The Vicar thrice dipped his hand into the water in the basin, and thrice, once at each of the Holy Names, sprinkled, not poured, water upon the face of the child, and carefully made the aspersions in such a manner as to form the sign of the Cross. And child as he was, the writer well remembers his relations saying as they walked home, 'Did you observe how the Vicar sprinkled all the children three times, and made the sign of the Cross in the sprinkling, as well as at the appointed place at the reception?' At any rate, there could be no doubt as to the validity of the Baptism administered by this dear good old Priest.

And it strikes one as being somewhat interesting just at present, when doubts are being cast by a very high authority upon the validity of Anglican Baptisms. There has doubtless been great and culpable carelessness in many instances—in some cases, to the writer's knowledge, far worse than carelessness, in our Communion; but carelessness and profanity have been the exception, not the rule, in the Anglican Church. And where is the Church which can wholly exclude an improper and invalid administration of the Sacraments? The Priest, whose method of giving Baptism has been described above, had been Vicar of P—— for forty years when he died, now thirty years ago. The population of the parish was between four and five thousand, and as no Baptism was ever performed by anyone except the parish priest, he must in his forty years incumbency have baptized some five or six thousand children, every one doubtless as carefully as those the writer witnessed. This Priest was the immediate successor in the Vicarage of P—— of the student who is mentioned in Bishop Wilson's Life, as being with him at Bishopscourt, and reading the Greek Testament, when the saintly Prelate suddenly exclaimed, 'Do you see them—do you see them?' 'See what, my Lord?' said the young student, looking out of the window, where he saw the Bishop gazing so earnestly. 'See the angels of God ascending and descending on those trees,' was the reply. No one would think that one thus trained for the Priesthood in the house and under the eye of Bishop Wilson would be other than a careful administerer of Baptism. And he, too, was Vicar of P—— for forty years. And we will readily vouch for the carefulness of the present Vicar, who has been there thirty years. It may not perhaps be very much, still there is some interest in tracing back the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, in at least one Anglican parish, and that, a parish containing five thousand souls, for the long period of one hundred and ten years, and that the last one hundred and ten years.

One more very pleasing reminiscence of this venerable parish priest shall be given. In addition to being Vicar of P——, he was also master of the Grammar School. Morning school was over at twelve o'clock; and it was his almost invariable practice to take a walk immediately afterwards upon the beautiful beach of P——, with the romantically situated but ruined Cathedral of St. Germain on one side of the bay, and some noble crags on the other.

Again the mists of many by-gone years seem to roll away, and the writer beholds his Vicar and beloved tutor, walking beside the crystal waves; for the sea around the shores of Mona is as clear as crystal in fine weather; and once again he hears the young children of the town saying to each other, 'See, there's the Parson,'—Parson is the invariable name given to a clergyman by the Manx—'let us run and get his blessing.' And on such occasions I have seen the little boys and girls run down to the sea-side and curtsey, and bob their heads, and then the Vicar would stop in his walk and solemnly lay his hand upon their heads and bless them. Few persons probably think that less than forty years ago, in at any rate one remote corner of the Anglican Church, the Priest's blessing was asked for and bestowed just as a matter of course, at least by and upon the little ones of the fold.

The Manx, in common apparently with several other portions of the Celtic races, have what, for want of a better term to express one's meaning, may be called a natural turn of mind for theology and theological questions. A rather curious example of this occurs to my mind. When quite a young boy, one of my friends amongst the poor was a middle-aged widow, who lived near, and kept a very small shop. For a wonder, she was a Churchwoman—that is to say, she did not belong to any other religious body except the Church; in other words, she was not 'joined among the Methodists,' as the phrase went. She was quite illiterate—at least, reading and writing were the extent of her acquirements. One day I was having a chat with her about fairies, and hearing from her some very wonderful tales about them. In those days no real poor native Manxman or Manxwoman could be found who did not believe in the existence of the fairies. I of course had been taught to look upon it as all nonsense: so when my friend had related her stories of what she herself and others whom she had known had seen and heard of the fairies, I began good-humouredly to laugh at her; and at last wound up by saying, 'Now, Mrs. C——, do you really mean to say that you believe in fairies?' Her answer was certainly very striking. 'No, Master T——, I do not believe *in* fairies; I believe *in* God: *but*

I believe that there are fairies. Master T—— scarcely knew why, but he well remembers that, child as he was, he felt very considerably shut up. In after years he has often marvelled how that illiterate woman, who long years ago has been in eternity, came by her perfectly accurate, not only thought about, but way of expressing, one of the first and greatest doctrines of the Catholic Faith. Whenever since he has read Bishop Pearson, the thought of his boyhood's Manx friend has come into his mind; and he has said to himself that even Bishop Pearson or St. Thomas Aquinas could not have expressed themselves with greater clearness.

Ought one to put away the thought which rises unbidden—'I thank Thee, O Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes'?

And perhaps not the least curious or noteworthy circumstance is, that one who could thus clearly think, and accurately express her thoughts, should be what most educated people would consider sunk in the depths of superstition. Somewhere about the time that this conversation took place, small-pox raged to a great extent in the town, and there were many deaths. The writer remembers perfectly her telling him that the mother of the small-pox was to be seen every night brooding over the town; and when he asked her what it or rather she was like, it was described in terms which gave him the idea of something huge and vast and white, as big at least as a house, hovering like a bird of prey over the parish. Most of the superstitions, of which she used constantly to speak, she undoubtedly believed firmly herself. Others again were clearly pious frauds, got up with the best of motives, and for practical purposes. For instance, she had an only child, a son, about fourteen years old, who had got into the habit of going out and spending the winter evenings with some not very desirable companions, at a place close to the sea called the Gable. One night, just after dark, I happened to be in the cottage, when John took up his cap, and was stealing out to go off as usual to the Gable. His mother called him back, saying, 'I only want to speak to you for a minute.' John came back half into the house, when his mother bent down her lips close to his face, and said solemnly, making her words all the more effective by dropping her voice to a half whisper, 'Hav'n't you heard, there's something *taking* every night down at the Gable—*something* without a head?' It should be explained that the Manx use the expression 'taking,' when we should say haunting. Instead of saying such a place is haunted, the Manx would say, there's something 'taking' in such a place. The effect of this evidently improvised invention was perfectly successful. John instantly came back into the house, hung up his cap upon the nail, and sat down by the fire thoughtful and silent. And never again did he spend his winter evenings at the Gable. The anxious mother surely deserved her success. For it must be remembered that she had a firm belief in the existence of ghosts generally. She believed that 'things without heads took' somewhere, either at the Gable or at some other place. Why then not at the Gable as well as anywhere else? So that the actual invention, or amount of fiction, on her part was reduced to a minimum. It will be observed, too, how artistically constructed was her little ghost story; and how the very Manx expression itself, 'taking,' gives far more than haunting does, an indefinable sense of mystery and horror and dread to intimations of supernatural appearances. Again, how far more effective it was to speak of 'something without a head taking,' than to say that there was a man or a woman to be seen without a head. The *something* was the word of dread. It was the Hebrew '*Davar*' of the ninety-first Psalm, which we translate, following the Masoretic punctuation, 'Pestilence;' but which the Vulgate, following in this place the old Italic version, gives so grandly, '*Negotium* perambulans in tenebris.'

Speaking above of fairies leads one to say that the belief about them, for one must not say *in* them, was universal amongst the Manx peasantry so late as fifteen or twenty years ago, and very possibly is even now.

Many were the farm-houses which the writer knew as a boy, where the pan of milk was scrupulously left in the kitchen at night for the good folks; and many the houses where the human inhabitants would go early to bed on wet and stormy nights to leave the coast clear for their fairy neighbours, who were believed to come trooping in on such occasions, to enjoy themselves by the turf fire.

The superstitions too about the fairies and unbaptized children were very curious, and were in full force so late as twelve or fifteen years ago. It was only over an unbaptized child that the fairies were supposed to have any power. But if an infant were left unbaptized, it might, unless carefully watched, be carried off to fairy-land, and a scion of the good folks substituted for it. To prevent such an untoward event, a light was always kept burning through the night in the chamber where the infant slept, reminding us of Scott's lines—

> 'Within it burns a wondrous light,
> To quell the spirits that love the night;
> That light shall burn unquenchably,
> Until the eternal doom shall be.'

With some a Bible placed under the infant's pillow was considered as efficacious as a light. Others again would use the Book of Common Prayer either in Manx or English. And with the great prevalence of Wesleyanism, the use of a copy of Wesley's Hymns was just beginning to creep in. But this was by no means considered a legitimate or orthodox protection by the generality of the people.

Superstition of a certain kind seems to be engrained in the Celtic races, and is not in any way dependent, as might at first be supposed, upon the particular form of religion which they profess. Protestantism no more uproots these superstitions than Catholicism does. The Manx of the present day are some of the firmest Protestants in the world; but as a class they could scarcely be more superstitious than they are.

Another instance shall be given. The writer well remembers, when a very young child, that there was a most destructive murrain amongst the cattle in the parish. It visited with peculiar severity the beasts belonging to a large farmer, who was also a very popular Methodist local preacher. But his dissent gave him no immunity from what we should now call superstition. In the south of England this farmer would have been almost a small squire, for he had about six hundred acres of his own freehold land. I suppose that he tried the different methods which would be in vogue for checking the cattle plague. But whatever he did, all was unavailing. The cattle continued to sicken and die, and he was threatened with the loss of his entire stock. In this extremity he solemnly sacrificed a heifer, not of course to any idol or demon or wicked spirit, but to Almighty God. This action, which certainly seems a very strange one, and must, one would think, be unprecedented in the nineteenth century, was quite a nine days wonder in P——, within a mile or two of which town the sacrifice took place. The propriety or impropriety of the act was eagerly debated by all classes of the inhabitants. Some defended it upon the ground, that as the heifer was offered in sacrifice to the true God, it could not be wrong; others condemned, because all such sacrifices had been abolished under the Christian Dispensation.

It is not worth while to enter into the discussion of so knotty a point. For, though what has been related did actually take place less than forty years ago, such a sacrifice, which to the best of the writer's recollection, was consumed by fire, as a whole burnt offering, is scarcely likely ever to occur again in any nook or corner of the British Isles. One thing only remains to be chronicled. After the sacrifice the plague was stayed.

I am jotting down my recollections of Manxland without much order, as they occur to me; but I hope they may not be entirely devoid of interest.

The customs at funerals used to be very curious, and I suppose that even now they are not very much changed.

When anyone died, it was usual on the day of the funeral, for the parish clerk to go to the house, and accompany the corpse to church, singing hymns and psalms the whole way. In some cases I have known the funeral procession set off from a house five and six miles distant from the parish churchyard. In such cases the clerk would precede the bier, singing a psalm; after that there would be silence for a space, then another hymn or psalm would be sung; and so there would be alternate singing and silence for the whole six miles until the church gates were reached. In the Isle of Man the parish clerks are, I believe, without exception, moderately skilled in ecclesiastical music, as the Canon requires. At funerals I have no doubt they represent the procession of priests, who, together with the clergy in minor Orders, in Catholic times sang Requiem, and De Profundis, and the Dies Iræ, and the other parts of the service for the dead, as they accompanied a funeral to church. As shewing the relative estimation in which the respective offices of parson and clerk are now held, so far as burying the dead is concerned, I may mention, that in the parish of P——, and probably in other parishes of the island, the clerk's fee for a funeral is just three times as much as the Vicar's. And considering the relative amount of work, this is not an unfair proportion. The only thing which is now sung upon these occasions is Brady and Tate's Version of the Psalms. This selection is not of course very poetical. Still I should think, there are few more imposing sights to be witnessed in the British Isles, than one of these funeral processions winding over some wild mountain road, or among the defiles of a romantic glen, or along a lonely sea-shore. All the neighbours and acquaintance of the deceased, often amounting to hundreds, accompany him to his last resting-place, and join in the solemn tunes of the funeral Psalms; for the Manx are all musical, and minor keyed tunes are chosen for such occasions, of course rendering the effect more striking. I believe the Manx have a rhythmical, or rather rhyming version of the Psalms in their own language, which is sometimes used in carrying old people to their burial, but I do not know what are its poetical merits. It is to be hoped they are superior to Brady and Tate. In calling to mind the vast crowds which I have seen accompanying Manx funerals, I always seem to have brought vividly before my mind's eye the scene described in the seventh chapter of St. Luke: 'And He went into a city called Nain; and many of His disciples went with Him, and much people. Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: *and much people of the city was with her.*' The Manx are, or at least used to be, very reverent at funerals; anyone meeting a funeral would remove his hat, and stand bare-headed until the procession had gone past. In this respect their customs were rather Continental than English. Indeed, although the Manx of the present day are, like their Welsh cousins, most ardent Protestants, they do not seem to have taken very kindly to the Reformation in the first instance. Practically, during Henry the Eighth's reign, there was probably no change at all in religion, except that the monastic establishments were suppressed. One of these, Rushen Abbey, is said to have been the last surrendered to Henry's Commissioners. In Edward the Sixth's short reign there seems to have been no change. In Mary's time the old worship would of course go on as before. Then came Elizabeth. And it is under her, and late in her reign, that one of the very few notices of the Reformation occurs in connection with the Island. It seems that the Manx would persist in visiting the graves of their relations, and that they knelt down beside them and prayed for the souls of their departed friends. For there is still extant amongst the records in the Manx Rolls Office, an order of the Lieutenant-governor of the Island at the time, that is about 1580, forbidding the people praying at the graves of their relations, and threatening them with punishment in case they should persist. This order seems to have had the desired effect, for we hear no more of the practice. One cannot help thinking that the Governor's Ordinance was an infringement of religious liberty, which in our day would be severely condemned by all parties, but which of course was in entire conformity with the spirit of the age in which it was issued. It certainly was unnecessary, for the custom would have gradually died out with the advance of the Reformation.

Indeed, the Protestant Reformation, with this exception, seems to have been brought about in the Isle of Man by the spontaneous, and probably gradual, adoption of it by the clergy and people themselves. There is a somewhat curious incidental proof of this to be found in the parish church of M——. There still remain there, but stowed away, I believe, in a lumber closet, the old Instruments of the Altar, as used in Catholic times. They are in an excellent state of preservation, and consist of a Crucifix and two candlesticks of bronze. They are not artistically beautiful, but not devoid of a rude kind of grace: and at any rate are interesting from by-gone associations. One can imagine that they were carefully removed three hundred years ago, by some lover of the old religion, who perhaps looked upon the advancing wave of the Reformation as a tide that he would see after a few years again recede. So he preserved the old symbols, for what to his mind were the better days coming, that he hoped and longed for, but which, in common with all things that are really past, were never to come again after the old form.

I do not suppose I have by any means exhausted all my recollections of Manxland in the generation past, or fast passing away, but I have probably said quite enough for the present.

THE EDINBURGH LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

When, in Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond,' old Lady Worral asks if the heroine's education will soon be finished, the answer is, 'Never while she lives.' Brave words, but sometimes difficult of fulfilment.

The girl of eighteen whose interest in her lessons has perhaps only lately been aroused, and who for the last year has been working harder, and with more pleasure, than ever before in her life, is often suddenly thrown on her own resources; her time her own, but all guidance and help in further study taken away. It requires exceptional energy, even exceptional talent, to carry on good work at that age without superintendence.

The Bishop of Orleans in his recent little book on women's education, says—'In order to give women the habit of work, they must be impressed as girls with the fact that their education is not finished at eighteen, and that their first ball-dress does not possess, any more than a bachelor's degree for young men, the power of giving the finishing touch to their attainments. At that age they scarcely know even the primary notions that would enable them to study by themselves. They no longer want any leading-strings in their education, and that is all. They are only ready to go on and enjoy the pleasure of working for themselves.' Happy are those who have some cultivated friend, best of all a father, with time and inclination to pilot them in their further studies. But these are the exceptional cases: as a rule it is otherwise; and from all sides we hear now the same complaint, that a lady's education is too desultory, and stops too soon. Efforts have been made in various places to supply this want; such as, lectures to ladies in several towns—the College at Hitchen—the Cambridge examinations, &c.; but nowhere, I believe, has a more systematic and successful attempt been made to meet it than in Edinburgh, by the Association I am about to describe. It was founded three or four years ago, by a few ladies interested in such matters, but now numbers many members, under the presidentship of the Duchess of Argyle; and it offers to women over seventeen, the essentials of a liberal education. Liberal, not professional training, which latter is also to be had in Edinburgh, but which I only mention to dismiss from all consideration, except to remark that it must always be exceptional. The Association only carries on further, and in a form fitted for grown-up girls in society, the ordinary education of a lady. It offers precise accurate teaching, giving such a grasp of subjects as may enable the student to work at them afterwards with a prospect of success; and it offers it under such protection that any young lady may avail herself of it alone. The committee arranges with several Professors of the Edinburgh University, to deliver their College lectures to separate Classes of ladies, in a room hired for the purpose. These, unlike popular lectures, consist of a full course of from thirty to forty lectures from each professor, and extend over the winter session. The Professor of English Literature began the experiment; the following year Mental Philosophy and Experimental Physics were added; last session a class of Mathematics was also started, and a class under the Professor of Botany now works in the Botanical Gardens. These were all working Classes; students were expected to take notes of the lectures—their progress was tested by three written examinations, and by the writing of Essays. These were judged by the same standards used in the University, and final Certificates were given which indicated the place of each student. These Certificates, signed by the professors, in which honours of the first or second class were assigned, or pass-work certified, have their real value in the educational world at home, or in foreign universities.

It will be seen that the three branches of the Arts Curriculum are represented; *viz.* literature proper, mathematical and physical science, and mental philosophy and logic. Students of all ages attended the lectures; many only one of the courses—and a certain proportion gave in no work. But as to the quality of the work given in, the different Professors report highly of it. Of the English Literature Class, Professor Masson says, 'I had a large and excellent class, conducted as nearly as possible as a university Class—the same standards were applied in judging of results—the averages came up fully to averages elsewhere—the best here were closely comparable to the best there.' The Professor of Natural Philosophy remarks, 'I never had a more attentive or intelligent class, nor one in which the progress was more marked.' And Professor Fraser reports that one-twelfth of his Mental Philosophy Class gained more than eighty per cent of the marks, that one or two of the best papers were, on the whole, superior to any of the corresponding university class—and that the answers given at the examinations, which were nearly the same, and equal in difficulty to those at the university, shewed powers not inferior to that of successful candidates for honours in mental philosophy at Graduation. And Professor Masson said, in a recent lecture, that while the extent of the higher education given to ladies in Edinburgh might be guaged by the fact that he had lectured to between five and six hundred students, its depth might be estimated by the fact that the Professor of Mathematics had brought his class in one session to quaternions.

There can be no doubt as to the appreciation of these lectures, in the minds of those who have seen with what regularity and delight they were attended last session. Not only the Literature Class, which seems more akin to former studies, but that of pure Mathematics; and also Natural Philosophy, in which Class the 'fairy tales of science' were expounded with great clearness and interest. Yielding to none in interest was the course of Mental Philosophy based on Sir W. Hamilton's works, but giving ample scope for individual ideas; needing no preparation but a lively intelligence, but giving accuracy and point to vague thinking, and that in a direction especially useful in this present time of encroaching materialism. Indeed, it seems to be proved that ladies enjoy such studies, which give most wholesome employment for that young activity which one regrets to see squandered on croquet-parties, and afternoon teas; and that such work has also a direct influence on the character, making it more developed, more womanly and capable. And, be it remarked, nothing can be more annihilating to the conceit of a clever shallow girl, than the contact with real scholarship. To quote again the Bishop of Orleans—such culture 'would reveal to women in their own minds, admirable resources for their happiness, virtue, and whole existence—either in society, where their influence can raise or lower everything, or in their families.'

Some ladies have already come from England and America to attend these classes, and more may wish to do so. Further information can be had on application to the Honorary Secretary,

MRS. CRUDELIUS,
CHAPEL-SIDE, TRINITY,
EDINBURGH,

who always takes the kindest interest in the Association, in great part founded by her own exertions.

In music also, the University extends its benefits to the town. It is pretty to see the hard-working students with their books under their arms, crowding into the music class-room, to hear the Professor of Music perform on the magnificent organ the finest classical music—Bach, Handel, Beethoven, &c.—after an exposition of its construction and history, which helps them towards the intellectual conception, so needed in music of the highest class, and especially by a Scottish audience. These recitals the ladies have opportunities of attending, and perhaps the hard brain-work makes that strand of etherial beauty twined in with it, the more exquisite and telling. For those who sing, there are good vocal societies to join; for those who draw, a good school of design; and a picture-gallery where they may copy with complete quiet and comfort.

May we add, that something of the old unconventionality and aroma still linger about the Edinburgh society, where people live much together, not so broken up into cliques as in larger places. Like all northern cities, it is warm and pleasant in the cold weather its houses were meant to resist: and beautiful generally;—never more so than when the neighbouring hills stand clear against frosty skies, and the bridges and piled buildings are bright against the blue winter mist, and the snow defines the quaint gables of the old town.

The Lectures to ladies begin about the middle of November, and continue, with a short Christmas recess, till the end of March.

Edinburgh, June, 1870.

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

No. XIV.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, DEPTFORD.

To many amongst us, we would hope that one of the first inquiries of a new year* has been, What special work has our Heavenly Father given to us to do, in which we can work for His glory, or strive to win souls to Him? If the question is at all times a heart-searching one, especially does it become so when the first few weeks of a new year are scarcely passed away, and the fervent hopes and earnest resolutions arising from our new year's prayers, have not had time to fade away in the dim and indistinct distance. To deepen the impression of every solemn season, to strengthen the upward thoughts which are felt at such a time, should be our aim, leading us to a greater devotion of heart and life, as one of the fruits which we hope may spring up afterwards, when the occasion which first called them forth has passed away.

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* January, 1870.

To those whose hearts are filled with this earnest longing to do something for Christ—who have made it one subject of their prayers for this new year, that for His sake they may work to His glory, they may labour in His Church, they may give of the means which God has given them—we would appeal now, earnestly asking their help for a Mission which, in the peculiar circumstances under which it is placed, most especially needs all the assistance which the kind liberality of warm-hearted Church people may dispose them to give.

We are pleading now in behalf of St. Luke's Mission, Deptford, an account of which was given in 'The Monthly Packet,' for November, 1868.

Since we last wrote of St. Luke's, Deptford, great changes have taken place, not in the Mission itself, which has continued to advance in usefulness, but in the condition of the people amongst whom its work is carried on. The once busy occupations which employed the inhabitants of Deptford and its adjacent districts have come to an end. The closing of the dock-yards has thrown thousands out of employment; and not only are the people who once worked in the dock-yards the sufferers by this change; the shop-keepers who depended upon the custom of these artizans find their trade at an end ; and the hands that worked for them are at a stand-still. It is thus that the great wave of East End poverty has extended from place to place, on the southern side of the Thames, just as the stagnation of the ship-building trade amongst the populations of Limehouse, Poplar, and Millwall, has had the same effects on the northern banks of the river. Yet, amidst all this poverty and sorrow, it is cheering to find that the people only cling the more closely to the Mission and its services. Still the little offerings of the people, which can only be given by the exercise of a loving self-denial, which we should do well to emulate, are freely bestowed at the Church services. And now, with a cheerless, workless winter before them, what is there to animate the hopes and to sustain the courage of the dispirited population ?

Happily for them, their missionary clergyman, the Rev. James Malcolmson,* is one to whom scenes of deepest poverty are no strange thing. The experience gained in the north of England, during the days of the cotton famine, has been a providential experience. We may here quote his own words : 'During the sad distress, consequent upon the war in the States of America, when the clothing of the operatives became worn and shabby, so that they could not, as they were wont to say, "appear decently at church," I have often (in the open air) preached to attentive audiences of three hundred people!

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* Kent Cottage, Amersham Road, New Cross. S. E.

'Very moving was the spectacle on such occasions, when, perhaps, standing at one time on a mill door step, or at another on some rough mound in a vacant space, as yet unbuilt upon, under the open canopy of heaven, and the grand old hills around, the people were all about me, a group of little children in the midst, forming the centre of the mass: very inspiriting the singing of the inspired Canticles, the *Magnificat*, or the *Nunc Dimittis*, or the Old Hundredth Psalm, or the beautiful hymns, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," or "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," &c.

'These were seasons calling forth mental and bodily energy—calling forth earnestness, fervour, faithfulness, and love—seasons never to be forgotten.

'Standing, on one occasion, on a chair in an open space, where five streets met, our service was protracted till the street lamps were lit, and the stars shone brilliantly from the sky over head, yet not one of the vast sea of human faces moved away. "The love of God in Christ Jesus" was the theme, and the audience felt its mighty spell, its wondrous attractive power.' (See an interesting paper on Open Air Services as a Missionary Agency, by the Rev. J. Malcolmson, in 'Church Progress,' No. V.)

Perhaps it was one of the reflex blessings which the Providence of God designed to bring out of those dark days of distress, that London, which with all other places contributed so liberally to the relief of Lancashire in its time of greatest need, should receive back from the north missionary clergymen, accustomed to deal with hundreds amidst scenes of deepest want, and to whom even East End poverty could wear no new phase, for they have experienced a greater depth before; and who know how to speak the words of Christian sympathy which bind all hearts together in the love of our common Lord and Master. At least we know that more than one East End Mission has reaped this benefit. And yet, even with this experience, who can estimate how great must be the trial of living entirely amongst a population under these depressing circumstances? To see homes that were once in the enjoyment of many comforts gradually deprived of every cherished possession, as one by one every article of furniture of any marketable value is parted with to sustain the long struggle with want and starvation, which unhappily is still at its commencement. And in the midst of all this, surrounded by so much sorrow, what would become of these people if they had not their own temporary church, and missionary clergyman, and the opportunity of offering up in united prayer that petition which must come so very near to the hearts of many at this time, 'That it may please Thee to comfort and help the weak-hearted'?

Few things can shew more plainly how much good these Missions effect, and how deep the root, which by the blessing of God they take in the hearts of the people, than seasons such as this. Let us be thankful if the trials of the present winter are thus made helpful in bringing the poor of the flock more within reach of the blessings which the loving Providence of their Heavenly Father has in these Missions brought near to them.

When we speak of St. Luke's Mission, Deptford, our thoughts involuntarily turn to its commencement. Twelve wood-cutter boys, gathered together in a small wood-shed on a Sunday morning, to listen to the teaching of the missionary clergyman, who had found them in the streets in the previous week playing at 'pitch and toss.' This was the first congregation—this the beginning of the Mission! Now it has developed into an intelligent and devout congregation, to be numbered by hundreds at every service; and possessing its own faithful band of Communicants; its Association of Church Helpers; its Sunday School, with its diligent voluntary teachers, all of whom are Communicants; its Cottage Bible Classes, in which, teaching diligently from house to house, the Missionary is able to reach the more scattered portion of the flock committed to his care.

Amongst other changes which have taken place at Deptford, Sayes Court has been re-purchased from the Government by W. J. Evelyn, Esq., the donor of the Site for St. Luke's Church, a descendant of the good John Evelyn, who formerly resided there.

It will perhaps be remembered, that in consequence of the Deanery of Greenwich, in which the Mission District of St. Luke's, Deptford, is situated, having been transferred to the Diocese of Rochester, a resolution was passed by the Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, to the effect that districts thus transferred should only receive a portion of the Grant originally intended towards the erection of the Church, (and this to be taken up within a given time,) and that the annual grants upon which the Missionary Clergymen have to depend should be reduced to one half from Midsummer, 1869, to Midsummer, 1870, when they would cease altogether, and their connection with the Bishop's Fund be at an end. At the time this resolution was passed, no organization had been formed in the Diocese of Rochester to meet the peculiar necessities of Districts thus transferred; and yet, notwithstanding the great depression in trade in the neighbourhood, the people in St. Luke's availed themselves of a short temporary absence on the part of their Missionary Clergyman to hold a meeting in the spring of 1869, and agreed voluntarily to tax themselves to the amount of £100 a year, to make up the amount of salary which would have thus been lost. So this portion of the Grant has been made up in the willing offerings of grateful love, proving in a touching manner how highly the people prize the services of the Missionary who has been placed amongst them, and how much they value the little temporary House of Prayer in which they are wont to meet.

As to the larger sum voted for the erection of the new Church, it is very gratifying to read, that on a very urgent application being made by Mr. Malcolmson last summer to the Committee of the Bishop's Fund, they rescinded their former resolution, and nobly voted the full Grant of £1200. So the connection with the Bishop's Fund, which had originated the Mission, has not been entirely severed; and additional encouragement was given to the Mission by one of the benevolent office-bearers of the Bishop of London's Fund, paying a visit to St. Luke's Temporary Church one Sunday evening, and promising a donation of £25 towards the permanent Church, which he saw to be urgently needed, and at the same time expressing the great pleasure it had given him to see so large and earnest a congregation, and to hear so much that was satisfactory of the progress of the Mission. Very encouraging, too, and very gratifying it is, to see how gladly, out of their small means, the people themselves contribute towards the Church which they so much need, and which they so long to see planted in their midst. One sends three shillings in stamps, and wishes that she were richer, so that she might have the privilege and pleasure of giving more. An old man sends two shillings and sixpence, with a prayer that, in the new Church, many precious souls may be won to Christ. A domestic servant, who has to aid a widowed mother, undertook to dispose of some bricks and stones, and in three weeks her sales resulted in sixteen shillings for the Fund. A tradesman, with a large family, undertakes to give the noble sum of £35, paid in quarterly instalments.

These are the brighter aspects of the Mission, the cheering spots which shed their own light around amidst much that is dark and clouded; but well we know how much more is needed before the Church can be erected! It is the help outside the Mission which is required; the loving gifts which testify the sympathy of Christian fellowship; the ready liberality of those whom God has blessed with the means as well as the will to help, and who will thus rejoice that they may help to carry the message of comfort and salvation where it is so much needed.

A design for a permanent Church has been prepared, to cost about £4,000;* of this sum about £1,000 is required for the chancel, the remainder being for the nave and aisles. Towards this amount, (including the grant from the Bishop's Fund,) about £1,800 has already been given or promised. It is therefore a matter of absolute necessity that £1,200 should be raised during this present year, 1870, in order that the grant may be claimed, and at least a portion of the Church consecrated to the service of God.

For the £1,000 required to build the chancel, the Mission must still *hope;* and perhaps some heart may be inclined to make this offering to the glory of God, and to complete this Church for St. Luke's Mission, Deptford. Or, at least, the erection of a part may eventually lead to the completion of the whole.

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* A copy of this design, and further particulars respecting the Mission, will be gladly furnished by the Rev. J. Malcolmson, to any who are interested in the subject.

We have thus briefly outlined the circumstances connected with this Mission, because, at the present moment, it stands urgently in need of help; and without that help it has little prospect of success as regards its outward and material work.

It is for this help that we are now pleading. Fain would we hope that some congregation, blessed with the provision for every service themselves, would take up the cause of St. Luke's, Deptford, and make it the object of their offerings, the subject of their prayers! Fain would we hope that many a kind-hearted and liberal spirit will rejoice of the abundance wherewith God has blessed them to send an offering for the building of this House of God!

In remembrance of the days of East End distress in London; of poverty, which has left us unharmed; of sickness, by which we have been untouched; in remembrance of the Mercy which has spared us, and the Love which has brought us in life and strength to the opening of a new year; in remembrance of the unnumbered blessings of the past, and the unlimited mercies of the present, let us give an offering to His Cause Who is now appealing to us in the poor of His Flock. Oh joy, if it might be given to us to help to plant the Church's Standard here—to secure to these thousands the faithful ministrations of one

'Whose joy is, to the wandering sheep,
To tell of the Great Shepherd's love!'

Humbly would we put this appeal before those who have so often proved how much they love to help to carry the Church's Work into the homes of the poor.

Are we asking an impossibility, in expressing a hope that the return of another St. Luke's Day may witness the completion of at least such a portion of this St. Luke's Church as shall enable the people to meet within it for public worship? It may be difficult, nay, humanly speaking it may seem impossible, to raise all that is required, to overcome all the difficulties which have to be met, to accomplish all the work which such an undertaking involves, in so short a space of time; and yet the work is to be done for HIS NAME'S SAKE with Whom nothing is impossible.

Shall our faltering faith hesitate when a plain duty is before us? If any self-denial can help to accomplish such a work, shall we hesitate to exercise this self-denial to the utmost? Only by a most liberal and immediate response can we hope that this Church, so diligently worked for by its own poor, can be erected. Shall this response be wanting?

Let us rejoice if, in the Providence of God, it may be given to some amongst us, as our great privilege in this year, 1870, to take up this Mission as our special work, to see that one more church is built to the glory of God; to give to the five thousand poor in St. Luke's, Deptford, the blessing of a completed and consecrated church.

Could we wish a greater privilege? Could we rejoice in a happier work?

[NOTE.—It will be seen that the above paper was written at the beginning of the present year; and therefore it is only right that our readers should know that St. Luke's Mission, Deptford, has received some further encouragement since these pages were first put into type.

A grant of £500 has been voted by the Bishop of Rochester's Fund; other sums, though of smaller amount, have been promised; so that there is every reason to feel assured that the work of building St. Luke's Church may go on uninterruptedly to the completion of at least a portion of the Church, if only a combined and earnest effort can be made by all who are interested in the Mission just at the present time.

At the moment when we are correcting this proof, we rejoice to learn that arrangements have been made for laying the Foundation Stone of St. Luke's Church, on the 19th of July; and our readers will be glad to learn that W. J. Evelyn, Esq., a descendant of the good John Evelyn, would lay the stone in due form, saying, 'In the faith of JESUS CHRIST we lay this Foundation Stone of a Church to bear the name of ST. LUKE, in the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST.'

The Lord Bishop of Rochester had kindly expressed his intention of being present, and giving an address on the occasion.

The simple Order of Service is now before us, and though space would not permit us to transcribe it here, we feel sure that many who could not be present and join in the chanted Psalms and Hymns, will at least unite their hearts in the prayer, 'Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handywork.'

For our own part, we cannot but indulge the hope that these pages may be read by some whose happiness it is to possess the power as well as the will to help forward these Church Missions; and who once more may be ready to give that kindly encouragement of which this Mission, more perhaps than any other we know, has stood sorely in need.]

IVANOVNA.

ST. ANDREW'S WATERSIDE MISSION.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW CHAPEL.

A FEW days ago the first step towards the accomplishment of the great work, for which the Committee of the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission have long hoped, was taken, in the laying of the foundation stone of a new Chapel, in connection with the present Mission-rooms. The necessity for this has for some time existed. The present building is inadequate, in size and many other respects, to perform the double duty of chapel, and mission-rooms, for classes, reading, &c. Nevertheless the Committee wisely decided not to pull down the existing building, but to build an additional Chapel, to form part of the same block, and thus leave the present Mission-rooms for the various useful purposes and ends to which they are adapted. The only consideration which had, up to a few weeks ago, deterred the Committee from proceeding with the work, was the lack of funds. That difficulty has since in part been removed by a lady—who desires that her name shall not be published—coming forward and most nobly offering £1,000 for the erection of a Memorial Chapel. The Committee then resolved to purchase a strip of land seventeen feet wide, to the west of the present building, and to obtain from the Thames Conservancy a grant of twenty feet on the river side. To quote the words of the Report, they 'have undertaken the purchase of the site, the construction of the sea wall, (a costly business,) the expense of putting the Mission House to rights, and the building of the foundation up to the level of the street. This will cost £1,500 at least, of which they have got £500. They purpose to take contracts for a bit at a time, and will go on as they get money—not incurring debt further than is absolutely necessary for the progress of the work. From the level of the street the cost of the Chapel will be borne by the benefactress.' G. Street Esq., the eminent architect, has furnished designs for a chapel capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons; and Mr. Blake, of Gravesend, is the contractor for the building.

These preliminaries being arranged, the Committee fixed upon Wednesday last, St. Peter's Day, for the laying of the first stone of the Chapel. And as the stone would have to be laid on the chalk rock, a few feet below the Mission House, it was necessary to select an hour when it would be low water, and 8.30 a.m. was accordingly the time named. The small available space, and other circumstances, also rendered it undesirable that there should be any grand parade and ceremony, and the service was consequently made as simple as possible.

At the hour named the little congregation assembled in the Chapel, and the Holy Communion was celebrated, the short service being, by reason of attendant circumstances, of a most impressive and deeply interesting character. The Rev. C. E. R. Robinson was the Celebrant, assisted by the Rev. W. Buxton, (Missionary Curate,) and the Rev. T. Bates; and the following Clergymen also took part in the service: Rev. John Scarth, Rev. A. Willis, (Brompton,) and Rev. C. Hind. All the congregation, in number between seventy and eighty, with one or two exceptions, partook of the Sacrament—the noble benefactress being, it was stated, one of the communicants. Immediately upon the close of this portion of the service, the Clergy and all present went out upon the wharf, where a temporary platform with apparatus had been erected for the purpose of lowering the stone into its resting-place. Everything being in readiness, Rear-Admiral Inglefield, C. B., the representative of the benefactress, descended from the wharf on to the chalk rock, the stone was lowered, and the Admiral, striking the four corners with the mallet, said, 'In the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I declare this stone to be duly and properly laid; the first stone of the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission.' The Rev. C. E. R. Robinson then offered the remaining prayers of the

Communion Service, and the earnest quiet ceremony was concluded. It may be added that on the decks of the peter boats, and of one or two steamers lying around the spot, the crews and a number of the waterside population had collected, and all watched the ceremony with the most respectful and reverent interest. We were subsequently informed that the Offertory amounted to £10 19s. 0½d.

POLYGLOTT PARSING.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTRUCTION.

PHILEMON, *verses* 18, 19.

Εἰ δέ τι ἠδίκησέ σέ ἢ ὀφείλει, τοῦτο ἐμοὶ ἐλλόγει· ἐγὼ Παῦλος ἔγραψα τῇ ἐμῇ χειρὶ, ἐγὼ ἀποτίσω. *

Si autem aliquid nocuit tibi aut debet, hoc mihi imputa. Ego Paulus scripsi meâ manu; ego reddam.

Che se ti ha fatto alcun torto, o ti dee *cosa alcuna*, scrivilo a mia ragione. Io Paolo ho scritto questo di man propria, Io lo pagherò.

Y si te ha causado algun detrimento, o te debe algo, apuntalo a mi cuenta. Yo Pablo lo he scrito de mi puno; yo lo pagarè.

Que s'il t'a fait quelque tort, ou s'il te doit quelque chose, mets-le sur mon compte. C'est moi, Paul, qui t'écris de ma propre main, je te le rendrai.

If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account. I Paul have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it.

So er aber dir etwas Schäden gethan hat, oder schuldig ist das rechne mir zu. Ich Paulus habe es geschrieben mit meiner hand, ich will es bezahlen.

Edith. This is longer and harder than we have had before!

George. I picked it out because there was an outcry for pronouns.

Mark. You have not got a third person after all.

Frances. And I do not think we any of us follow which word is which, as we did in the simpler sentences we had before.

Polly. I think we had better construe, and go into the general construction before beginning on the particular words. It will bring out the powers of the different languages. You will remember that it is the sentence in which St. Paul, after pleading for the pardon and restoration of the runaway slave, Onesimus, undertakes to make good any damage or hurt that Philemon, his master, may have suffered through him. Now George, expound to us your two first Greek words.

George. Ei de. They are represented by Mark's *si autem*—if but.

Edith. We should say but if.

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* Ei de ti ēdikēse se ē opheilei touto emoi ellogei: ego Paulos egrapsa te emē cheiri, ego apotiso.

George. *Ei* must always stand first, and *de* ought to be second in a sentence. It is not always exactly the same as our *but;* it rather marks that the coming sentence is in opposition, or may be an objection to the first. This one might be translated *if indeed*, as though any harm that Onesimus had done might be an objection to his being forgiven.

Mark. *Autem* has much the same force.

Polly. The modern languages do not seem any of them to have a perfect equivalent for the two words.

Florence. Italian says *che se*, and French *que si*, neither exactly representing this *but.*

Frances. And *que* does not often begin a sentence, unless it means *how*, and governs a subjunctive.

Polly. This *que*, I fancy, like the *che*, stands, as the Latin *quod* might do, for *because*, or *for*.—'For if he have done thee any hurt,' &c.

Elvira. Spanish has simply *Y si*—and if.

Edith. English skips over the *de* altogether, and only says *if.*

Gertrude. German represents *if* by that indeterminate word *so*, which seems ready to mean anything, and according to the rule of arrangement puts *aber*—but, in after the personal pronoun.

Polly. You must take the next three words now, George, to allow for the differences of arrangement of words.

George. *Ti ēdikēse se.* *Edikēse* is the third person singular of the præterite perfect tense of the verb *adikaō*, (αδικαω,)—to injure, to wrong, to do an injustice to; *ti* is the neuter accusative of *tis*—something; *se*, the accusative of *su*—thou. The words 'he hath wronged thee in anything,' or 'he hath injured something for thee,' express it; but there is no verb that governs two accusatives as *adikao* does.

Mark. No, nor in Latin. *Aliquid nocuit tibi.* *Nocuit*, third person singular perfect of *noceo*—to hurt; *aliquid*, neuter accusative of *aliquis*—anything, or something; *tibi*, dative of tu—thou: 'he has injured something for thee,' 'damaged anything of thine.'

Florence. The Italian does not follow that. Ah! here is the præterite in a compound tense: *ti ha fatto alcun torto.* *Ha fatto*—has done, auxiliary *avere; fatto*, participle of *fare*—to do; ti, dative case of *tu; alcun*, short for *alcuno*—any; *torto*—wrong: 'he has done any wrong to thee.'

Mark. Five words for three.

Elvira. I have four: *ha causado algun detrimento*—'has caused any detriment. I need not analyze it any more.'

Frances. Six words now, only I do run them together. French must have personal pronouns before its verbs, so I get '*il t'a fait quelque tort.*'

Edith. I am nice and short, though I have got a pronoun and a compound tense—'he have wronged thee.' I get the accusative, too, like the Greek.

George. Yes; but just as you left out the *ei*, so now you have left out the *ti.*

Edith. *He have wronged thee in anything* would render it, I suppose; but the meaning is perfectly represented without the two last, and they are a great deal more than little *ti*.

Gertrude. *Er dir etwas Schäden gethan hat.*—'He to thee any damage done hath. There you have it literally.' *Etwas* is properly 'something,' but it gets used like an adjective, and means any.

Polly. It seems to me that it represents the Latin *aliquid*, while *Schäden gethan hat* stands for *nocuit*. Now George, proceed.

George. *E*—or; *opheilei*, third person present of *opheilo*—to owe; *ti*, *tis*—anything. 'Or owes anything.'

Mark. *Aut debet*, *debet*, *debeo*—to owe. Or owes. The *aliquid* before *nocuit* serves for both verbs: 'if he has done any wrong, or owes anything to thee.'

Florence. I own that the Italian is clumsy here: *O ti dee cosa alcuna*. It puts *cosa alcuna* in italics, as an addition of its own.

Elvira. Spanish is shorter: *O te debe algo*. *Algo* can stand without a noun.

Frances. But French will always repeat the *si* at each clause, so here are seven words: '*ou s'il te doit quelque chose*.'

Edith. My dear terse English is not obliged to repeat either the *if* or the *he*. Only, as before, it must put the objective pronoun after the verb instead of before it: 'or oweth thee ought.'

Mark. Stay! To owe governs the dative. It is not an accusative pronoun, only the *to* is left out. You could not say *oweth ought thee*.

Edith. 'Or if he oweth to thee ought.' The English is short here, then, by missing out words.

Polly. Yes; it has more licence of elision than the others.

Gertrude. Here is quite a new turn. '*Oder schüldig ist*,'—or is in debt. That is not quite the word, and *guilty* is too strong. For the pronoun, it looks back to the first *dir*, and the *anything* is passed over.

Polly. Yes, it is curious. All the others use the active verb; the German takes the adjective form, 'is in debt to thee,' 'is guilty towards thee.'

George. *Touto emoi ellogei*. *Touto*, neuter of demonstrative pronoun *outos*; *emoi*, dative of *ego*; *ellogei*, imperative second person singular of *ellogeo*—to impute or reckon. 'Reckon that to me.'

Mark. *Hoc mihi imputa*, the very same—'impute that to me.'

Florence. Different again! *Scrivilo à mia ragione*—'write it (all in one word) to my credit.' *Ragione* is the word for reason or right. It is much less simple, and I do not think expresses the meaning so well. It gives the notion of a debtor and creditor account.

Polly. That is the accident of using the word *scrivere*—to write. But I think this Italian translation is very modern, and that in Tasso's time the Latin would have been less paraphrased.

Elvira. *Apuntalo a mi cuenta*. It is nearly the same, only *apuntar* expresses jot, or put, or set it down.

Frances. Mets-le sur mon compte—put it on my account. The only difference is that it is a decided preposition, instead of only a dative sign.

Edith. Put that on my account. Here the English has got the real demonstrative pronoun, which all of you have missed.

Gertrude. So have I. *Das rechne mir zu. Zu-rechnen* is separated, and the preposition sent to the end of the sentence in true German fashion. But I think the simple 'reckon that to me,' has the advantage over all the other moderns.

Polly. So do I; and I suspect both the Spaniard and Italian, though of course they consulted the original, must have been influenced by our version in their construction.

George. Ego Paulos egrapsa te emē cheiri. He uses the *ego*—I, to give it full force, as well as putting in his own name. *Egrapsa* is the first person singular of the first aorist of *grapho*—to write; *te*, the dative feminine of *hō*, the article; *emē*, of the possessive *emos*—my; *cheiri*, *cheir*—hand. 'I Paul have written it with this my hand.'

Mark. The Latin leaves out the *this*. *Ego Paulus scripsi meâ manu*, and only says, 'I Paul wrote it with my hand;' *scripsi*, perfect of *scribo*.

George. In fact, the use of pronouns is so much less common in Latin, that the *ego* and the *meâ* convey as much as the *ti*. Observe, too, that this case, which is really instrumental, is represented by me with the dative, by you with the ablative.

Polly. There Mark has the advantage; but having neither an aorist nor a compound tense, his *scripsi* is much less precise than any of the other languages.

Florence. Even the Italian, for here I have *Io Paolo ho scritto questo di man propria. Propria* marks my own, what is proper to me; and it leaves out the possessive pronoun. I think it is an idiom.

Elvira. Spanish does just the contrary, it takes the personal pronoun and omits the *propria*:—*Yo Pablo lo he scrito de mi puno.* Both, I see, use the genitive preposition.

Frances. So does French; but French is very particular. Instead of only saying *I*, it tells us it is 'I who,'—*C'est moi, Paul, qui t'écris de ma propre main.*

Florence. Putting in the pronoun *te* as none of the others do, instead of the *that* or *it* of the original.

Edith. Which the English has. *I Paul have written it with mine own hand.* I like that little word own.

Gertrude. I rather wonder the German did not use its *eigen*, instead of only saying, '*Ich Paulus habe es geschrieben mit meiner hand.*

Polly. As to the last words, there is not much to remark. *Ego apotiso, ego reddam*, are both simple futures.

George. But I observe that none of the moderns can do without putting in the accusative pronoun: *io lo paghero*, *yo lo pagare;* and the French again repeats the *te*,—*je te le rendrai.*

Frances. That is the great clearness and precision of the French grammar.

Mark. I call it making many words about nothing.

Gertrude. And here come English and German forced to make a compound tense of the future: *ich will es bezahlen.* English, as usual, standing alone in putting objective pronouns after the verb.

Polly. Observe that the power of compound tenses is useful in pointing a shade of meaning. *I will repay it* denotes a certain readiness that is missed in the mere inflection.

George. One thing is clear, that translation must be a wonderfully difficult thing. The point seems to be to balance the powers of the two languages, and keep the one you are using from either saying too much or too little for the original.

Polly. So that what is needed is a perfect appreciation of the forces of each.

George. As well as a kind of quickness and readiness to prevent the lengthening out and weakening which strikes me in both the French and Italian here.

Polly. Perhaps it is the more observable in a Biblical translation, because there it is important that there should be no guess-work or paraphrase, but that word for word, expression for expression, should be rendered. With ordinary books, where there is not weight in every word, it is better to translate sentences by equivalent sentences, following the genius of the language. A translation must be close rather to meaning than to actual word, and must bend to the requirements of grammar, and even of sound.

George. Something depends, too, on what you want it for; whether a legal document or bit of evidence, where exactness is the need, or whether you want to give a lively interest in facts and descriptions.

Polly. Exactly so; and in these it is almost always needful to accommodate the construction to the ear. It is a good rule to make sure of the meaning of a phrase, and then render it in the form most suant to the ear and native tongue. Otherwise a translation cannot fail to be stiff and hard of reading.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Received, with thanks, by The Sisters of the Poor, *a Parcel of Flannel-print and Books; and* £1 1*s.*, *from* E. R.

Does any reader of The Monthly Packet *know of any place in London where a person could be received for a few weeks after an operation in an hospital? It is necessary that he should continue as an* out-patient, *and it must be some time before he can be able to take any situation. Meanwhile, he has* no *means of support. He is a truly good man, of a class quite above the poor, though from loss of health he is in circumstances of the greatest need. He is promised an admission to the All Saints Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne as soon as he is ready to leave London. Besides the bare* necessaries *of life, much nourishment is essential in his case to enable him to go through the painful process of cure. Any further information will gladly be given by* S. D., 23, Meridian Place, Clifton, Bristol.

Thankfully accepted.—Spes.

Two more poems for very little children at their private prayers are here given. Another was sent us by Tedesca, *translated from the German; but we did not much like it, and so have omitted it.*

'God my Father, in Thy sight,
Keep me safe both day and night,
That I every day may be,
Dear Child Jesus, more like Thee;
Holy Ghost, teach me to love
The good God Who reigns above. Amen.'

TEDESCA.

'Saviour, teach me how to pray,
I humbly kneel to Thee;
And every night and every day
My Friend and Saviour be.

Whilst here I live, O live with me;
And when I'm called to die,
Take up my soul to dwell with Thee,
And sing Thy praise on high.'

The above are used by my little boy of four years old. Might they supply A. P.'s *want?*—M. N.

Wilfrid *would be very glad if the Author of* Musings over the Christian Year *could tell him to what incident or incidents in Elijah's life is reference made in the lines*—

'Angels no more
From Sinai soar,
On his celestial errands bound.'

(St. John Baptist's Day.)

—*This must surely allude to the Angel who bade Elijah arise and eat the cake baken on the coals.*

Isabella *and* E. E.—*Apply to the Editor of* The Victoria Magazine.

L. P.—*Your question is amply answered in our series of* Conseils de Lecture. *We may mention, however, that* Le Magazin de l'Education et de Recréation, *published by Hetzel, affords a continual succession of interesting reading.*

Declined with thanks.—Grace, or My First-born; *and* C. H.

T. N. *wishes to thank* E. S., B. *and* E., *and* A., *for their kind answers to her inquiries concerning Parish Libraries.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

After the completion of Ulysses' story, Dante and Virgil, without moving from their places, enter into conversation with another of the occupants of the eighth gulf, by name Guido de Montefeltro, who narrates his own history in considerable detail in the latter part of the Canto. The character ascribed by Dante to the new-comer, though not perhaps one of the most striking we have met with, is yet worthy of notice as being of an entirely different order from the rest. He is represented as a man penitent in his later years, and in consequence seriously counting on his salvation, and yet so weak as to yield to the temptations of Boniface VIII., simply because he was Pope, and had offered him absolution for the crime he was persuading him to commit. Even in hell Guido maintains a tone of half surprise, and speaks almost under a sense of injury, as if unfairly done out of his just expectations of heaven; though instead of blaspheming God's justice he confines his maledictions to the priest who had involved him in eternal ruin. It must be stated that there are other opinions of Guido's conduct; and later writers have asserted that Dante was prejudiced against him, and that he died in the same religious house which he had entered in 1297, truly and humbly penitent. It may be that Dante's hostility to Boniface VIII. led him to form an unnecessarily harsh opinion of Guido's acts; and we may certainly believe that he would not let pass the opportunity of displaying to the world in the person of his enemy such a combination of false doctrine, hypocrisy, and worldly ambition, as we here read of.

In the beginning of the Canto, Dante refers to the bronze bull manufactured for Phalaris, despot of Agrigentum in Sicily—an instrument of torture such, that when heated with fire, the cries of the victim imprisoned within it resembled the roaring of a real bull; the artist, Perillus, being the first to perish by it. It is noticeable that already in Dante's time the word *Latin* had come to be applied to the whole of Italy, at least south of the Po, and no longer confined to the limits of ancient Latium; so that we have it used in line 33 of Guido in direct contrast to the Greeks, Diomede and Ulysses, with whom in the last Canto Virgil had prevented Dante from conversing.

As to the account of contemporary politics given in lines 40–54, it may suffice to say that the family of Polenta (one member of which was the ill-fated Francesca da Rimini, mentioned in the fifth Canto) had been since 1265 lords of Ravenna and the neighbouring Cervia, their arms being an eagle half white on a field of blue, half red on a field of gold. Forli, whose inhabitants in 1282, under the leadership of this very Guido, repulsed with great slaughter the French army that besieged it, was in possession of the family of the Ordelaffi, whose coat-of-arms bore a green lion on a field of green and gold. Then Malatesta da Verruchio, and his son of the same name, (this latter the husband of Francesca da Rimini,) had murdered Montagna de' Parcisati, the leader of the Ghibelline party at Rimini, and were cruelly oppressing the people of that city, which was subject to them. The cities of Faenza and Imola, situated on the rivers of line 50, were in possession of Mainardo Pagani, called the *Demon* for his wickedness, a partisan who changed sides as suited his own interests. Last is mentioned Cesena; a city on the flank of the Appennines.

It has been mentioned that some writers dispute Dante's view of the part taken by Guido in the politics of the last few years. But it is matter of history that Boniface and the officials of the Roman Court—the new Pharisees of line 85—being at enmity with the family of Colonna, and wishing to seize their hereditary dominion of Palestrina, feigned a reconciliation with them, and succeeded in inducing them to deliver the city into his charge; whereupon he resumed open hostilities, and forced them to fly for refuge to Sicily and France, in 1298. In lines 89, 90, Dante means to say that Boniface's enemies were not even such renegade Christians as were to be found in the Saracen army that besieged and took Acre in 1291, or those who for the sake of profit supplied the infidels with arms and other necessaries for the war, but fellow Christians with himself and in his own land. The reference of lines 94, 95, is to an event which may now be put down as simply fictitious, but which Dante believed to have been the occasion of the notorious 'Donation of Constantine,' already alluded to in the thirteenth Canto. Boniface's predecessor, referred to in line 105, was Celestine V., who abdicated the Papal throne in 1294.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXVII.

UPRIGHT and still already, and encroaching
On speech no more, the flame from us departed
With the sweet Poet's license; when approaching
Behind it came another, and we darted
Our glance towards its crest, for the confusion
And strangeness of the noise that from it started.

As the Sicilian bull, whose dread illusion
  He first exampled who himself designed
  And graved it—of his art a just conclusion—
Roared with the clamour of the wretch enshrined,
  So that though all of copper it appeared
  Sentient and pierced with pain—even thus, confined
In the mid fire as soon as born, and barred
  From orifice or way of exit, driven
  To use fire's language were the words ill-starred.
But after they their upward course had striven
  Through the flame's point, imparting that vibration
  Which in their passage out the tongue had given,
We heard, 'O thou to whom my application
  I make, who spokest in Lombard accent, saying,
  "No more I press thee; thou mayst move thy station,"
Though I have come perhaps with some delaying,
  Let it not irk thee with me, of thy kindness,
  To stay and speak. Lo me it irks not staying,
And yet I burn. If to this world of blindness
  Thou late art fallen from that land most pleasant
  Of Latium, whence I count my guilt's condignness,
Say if Romagna's folk have peace at present
  Or war: for I come from the hills extending
  Betwixt Urbino and where Tiber crescent
Unlocks his source.' In fixed attention bending
  Downwards I stood, when touched my side the Master,
  'Speak thou, he is a Latian,' recommending.
I, with the answer at my lips, the faster
  Begun to speak at once my best endeavour,
  'O soul, fast hidden here in deep disaster,
Thy country hath not now, nor hath had ever,
  Peace in its tyrants' hearts: but war avowed
  Was none, when I my presence thence did sever.
Ravenna's state is as hath been allowed
  For years; Polenta's eagle there is reigning,
  And yet hath Cervia 'neath its pinions bowed.
The land such proof of valour long maintaining,
  That piled the French in conflict sanguinary,
  'Neath the green talons finds itself remaining.
Father and son, Verruchio's mastiffs wary,
  Who with such cruelty Montagna treated,
  Make of their teeth the gimlets customary.
The lion cub in his lair of argent seated
  Lamone and Santerno's cities guideth,
  And changeth sides ere winter be completed

From autumn. She, by whom the Savio glideth,
As she 'twixt plain and mountain hath her station,
So 'twixt free laws and servitude abideth.
Now give, I pray thee, of thyself narration;
Be not more hard than others; so thy forehead
May in the world rear high its reputation.'
When, as it had been wont, the flame had roared
Somewhile, the cusped point to motion waking
Hither and thither, thus its voice outpoured:
'If I believed that I was answer making
To one who should the world revisit ever,
This flame of mine should rest from further shaking.
But since that from this vault infernal never,
If I hear true, hath one alive returned,
Released from fear of infamy's endeavour
I speak. At first a man-of-arms, I turned
To wear the girdle, hoping so to mend me;
And sure my faith its due reward had earned,
Did not the high Priest—evil take him—send me
Back to the sins that I of old committed,
Wherefore and how, I pray you to attend me.
Ere I the form my mother gave me quitted
Of flesh and bones, my actions me betrayed
More of the fox's kind than lion-witted.
Of subtilty and hidden paths I swayed
Complete control; and proved therein so able,
That to the world's end was my fame displayed.
When that I saw mine age into that table
Of years had mounted wherein each is warned
To shorten sail and gather in the cable,
The things that once had pleased me then I scorned,
And turned me to repentance and confession,
And had rejoiced, (O misery to be mourned!)
But that the chieftain of the new profession
Of Pharisees, with foes near Lateran warring,
(Not Saracens, nor Jews; for his aggression
On Christians only bent its force unsparing;
Nor one had been round Acre's walls collected,
Nor in the Sultan's land for traffic faring;)
Neither in me the cord that once corrected
Its wearers' pride, nor his own high position,
Nor holy Order in himself respected.
As Constantine of Silvester petition
Made in Soracte for the leper's healing,
So he demanded of me as physician,

To cure his fever of ambitious dealing;
  Asked my advice; while silent I remained,
  Because with drunkenness his words seemed reeling.
Then he, "Be not with fear thy courage chained,
  I to this time absolve thee, if advised
  How Palestrina's ruin may be gained;
Heaven I can shut, 'tis not from thee disguised,
  And ope again: therefore the keys are double,
  Not dearly by my predecessor prized."
Then so did he his urgency redouble,
  That silence seemed the worse: and in ill hour,
  "Father, if thou wilt clear me of the trouble
Of this the guilt that now for me must lower;
  Abundant promise, scantily fulfilled,
  Will make thee triumph in thy seat of power."
Came then Saint Francis, when my breath was stilled,
  For me; but a black cherub to him crying,
  Said, "Take him not away; be not so willed
To wrong me. Downwards now must he be hieing
  To join my slaves, for his advice unstable,
  Since when behind his hair have I been flying.
He that repents not is not pardonable,
  Nor to repent and will (for contradiction
  In terms forbids) at once is any able."
Ah, wretched! how I shook me in affliction,
  When seizing me, "Thou little knewst," he cried,
  "I was so skilled in logic!" For conviction
He bore me down to Minos, who applied
  Tail unto back, eight coils together heaping;
  And bit himself in fury, and out-cried,
"A guilty soul the fire must have in keeping:"
  So here thou seest me, of my hope defeated,
  And doomed to walk in this sad garment weeping.'
And when his story he had thus completed,
  Away from us the flame departed, swaying
  And beating its sharp horn with pain deep-seated.
Then we, my guide and I, no more delaying,
  Passed o'er the rock, until the arch we reached
  That spans the foss where they the fine are paying
Erewhile of discord to their woe impeached.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

ST. MATTHEW.

St. Matthew's Day is especially rich in the beauty of the poems inspired by the calling of the Publican at the receipt of custom. To live in the world, but not of it, is the note specially attributed to the festival, scarcely more beautifully even here than in Anstice's verses—

'O Lord, in this world's troubled way,
  Thy children's course secure,
And lead them onwards day by day,
  Kindly, like Thee, and pure.

Be theirs to do Thy work of love,
  All erring souls to win,
Amid a sinful world to move,
  Yet give no smile to sin.'

Never was there a sweeter picture of the dreamy bliss of pure hearts in seclusion than in the first verse, invoking the 'hermits blest, and holy maids,'—

'To whom some viewless teacher brings
  The secret lore of rural things,
The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,
The whispers from above, that haunt the twilight vale.'

Then comes the contrast with the city, and that wonderfully beautiful assurance that—

'There are in this loud stunning tide
  Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
  Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
  Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

I am not sure that this is not the most perfect specimen of Mr. Keble's versification; but it is scarce reverent to interrupt the thought with this kind of technical observation.

The thought is the point, and carries us on to the encouragement for such as these, in knowing that when our Lord was scorned by the persons who were specially viewed as religious, and was heard by the 'meek Publican,' who at once gave up his store of gold, and in time poured the true riches of his Gospel forth for the Church for evermore. The like encouragement is found in the thought of St. Matthew's entertainment, and of the 'worldly hearts, and hearts impure,' who thronged round the Lord. These scenes do indeed give hope, even in gazing at 'Mammon's gloomiest cells,'

'As on some city's cheerless night
The tide of sunrise swells,
Till tower and dome, and bridge-way proud,
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is given,
"No mist that man may raise can hide the eye of Heaven."'

While there follows his own peculiarly individual application—

'Shame on us who about us Babel bear,
And live in Paradise as if God was not there.'

I have always believed the germ of 'Looking Westward' to be in the memoir of Crabbe the poet, whose son tells us that his first remembrance of his father was that he used to hear him and the other children say their evening prayers in his study, and to reward them when they were attentive by a parting look at the sunset through a prism. The book where I read this belonged to Hursley Vicarage; and on my observing on the resemblance, Mrs. Keble replied in a manner that led me to think that 'Looking Westward' was suggested by Crabbe's pretty custom, unfolding it, as it were, into the lesson that our eyes should be trained to admiration of heavenly, not earthly, brightness. For

'So hastes the Lord our hearts to fill
With calm Baptismal Grace,
Preventing all false gleams of ill
With His own glorious Face.'

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

THE Festival of the Angelic Host is celebrated by a grand and glorious commemoration of the 'services of Angels.' Invoking these blessed spirits, the hymn touches on all the occasions of their ministry to the Incarnate Son, and looks forward to the time—announced by the two Angels—when He shall come again with all His host. No words of ours can make this noble hymn clearer; and we pass on to the Lyra, the title of which, 'Carved Angels,' as well as the latter half of the poem, shews that it was suggested by the Angel figures with which Gothic architecture delights to decorate the interior of churches.

The commencement, however, is on the truth that the very slightest circumstance, if it be God's Will, often changes the course of a sinner, touches his heart, and thus saves his soul. Most especially has the innocent presence of a child been known to arrest or rebuke a crime, filling the guilty with an awe that may have come from the purity of the baptized child, watched over by his Guardian, 'one of the everlasting Thrones,' (*i. e.* of the order of Angels called Thrones,) and 'alway beholding the Face of the Father which is in Heaven.'

As in a drop of dew the sun himself is reflected, so these guardian Angels may behold in their infant charges, created anew in the Divine Image, the faint likeness of the Bethlehem Babe.

'And so this whole fallen world of ours,
To us all care and sin and spite,
Is even as Eden's stainless bowers
To the pure spirits out of sight,
To Angels from above,
And souls of infants, sealed by new-creating love.'

Just as the clear blue of Heaven is seen stainless in the sky above and the ocean, or pure deep water below, while all between is earth and earthy, so God is nearest 'to strongest seraphs there, to weakest infants here.' The spirits of both are white-robed; and both alike, angels and infants in the cradle, are unharmed by the sight of sin, and evil shrinks away alike from both. And carrying on the comparison: as Angels wait on saints, 'so on the old, the duteous-hearted boy.' Angels, too, keep up the eternal round of praise in Heaven; and in like manner, the little ones below are found in His Temple. For, indeed, it is a constant experience, that little children from among the poor, willingly, and without invitation, wander in, and take their dreamy scarcely conscious part in the Services of the Church. And with such analogies, it was a true instinct that led to the modelling the representations of angels upon infants, and likewise placed them where our prayers and praise may need the aid of Angels to be wafted on high. Thus, to remind us of the ministering spirits who keep watch around the Mercy-seat in Heaven, carved angels bend around the Altars here below; so that the sight of them may recall and rebuke the unruly eye. Or they hold forth the scrolls impressed with sacred lore—sometimes in a language older than our own, but which may be interpreted to us; and it is the mother language which most perfectly expresses the thought. This seems to me to be the meaning. I know Mr. Keble *did* love a Latin or Greek inscription. He caused those in the Otterbourne Church windows to be in Latin—'*Quam dilecta tabernacula.*' '*Expandi manus totâ die,*'—giving as a reason that it was the language more nearly of the Universal Church, and no doubt feeling the more perfect expression and allusiveness. When some objection was made that they would not be understood, he made answer that it was good for people to be led to look into a thing. And Latin, though not the original language of Scripture, is a contemporary language, and one of the very first spoken by our Mother, the Church. Again, these carved angels often bear shields with the Instruments of the Passion, the Blazonry of the Captain of our Salvation; and then may we remember that they are His standard-bearers, and that one day we shall have to look on Him Who was pierced! So the Angel forms in church may remind us to purify ourselves in that Holy Presence—nay, Angel eyes are ever round, shrinking at foul and idle whisperings—and by them we may believe hearts of innocence are made to shrink away, unseeing the sin that was about to touch them, and of which they had never even dreamt. Such an instinct is about the pure-minded. When we mark it, let us be rebuked for our sin, and seek to purify ourselves.

(*To be continued.*)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. IX.—THE PRISONERS OF HOPE.

'Turn you to the Stronghold, ye prisoners of Hope.'—*Zechariah*, ix. 12.

(*Tune*, Eventide.)

Ye faithful few of Israel's captive days,
Who homeward ever fixed your faithful gaze,
Though far from home, your life was hidden there,
Prisoners of Hope, but victors of despair.

Ye of old time who waited for the Lord,
And turned you to the Stronghold of His Word,
Prisoners of Hope, ye could not be forlorn,
In depth of night so certain of the morn.

Ye of the good report in every age,
Who in that refuge met the tempest's rage,
Prisoners of Hope, ye knew the strife would cease,
And in its wildest hour foretasted peace.

O turn ye thither, ye who lie so low,
With sin beset or desolate in woe;
Up, from the dust where ye so long have lain,
The Rock of Ages was not cleft in vain!

Prisoners of Hope, there shall ye rest awhile,
Watching in peace the starry promise smile,
Willing to keep your vigil till at last
Hope's gentle tyranny be overpast.

O Word of Christ, that cannot pass away,
The Church's Stronghold in her evil day,
Turn we to thee, whatever foe prevail,
On the wild hill, or in the solemn vale.

To thee we turn, until our souls shall hear
The King we serve, the Lord we love, draw near;
And we shall change, when His command is given,
Hope's happy prison-house for happier Heaven.
Amen.

AFTER A FESTIVAL AT OXFORD.

BY THE REV. CANON BRIGHT, D.D.

On that day of Faith profound and tender,
  When we almost *saw* the Fount of grace,
When our Whitsun feast's entrancing splendour
  Shone like beams from one all-radiant Face;

When in those young hands the Cross was lifted,
  When with hymns went forth our choral train,
Wherefore then, O heart, before thee drifted
  Shadowy bodings fraught with anxious pain?

O sweet time, when joy was one with duty!
  Other days will come, unlike to thee;
Then thy calm bright form of holiest beauty
  We shall sorely long for—shall not see.

Days of trouble, bringing strange temptations;
  Days to lay the heart and spirit bare;
'Mid the Church's deepening tribulations
  Chilling love, and bidding hope despair;

Days of trial, parting some from others;
  Then the thought came, piercing like a sword,
What if one of these, our friends and brothers,
  If but one should break with Thee, our Lord!

O true God, Almighty, Everliving!
  O true Brother, kindest, best of all!
Thou Whose Heart finds triumph in forgiving,
  Thou that answerest e'en before we call!

Thee we need, to hold Thy hands above us;
  Thee, to guard us through our journey's length;
All is well, if Thou, Who so canst love us,
  Wilt but make us go from strength to strength.

Now, when months of absence must divide us,
  Emblem of the years of earthly change,
O the joy, if whatsoe'er betide us,
  Nothing shall from Thee our hearts estrange!

So, whene'er we bend before the Altar,
Where for each and all Thy Presence pleads,
Fill, O Christ, with faith too strong to falter,
Each that for his brethren intercedes.

W. B.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CII.

CLARENCE AND GLOCESTER.

1471–1483.

The two brothers of Edward IV., George Duke of Clarence, and Richard Duke of Glocester, had from their infancy been in the strongest contrast to one another. There was a space of three years between their ages, George having been born in Ireland on the 21st of October, 1449, and Richard at Fotheringay on the 2nd of October, 1452; they were brought up together, and shared the same instructions and the same vicissitudes of fortune, and they had the same prospects, both having been in early childhood destined to wed the two young heiresses of Warwick, and to divide the vast estates of the Beauchamp and the Montagu which had centred on the Nevil.

They were, however, very different. George had the stately beauty of his elder brother the King, and withal something of his character, but with less of manhood, resolution, or ability; and thus where Edward was strong, resolute, and ferocious, George wavered, and became 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,' despicable as well as hateful; and the inbred ambition of the House of York was always leading him into misadventures, whence he only escaped by the betrayal of his associates. He was essentially a silly man, and was moreover a drunkard, while neither his elder nor younger brother erred from lack of ability.

Richard was cast in the slight delicate mould of his father, and this of itself would have made him appear to disadvantage beside the giants his brothers, without the deformity that had marked him from his birth, namely, unequal shoulders, and arms lean and withered, but not deficient in the dexterity that compensated for weight and strength. A face with the dark eyes and regular Plantagenet outline of his father's, was marked not only by the sallow pallid colouring caused by early ill health, but by an overhanging brow, full of power, and shewing that York's little ill-favoured crook-backed youngest son, the desight to court pageants, had a wonderful reserve of designs for evil or for good. And those who listened to his sweet voice and winning speech, and watched his play of countenance, were apt to rate even his personal graces very high; witness the old Countess of Desmond, who lived, a hundred years later, to aver that the Duke of Glocester was the handsomest of men. Scholars found him scholarly too, in spite of an education amid civil wars; knights found him proficient in martial exercises, in spite of his puny stature; and statesmen saw that, with all the King's marvellous readiness and cleverness, he had none of the indolence that obscured Edward's gifts.

No sooner had the Woodville influence begun to prevail at court, than the good understanding that had prevailed between the good-natured King and his two younger brothers was disturbed. At first, the two marriages were objected to, as likely to render the princes dangerous; and thus George was provoked into that stolen wedding, and the subsequent rebellion which was the ruin of Warwick.

Richard, younger, less in love, and shrewder, held by the fortunes of his elder brother, fled with him to Burgundy, and heard of his destined wife being bestowed on the Lancastrian Prince of Wales.

Whether Richard's dagger was one of those that pierced the brave youth's breast is not absolutely certain; as little is it clear that to his unflinching nature was committed the murder of the feeble saintly old prisoner in the Tower. The first murder is not improbable—the second is.

Anne Nevil had always been intended by Richard to be his own, but she fled from him with dismay; and Clarence, who had no mind to 'part the livelihood,' as he called it, assisted her in concealing herself, in the disguise of a kitchen-maid; but she was discovered by Richard's diligent search, and helpless and desolate as she was, was compelled to become his wife. Clarence strove to keep the whole of the possessions, but Parliament interfered, and settled half upon Richard, with the provision that he should retain them, even though she should find means to divorce him, by which it would appear that the unhappy lady was endeavouring to find some means of freeing herself from the tie; but she probably resigned herself to endure it when a son was born to her, in the year 1473, when she was as yet only seventeen, and Richard only nineteen.

Pontefract and Middleham Castles were their chief abodes at this time, while Richard stood aloof from the favourite-ridden court, and only joined his brothers on the expedition to France, when men were pleased by his disgust at the treaty of Pecquigny, although, for all his displeasure, he did not refuse his share of the French King's douceurs.

The whole of the sums spent in equipping Edward's army were so much loss; and in spite of the French pension, the King was in such a state of destitution, that he obtained an Act of Parliament which gave back to the crown all the lands that had been granted away from it. The lordship of Tutbury, which Clarence had been holding, was one of these; and in spite of the huge wealth he already possessed, he was bitterly incensed. He had never forgiven Richard for claiming Anne's share of Warwick's inheritance, and Edward was now the subject of his indignation. He withdrew himself sullenly from court, refused to eat or speak with the King, and took up his abode near Tewkesbury.

There, in the autumn of 1476, his wife Isabel Nevil, gave birth to her third child, Richard, and instead of recovering fell into a languishing state, and died two months later. Her husband took it into his head that she had been poisoned, and about three months after her death, he caused a lady named Ankaret Twynhyo, who had been in attendance upon her, to be apprehended at her own house by a band of his retainers, hurried to Warwick Castle, where she was accused of having given the Duchess 'a venomous drink of ale mixed with poison, of which she died ten weeks later;' a form of trial was gone through, and in three hours time the poor innocent lady was hanged, while murmurs went about among the Nevil retainers that the deed had been instigated by 'Dame Bessie Gray,' as it was the fashion of the malcontents to call the Queen, daughter to the witch Duchess Jaquetta. Poor feeble foolish Isabel! as if it would have been worth anyone's while to poison her—except perhaps her husband's; and he, with all his many crimes, seems to have really loved her.

But when the ensuing 'Vigil of the Kings' beheld the fearful overthrow of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Marie remained the heiress of his vast accumulation of states, Clarence, who was still only eight-and-twenty, bethought him of offering himself as her suitor, wrote earnestly to his sister Margaret, her step-mother, to use her interest in his behalf, and made the same entreaty to the King.

Edward, however, had no desire to see anyone so fickle and perfidious as George of Clarence raised to an almost royal eminence; and it is even said that the Woodville vanity was great enough to make the Queen attempt to secure the hand of this mighty princess for her own brother, Lord Rivers. Duchess Margaret, however, though fondly attached to her brothers, had wisdom enough to give disinterested counsel to her daughter; and Marie, hardly beset alike by her unruly Flemish and Dutch subjects, and by Louis of France, who claimed her French territories as a male fief, sent off a ring in haste to the suitor designated by her father, the high-spirited Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who came like a knight-errant to her rescue in her utmost need, and rendered her short life a golden age of prosperity and happiness as well to herself as to her Flemings.

Clarence laid all the blame of his disappointment on his brother, and there was exceeding bitterness on either hand, augmented, it would seem, by Edward's failing health. His sojourn in the French marshes had left him an ague, which he never shook off; and his perpetual excesses were only varied by attacks of illness which rendered even court pageants oppressive to him, and made him more willing to loiter in the bower he had given to the fair Jane Shore, a London goldsmith's runaway wife, than to share in the gay semi-chivalrous pageants by which Elizabeth and her brothers emulated the splendours of the Burgundy of old.

One of the most notable of these festivities took place when the five-year-old Richard Duke of York was wedded to the three-year-old Anne Mowbray, heiress of Norfolk, when all the splendour of the court was displayed in honour of the two little creatures, who were both in their graves before six years more had passed over their heads.

It is matter of doubt what was the real cause of the strange and fatal quarrels that prevailed in court. Some lay all to the machinations of the Duke of Glocester, whom Shakespeare has portrayed all along as the fiendish and subtle piece of deformity appointed by Providence to act as the Nemesis of his blood-thirsty house, poisoning the mind of Edward against George, and inflaming George against Edward and the Queen's relations.

But if this be true, his part must have been played with most masterly secresy, for strong as the tradition is, authentic history bears no trace of his intermeddling, and he apparently remained quietly at home at Middleham Castle, and let things take their course. As difficult is it to understand how far Antony Woodville, Lord Rivers, was guilty. For all that appears of his course, he was an honourable, graceful, chivalrous gentleman, highly accomplished, somewhat over-elated indeed by his sister's elevation, and disposed to forget that his maternal descent did not rank him as high as if it had come through his father. No really evil deed is laid to his door, and he does not appear even to have been one of the companions of the King's grosser pleasures, but rather to have been the chief ornament of his sister's butterfly court. Yet he and his nephew, John Grey, Marquess of Dorset, were the objects of the bitterest hatred, not merely to the people, who were sure to detest vain men of a new family, and to the insensate jealousy of George of Clarence; but to Lord Hastings, who was esteemed the wisest and truest of Edward's counsellors. And if Rivers were the secret mover in the strange events that became fatal to Clarence, he would deserve to share universal hatred with Glocester.

It is more likely that there was no formed design on either side; but that dislike and suspicion caused provocations and revenges, which in characters of such slumbering ferocity as distinguished the House of York, led to far more frightful results than any malice could have devised.

Clarence had accused the Queen of sorcery; the charge was made against one of his own servants, one Stacey, who was accused of having melted certain images of lead, intending by them to destroy the health of the Lord Beauchamp. The poor man was examined on the rack, and being demanded who were his accomplices, either named, or assented to those who suggested, Sir Thomas Burdett, a favourite attendant of the Duke. Now it happened that the King, when hunting in a park belonging to this gentleman, had killed a tame white buck, a great favourite; and in his unguarded passion, Burdett had exclaimed that he wished the poor stag's horns were in the belly of the man who slew it.

This foolish malediction was taken as proof presumptive, and Stacey and Burdett were tried together at Westminster for sorcery and high-treason, and for circulating seditious ballads—convicted, drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, and there put to death; Burdett loudly and fully proclaiming his innocence.

Clarence, hotly angered, came fiercely into the council-chamber at Westminster, and spoke violently of the horrible injustice that had been perpetrated, vehemently accused the Queen and her kindred, and called in Dr. Godard, a priest, to testify to the dying declarations of Burdett and Stacey.

The King was absent at Windsor when this outbreak took place; but on hearing of his brother's wild and furious language, he seems to have muttered his favourite threat, 'He shall repent it in every vein of his heart;' and hurried to London, where Clarence was immediately arraigned, on a strange medley of charges—*i. e.* of setting his attendants to collect the people, and feast them on venison, that they might be persuaded that Burdett had been wrongfully sentenced, of declaring his brother not to be his father's true son, and of trying to smuggle a strange child into his castle to pass for his own.

It was an old and monstrous bit of scandal that Duchess Cicely had had a lover among her husband's archers; indeed, it was one of the favourite witticisms of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold to call Edward IV. Blackburn, after this man; and Clarence, when in a rage, had no doubt repeated the term as mere abuse. Strange to say, Edward appeared as a witness before the council, and Clarence wrangled with him, and offered to clear himself by single combat; but this feature in the Œdipean-like tragedy of Plantagenet was not permitted; the sentence of high-treason was pronounced against George; and the Duke of Buckingham—the Stafford who had married Katharine Woodville—was appointed to see him executed.

This was on the 7th of February, 1478; but a few days after, there was a demand from the Speaker of the House of Commons why it had not been carried out.

The Commons had not long to wait. On the 17th Clarence was dead in the Bowyer tower, in the Tower of London. He had been at the chapel the day before, and offered his mass-penny, but in the morning he was found dead, with his head hanging over a butt of Malmsey wine, his favourite beverage. At least, such was the most reasonable account; others declared he had been secretly dealt with; and report averred that, being allowed the favour of choosing his mode of death, he had requested to be drowned in the liquor that he loved.

He left two young orphans, Edward Earl of Warwick, born on the stormy passage to Calais, and Margaret. His third and youngest child escaped the inevitable doom of the White Rose by dying in infancy. Great part of his lands were given to Rivers, who thus drew on himself much of the odium of the destruction of the Prince. The need of vying with princes and old nobility had certainly made Rivers rapacious, though he was never niggardly.

It would seem likely that Edward had only intended to bring his brother to submission, and would never have permitted him to be executed; but that Clarence's own intemperate habits did the work. The indictment against poor Ankaret Twynhyo was reversed, and her family restored in blood; and poor Clarence's wretched career seemed forgotten, save that one day, when one brother presented a petition for the pardon of another, the King shed tears, and exclaimed, 'Alas, my poor brother, none pleaded to me for him!'

Was this a reproof to Richard of Glocester? Men thought so.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIRTEEN.

'They closed around the fire,
And all in turn essayed to paint
The rival merits of their saint;
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid, for be it known
That their saint's honour is their own.'
Scott.

THE thirteen Underwoods did not meet again in the same house for many a long day; and when they did, it was on a grey misty morning in the Christmas week of the year following; and the blinds were down, and the notes of the knell clashing out overhead, as the door was opened to Edgar, Alda, and Clement, as they arrived together, having been summoned late on the previous night by a telegram with tidings that their mother had been struck by paralysis. They knew what to expect when Felix, with one of the little ones on his arm, came quietly down the stairs and admitted them. All they had to ask, was 'when,' and 'how;' and to hear, that the long living death had ended in peaceful insensibility at last. Then they followed him up-stairs to the room where the others sat, hushed, over their pen or their books, where Wilmet, her eyes gushing with quiet tears, held Alda in her embrace, and Geraldine, after her first eager kiss, gazed wistfully at Edgar as though there must be comfort in the very sight of him, if she could only feel it; while the very little ones opened their puzzled eyes on the new-comers as strangers.

And so they were: Clement had indeed been at home in September, but Alda not for a year and three quarters, nor Edgar since he first left it three years before. The absence of the two latter was not by their own choice; a doctor who had ordered Mrs. Thomas Underwood to spend the summer months year after year at Spa was partly the cause; and moreover, during the autumn and winter of 1856 Bexley had been a perfect field of epidemics. Measles and whooping-cough had run riot in the schools, and lingered in the streets and alleys of the potteries, fastening on many who thought themselves secured by former attacks; and there had been a good many deaths, in especial Clement's chief friend, Harry Lamb. Nobody, excepting the invalid mother, throughout the Underwood household, had escaped one or other disorder; and both fell to the lot of the four little ones, and likewise of Mr. Audley, who was infinitely disgusted at himself, and at the guarded childhood for which he thus paid the penalty pretty severely. When matters were at the worst, and Felix was laid up, and Wilmet found herself succumbing, she had written in desperation to Sister Constance, whose presence in the house had made the next three weeks a time of very pleasant recollections. Finally she had carried off Geraldine, Angela, and Bernard, to the convalescent rooms at St. Faith's, where their happiness had been such that the favourite sport of the little ones had ever since been the acting of Sisters of Mercy nursing sick dolls. The quarantine had been indefinitely prolonged for the protégés of Kensington Palace Gardens; for the three at school, though kept away till all infection was thought to be over, had perversely caught the maladies as soon as they came home for the summer holidays; and indeed, the whole town and neighbouring villages were so full of contagion, that Mrs. Thomas Underwood had not far to seek for a plea for avoiding Centry.

All this time, from day to day, the poor mother had been growing more feeble, and it had been fully purposed that on Edgar's return at Christmas, on the completion of his studies at Louvaine, he and Alda should make some stay at home; but the brother and sister were both so useful and ornamental that their adopted home could not spare them until after a series of Christmas entertainments; and Clement had been in like manner detained until the festival services at St. Matthew's no longer required him. Indeed, when he had been at home in the autumn, he had been scarcely recognized.

For the last week, however, Mrs. Underwood had been much clearer in mind, had enjoyed the presence of her holiday children, and had for a short time even given hopes that her constitution might yet rally, and her dormant faculties revive. She had even talked to Mr. Audley and Geraldine at different times as though she had some such presentiment herself, and had made some exertions which proved much increased activity of brain. Alas! though their coming had thus been rendered very happy, the brightening had been but the symptom and precursor of a sudden attack of paralysis, whence there was no symptom of recovery, and which in a few hours ended in death.

For the present, the hopes that had been entertained gave poignancy to the sudden disappointment and grief, and the home children could not acquiesce in the dispensation with the same quiet reasonableness as those who had been so long separated from them as not to miss the gentle countenance, or the 'sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone.' Indeed, Wilmet was physically much exhausted by her long hours of anxiety, and went about pale-cheeked and tear-stained, quietly attending to all that was needful, but with the tears continually dropping; while Geraldine was fit for nothing but to lie still, unable to think, but feeling soothed as long as she could lay her hand upon Edgar and feel that he was near.

So the whole thirteen were together again; and in the hush of the orphaned house there was a certain wonder and curiosity in their mutual examination and comparison with one another and with the beings with whom they had parted three years ago, at the period of their first separation. All were at a time of life when such an interval could not fail to make a vast alteration in externals. Even Geraldine had gained in strength, and though still white, and with features too large for her face, startlingly searching grey eyes, and brows that looked strangely thick, dark, and straight, in contrast with the pencilled arches belonging to all the rest, she was less weird and elfin-like than when she had been three inches shorter, and dressed more childishly. As Edgar said, she was less Riquet with a tuft than the good fairy godmother, and her twin sisters might have been her princess-wards, so far did they tower above her—straight as fir trees, oval faced, regular featured, fair skinned, blue eyed, and bright haired. During those long dreary hours, Edgar often beguiled the time with sketches of them, and the outlines—whether of chiselled profiles, shapely heads, or Cupid's-bow lips—were still almost exactly similar; yet it had become impossible to mistake one twin for the other, even when Alda had dressed the tresses on Wilmet's passive head in perfect conformity with her own. Looking at their figures, Alda's air of fashion made her appear the eldest, and Wilmet might have been a girl in the school-room; but comparing their faces, Wilmet's placid recollected countenance, and the soberness that sat so well on her white smooth forehead and steady blue eyes, might have befitted many more years than eighteen. There were not nearly so many lights and shades in her looks as in those of Alda and Geraldine. The one had both more smiles and more frowns, the other more gleams of joy and of pain; each was more animated and sensitive, but neither gave the same sense of confidence and repose.

As usually happens when the parents are of the same family, the inventory of the features of one of the progeny served for almost all the rest. The differences were only in degree, and the prime specimens were without doubt the two elder twins and Edgar, with like promise of little Bernard and Stella.

Edgar had grown very tall, and had inherited his father's advantages of grace and elegance of figure, to which was added a certain distinguished ease of carriage, and ready graciousness, too simple to be called either conceit or presumption, but which looked as if he were used to be admired and to confer favours. Athletics had been the fashion with him and his English companions, and his complexion was embrowned by sun and wind, his form upright and vigorous; and by force of contrast it was now perceived that Felix seemed to have almost ceased growing for the last three years, and that his in-door occupations had given his broad square shoulders a kind of slouch, and kept his colouring as pink and white as that of his sisters. Like Wilmet, he had something staid and responsible about him, that, even more than his fringe of light brown whiskers, gave the appearance of full-grown manhood; so that the first impression of all the new comers was how completely he had left the boy behind him, making it an effort of memory to believe him only nineteen and a half. But they all knew him for their head, and leant themselves against him. And in the meantime, Edgar's appearance was a perfect feast of enjoyment, not only to little loving Geraldine, but to sage Felix. They recreated themselves with gazing at him, and when left alone together would discuss his charms in low confidential murmurs, quite aware that Wilmet would think them very silly; but Edgar was the great romance of both.

Edgar observed that Clement had done all the growth for both himself and Felix, and was doing his best to be a light of the Church by resembling nothing but an altar-taper. When they all repaired to the back of the cupboard door in Mr. Audley's room to be measured, his head was found far above Edgar's mark at fourteen, and therewith he was lank and thin, not yet accustomed to the length of his own legs and arms, and seeming as if he was not meant to be seen undraped by his surplice. His features and face were of the family type, but a little smaller, and with much less of the bright rosy tinting; indeed, when not excited he was decidedly pale, and his eyes and hair were a little lighter than those of the rest. It was a refined, delicate, thoughtful face, pretty rather than handsome, and its only fault was a certain melancholy superciliousness or benignant pity for everyone who did not belong to the flock of St. Matthew's.

Regular features are always what most easily lose individuality, and become those of the owner's class; and if Clement was all chorister, Fulbert and Lancelot were all school-boy. The two little fellows were a long way apart in height, though there were only two years between them; for Lance was on a much smaller scale, but equally full of ruddy health and superabundant vigour; and while Fulbert was the more rough and independent, his countenance had not the fun and sweetness that rendered Lance's so winning. Their looks were repeated in Robina, who was much too square and sturdy for any attempt at beauty, and was comically like a boy and like her brothers, but with much frank honesty and determination in her big grey darkly-lashed eyes. Angela was one of the most altered of all; for her plump cherub cheeks had melted away under the glow of measles, and the whooping process had lengthened and narrowed her small person into a demure little thread-paper of six years old, omnivorous of books, a pet and pickle at school, and a romp at home—the sworn ally, offensive and defensive, of stout, rough pated, unruly Bernard. Stella was the loveliest little bit of painted porcelain imaginable, quite capable of being his companion, and a perfect little fairy for beauty, gracefulness, and quickness of all kinds. Alda was delighted with her pretty caressing ways and admiration of the wonderful new sister. She was of quieter, more docile mood than these two, though aspiring to their companionship; for it was startling to see how far she had left Theodore behind. He was still in arms, and speechless, a little pale inanimate creature, taking very little notice, and making no sound except a sort of low musical cooing of pleasure, and a sad whining moan of unhappiness, which always recurred when he was not in the arms of Sibby, Wilmet, or Felix. It was only when Felix held out his arms to take him that the sound of pleasure was heard; and once on that firm knee, with his shining head against that kind heart, he was satisfied, and Felix had accustomed himself to all sorts of occupations with his little brother in his left arm. Even at night, there was no rest for Theodore unless Felix took him into his room. So often did the little fretting moan summon him, that soon the crib took up its regular abode beside his bed.

But Felix, though of course spared from the shop, could not be dispensed with from the printing-house, where he was sub-editor; and in his absence Theodore was always less contented; and his tearless moan went to his sister's heart, for the poor little fellow had been wont to lie day and night in his mother's bosom, and she had been as uneasy without him as he now was without her. All her other babes had grown past her helpless instinctive tenderness, and Theodore's continued passiveness had been hitherto an advantage, which had always been called his 'goodness and affection.'

Alda was the first to comment on the wonderful interval between the twins, when Wilmet accounted for it by Theodore's having been quite kept back for his mother's sake, and likewise by his having been more reduced by measles and whooping-cough than Stella had been; but to fresh observers it was impossible to think that all was thus explained, and Edgar and Alda discussed it in a low voice when they found themselves alone.

'The fact is plain,' said Edgar; 'but I suppose nothing can be done, and I see no use in forcing it on poor Wilmet.'

'I don't understand such blindness.'

'Not real blindness—certainly not on Felix's part. He knows that load is on his back for life. Heigh ho! a stout old Atlas we have in Blunderbore; I wonder how long I shall be in plucking the golden apples, and taking a share.'

'I thought it was Atlas that gathered the apples.'

'Don't spoil a good simile with superfluous exactness, Alda! It is base enough to compare the gardens of the Hesperides to a merchant's office! I wonder how many years it will take to get out of the drudgery, and have some power of enjoying life and relieving Felix. One could tear one's hair to see him tied down by this large family till all his best days are gone.'

'Some of the others may get off his hands, and help.'

'Not they! Clem is too highly spiritualized to care for anything so material as his own flesh and blood; and it is not their fault if little Lance does not follow in his wake. Then if Ful has any brains he is not come to the use of them; he is only less obnoxious than Tina in that he *is* a boy and not a church candle, but boys are certainly a mistake.'

If ever the mature age of seventeen could be excused for so regarding boyhood it was under such circumstances. All were too old for any outbreaks, such as brought Angela and Bernard to disgrace, and disturbed the hush of those four sad days; but the actual loss had been so long previous, that the pressure of present grief was not so crushing as to prevent want of employment and confinement in that small silent house from being other than most irksome and tedious.

Clement would have done very well alone; he went to church, read, told Angela stories, and discoursed to Cherry on the ways of St. Matthew's; but unfortunately there was something about him that always incited the other boys to sparring, nor was he always guiltless of being the aggressor, for there was no keeping him in mind that comparisons are odious.

Church music might seem a suitable subject, but the London chorister could not abstain from criticizing St. Oswald's, and contemning the old-fashioned practices of the Cathedral, which of course Lance considered himself bound to defend, till the very names of Gregorians and Anglicans became terrible to Cherry as the watchwords of a wrangling match. Fulbert, meantime, made no secret of his contempt for both brothers as mere choristers instead of school-boys, and exalted himself whenever he detected their ignorance of any choice morceau of slang; while their superior knowledge on any other point was viewed as shewing the new-fangled girlish nonsense of their education.

This Lance did not mind; but he was very sensitive as to the dignity of his Cathedral, and the perfections of his chosen friend, one Bill

Harewood; and Fulbert was not slow to use the latter engine for 'getting a rise' out of him, while Clement as often, though with less design, offended by disparagement of his choir; nor could Edgar refuse himself the diversion of tormenting Clement by ironical questions and remarks on his standard of perfection, which mode of torture enchanted Fulbert whenever he understood it. Thus these four brothers contrived to inflict a good amount of teazing on one another, all the more wearing and worrying because deprived of its only tolerable seasoning, mirth.

Clement had indeed a refuge in Mr. Audley's room, where he could find books, and willing ears for Mr. Fulmort's doings; but he availed himself of it less than might have been expected. Whether from inclination to his brothers' society, desire to do them good, or innate pugnacity, he was generally in the thick of the conflict; and before long he confided to Felix that he was seriously uneasy about Edgar's opinions.

'He is only chaffing you,' said Felix.

'Chaff, *now!*' said Clement.

'Well, Clem, you know you are enough to provoke a saint, you bore so intolerably about St. Matthew's.'

The much disgusted Clement retired into himself, but Felix was not satisfied at heart.

One was lacking on the cold misty New Year's morning, when even Geraldine could not be withheld from the Communion Feast of the living and departed. Each felt the disappointment when they found themselves only six instead of seven; but it was Clement, who as the boys were waiting for breakfast afterwards began,

'Have not you been confirmed, Edgar?'

'How should I?'

'I am sure there are plenty of foreign Confirmations. I see them in the British Catholic.'

'Foreign parts isn't all one,' said Edgar; and the younger boys sniggled.

'If one took any trouble,' persisted Clement.

'Yes, but *one*,' dwelling with emphasis on the awkward impersonal, '*one* may have scruples about committing an act of schism by encouraging an intruding Bishop performing episcopal functions in another man's diocese. Has not your spiritual father taught you that much, Tina?'

'I—I must find out about that,' said Clement thoughtfully; but at any rate, the Lent Confirmations are coming on in London, and if I were to speak to the Vicar, I have no doubt he would gladly prepare you.'

'Nor I,' answered Edgar.

'Then shall I?' eagerly asked Clement.

'Not at present, thank you.'

Clement stood blank and open mouthed, and Fulbert laughed, secure that the joke, whatever it might be, was against him.

'Of course,' burst out Lance, 'Edgar does not want you to speak for him, Clem; he has got a tongue of his own, and a clergyman too, I suppose.'

Clement proceeded to a disquisition topographical and censorial, upon the parish and district to which Edgar might be relegated, and finally exclaimed, 'Yes, he is not much amiss. He has some notions. He dines with us sometimes. You can go to him, Edgar, and I'll get the Vicar to speak to him.'

'Thank you, I had rather be excused.'

'You cannot miss another Confirmation.'

'I can't say I am fond of pledges, especially when no one can tell how much or how little they mean.'

Whether this were in earnest, or a mere thrust in return for Clement's pertinacity, was undecided, for Wilmet came in, looking so sad and depressed that the brothers felt rebuked for the tone in which they had been speaking.

Mr. Thomas Underwood soon arrived, having come to Centry the night before; and after a few words had passed between him and Edgar, the latter announced his intention of returning with him to London that evening.

'Very well,' said Felix, much disappointed at this repetition of Edgar's willingness to hurry from the house of mourning, 'but we have had very little of you; Clement must go on the day after Twelfth Day, and we shall have more room. It will be a great blow to Cherry.'

'Poor little Cherry! I'll come when I can see her in greater peace, but I must buckle to with the beginning of the year, Fee.'

There was no further disputing the point, but Edgar was always a great loss. To everyone except Clement he was so gentle and considerate that it was impossible not to think that the strange things reported of him were not first evoked and then exaggerated by the zeal of the model chorister; and indeed he led Geraldine to that inference when he went to her in the sitting-room, where, as before, she had to remain at home.

'My Cherry, I find I must go back with old Tom. Don't be vexed, my Whiteheart, I am not going back to Belgium, you know; I can often run down, but my work ought to begin with the year.'

'You cannot even stay over the Epiphany!'

'Well, I would have made an effort, but I am really wanted; and then if I am long with that light of the church, Tina, he will get me into everybody's black books. Never mind, old girl, I'll be for ever running down. Is anyone going to stay with you?'

'Bernard is coming presently; I must try to make him recollect something about it.'

'You don't mean that child Angel is going.'

'She wishes it, and it seems right.'

'Right to leave a black spot in her memory! If children could but believe people were sublimated away!'

'Children can believe in the Resurrection of the body as well as we,' said Cherry reverently.

'Better too, by a long chalk,' he muttered; then perceiving her dismayed expression, he added, 'No, no—I'm not talking to Tina, only he has put me in the humour in which there is nothing he could not make me dispute—even my Cherry being the sweetest morsel in the world. There, good-bye for the present, only don't afflict that poor little Bernard and yourself into *too* great wretchedness, out of a sense of duty.'

'No, I do not really grieve,' said Cherry. 'Tears come for thankfulness. The real sorrow came long ago; we grew up in it; and it is over now.'

'Right, little one. The mortal coil was very heavy and painful these last years, and no one can help being relieved that the end is come. It is the conventionalities that are needlessly distressing. What earthly purpose can it serve, save the amusement of the maids and children of Bexley, that nine of us should present ourselves a pitiful spectacle all the way up to the cemetery in veils and hat-bands?'

'Don't talk so, Edgar; you do not know how it jars, though I know you mean no disrespect.'

'Well, it must be a blessed thing to end by drowning or blowing up, to save one's friends trouble.'

'Edgar, indeed I cannot bear this! Recollect what a treasure that dear shattered earthen vessel has held. What a wonderful life of patient silent resignation it was!'

'Indeed it was,' said Edgar, suddenly softened. 'No lips could tell what the resolution must have been that carried her through those years, never murmuring. What must she not have spared my father! Such devotion is the true woman's heritage.'

Cherry was soothed as she saw the dew on his eye-lashes, but just then Felix came in to fetch him, and stooping down kissed her, and said in his low and tender but strong voice, 'We leave her with *him*, dear child. Recollect

'The heart may ache, but may not burst;
Heaven will not leave thee, nor forsake.'

Much as Geraldine had longed for Edgar, his words brought vague yearning and distress, while Felix's very tone gave support. How could Edgar say patient silent self-devotion was not to be found except in woman?

So the worn-out body that once had been bright smiling Mary Underwood was borne to the church she had not entered since she had knelt there with her husband; and then she was laid beside him in the hill-side cemetery, the graves marked by the simple Cross, for which there had been long anxious saving, the last contribution having been a quarter of the Bishop's gift to Lancelot. The inscription was on the edges of the steps, from which the Cross rose—

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

EDWARD FULBERT UNDERWOOD,

NINE YEARS CURATE OF THIS PARISH,

EPIPHANY, 1855,

AGED 40.

'Thy Rod and Thy Staff comfort me.'

There was room enough for the name of Mary Wilmet, his wife, to be added at the base of the Rood, that Cross which they had borne, the one so valiantly, the other so meekly, during their 'forty years in the wilderness.'

Many persons were present out of respect not only to the former Curate, but to his hard-working son and daughter, and not only the daughter's holly wreath, but one of camellias, sent by Sister Constance, lay upon the pall. When the mourners had turned away, Mr. Audley saw a slender lad standing by, waiting till the grave was smoothed to lay on it a wreath of delicate white roses and ferns. There was no mistaking the clear olive face; and indeed Mr. Audley had kept up a regular correspondence with Ferdinand Travis, and knew that the vows made two years ago had been so far persevered in, and without molestation from father or uncle. He had written an account of Mrs. Underwood's death, but had received no answer.

'This is kind, Ferdinand,' he said; 'it will gratify them.'

'May I see any of them?' the youth asked.

'Felix and Lance will be most glad.'

'I only received your letter yesterday evening. Dr. White forwarded it to me in London, and I persuaded my father to let me come down.'

'You are with your father?'

'Yes; he came home about a fortnight ago. I was going to write to you. O Mr. Audley, if you are not in haste, can you tell me whether I can see my dear Diego's grave?'

'The Roman Catholic burial ground is on the other side of the town. I think you will have to go to Mr. Macnamara for admittance. Come home with me first, Fernan.'

'Home!' he said warmly. 'Yes, it has always seemed so to me! I have dreamt so often of her gentle loving face and tender weak voice. She was very kind to me;' and he raised his hat reverently, as he placed the flowers upon the now completed grave. 'I saw that all were here except the little ones and Geraldine,' he added. 'How is she?'

'As well as usual. Wilmet is a good deal worn and downcast, but all are calm and cheerful. The loss cannot be like what that of their father was.'

'Will they go on as they are doing now?'

'I trust so. I am going down to the family consultation. The London cousin is there.'

'Then perhaps I had better not come in,' said Ferdinand, looking rather blank. 'Shall I go down to Mr. Macnamara first?'

'Had you rather go alone, or shall I send Lance to shew you the way!'

'Dear little Lance, pray let me have him!'

'It is a longish walk. Is your lameness quite gone?'

'Oh yes, I can walk a couple of miles very well, and when I give out it is not my leg but my back. They say it is the old jar to the spine, and that it will wear off when I have done growing, if I get plenty of air and riding. This will not be too much for me, but I must be in time for the 3.30 train, I promised my father.'

'Is he here alone?'

'Yes, my uncle is in Brazil. My father is here for a month, and is very kind; he seems very fairly satisfied with me; and he wants me to get prepared for a commission in the Life Guards.'

'The Life Guards!'

'You see he is bent on my being an English gentleman, but he has some dislike to the University, fancies it too old-world or something; and honestly, I cannot wish it myself. I can't take much to books, and Dr. White says I have begun too late, and shall never make much of them.'

'If you went into the Guards, my brother might be a friend to you.'

'My back is not fit for the infantry,' said Ferdinand, 'but I can ride anything, I always could. I care for nothing so much as horse.'

'Then why not some other cavalry regiment?'

'Well, my father knows a man with a son in the Life Guards, who has persuaded him that it is the thing, and I don't greatly care.'

'Is he prepared for the expensiveness?'

'I fancy it is the recommendation,' said Ferdinand, smiling, with a little shame; but if you really see reason for some other choice, perhaps you would represent it to him. I think he would attend to you in person.'

'Have you positively no choice, Fernan?'

'I never like the bother of consideration,' said Ferdinand; 'and in London I might have more chance of seeing you and other friends sometimes. I do know that it is not all my father supposes, but he thinks that is all my ignorance, and I have not much right to be particular.'

'Only take care that horses do not become your temptation,' said Mr. Audley.

'I know,' gravely replied Ferdinand. 'The fact is,' he added, as they turned down the street, 'that I do not want to go counter to my father if I can help it. I have not been able to avoid vexing him, and this is of no great consequence. I can exchange if it should not suit me.'

'I believe you are right,' said the Curate; 'but I will inquire, and write to you before the application is made. Wait, and I will send out Lance. But ought you not to call at the Rectory?'

'I will do so as I return,' said Ferdinand; and as Mr. Audley entered the house, he thought that the making the Cacique into an English gentleman seemed to have been attained as far as accent, mind, and manner went, and the air and gesture had always been natural in him. His tone rather than his words were conclusive to the Curate, that his heart had never swerved from the purpose with which he had stood at the Font; but the languor and indolence of the voice indicated that the tropical indifference was far from conquered, and it was an anxious question whether the life destined for him might not be exceptionally perilous to his peculiar temperament of nonchalance and excitability.

Consideration was not possible just then, for when Mr. Audley opened the door, he found that he had been impatiently waited for, and barely time was allowed to him to call Lance, and send him to Ferdinand Travis, before he was summoned to immediate conference with Thomas Underwood, who, on coming in, had assumed the management of affairs, and on calling for the will, was rather displeased by Felix's protest against doing anything without Mr. Audley, whom he knew to have been named guardian by his father. The cousin seemed unable to credit the statement; and Wilmet had just found the long envelope with the black seal, exactly as it had lain in the desk, which had never been disturbed since the business on their father's death had been finished.

There was the old will made long before, leaving whatever there was to leave unconditionally to the wife, with the sole guardianship of the children; and there was the codicil, dated the 16th of October, 1854, appointing Charles Somerville Audley, clerk, to the guardianship in case of the death of the mother, while they should all, or any of them, be under twenty-one, and directing that in that contingency, the property should be placed in his hands as trustee, the interest to be employed for their maintenance, and the capital to be divided equally among them, each receiving his or her share on coming of age. All this was in Edward Underwood's own handwriting, and his signature was attested by the Rector and the doctor.

Thomas Underwood was more 'put out' than the management of such an insignificant sum seemed to warrant. He was no doubt disappointed of his cousin's confidence, as well as of some liberal (if domineering) intentions; and he was only half appeased when Edgar pointed to the date, and shewed that the arrangement had been made before the renewal of intercourse. 'It was hardly fair to thrust a charge upon a stranger when there was a relation to act. Poor Edward, he ought to have trusted,' he said. There was genuine kindness of heart in the desire to confer benefits, though perhaps in rather a domineering spirit, as well as disappointment and hurt feeling that his cousin had acquiesced in his neglect without an appeal. However, after asking whether Mr. Audley meant to act, and hearing of his decided intention of doing so, he proceeded to state his own plans for them. The present state of things could not continue, and he proposed that Wilmet and Geraldine should go as half boarders to some good school, to be prepared for governesses. Felix—could he write short-hand? 'Oh yes; but—' Then he knew of a capital opening for him; a few years, and he would be on the way to prosperity: the little ones might be boarded with their old nurse till fit for some clergy orphan schools; if the means would not provide for all, there need be no difficulty made on that score.

Mr. Audley saw Felix's start of dismay and glance at him, but knowing as he did that the lad was always more himself when not interfered with, and allowed to act for himself, he only said, 'It is very kind in you, Sir, but I think Felix should be consulted.'

'It is impossible!' began Felix hastily.

'Impossible! It is quite impossible, I would have you to understand, that a lot of children like you should keep house together, and on such an income as that. Quite preposterous.'

'As for that,' said Felix, still unsubmissively, 'it is only what we have been doing on the same means, except for the name of the thing, for the last three years.'

'You don't mean to tell me that you have kept things going on such means without a debt?'

'Of course we have! We never let a bill run,' said Felix, slightly indignant.

'Now mind, I'm not insulting you, Felix, but I know what the women are and what they tell us. Are you sure of that? No debts—Honour bright?'

'None at all!' said Felix, with an endeavour at calmness, but glowing hotly. 'I help my sister make up her books every Saturday night. We always pay ready money.'

'Humph,' said Mr. Underwood, still only half convinced. 'Living must be cheap at Bexley.'

'You had better explain a little, Felix,' said Mr. Audley.

Felix did bring himself to say, 'I am sub-editor now, and get £100 a year, besides being paid for any article I write. Wilmet has £25 a year, and her dinner and Angela's at school, so there are only five of us constantly dining at home, and with Mr. Audley's two guineas a week we can do very well.'

'What, you lodge here?'

'Did not you know that?' said Felix, surprised.

Mr. Underwood gave a whistle, and the Curate felt his cheeks growing redder and redder, as he perceived that seven-and-twenty was not considered as so *very* much older than eighteen. Edgar understood and smiled, but Felix only thought he was suspected of making a good thing of his lodger, and was beginning something awkward about, 'It is all kindness,' when Mr. Audley broke in.

'Of course nothing is settled yet, but—but I believe I shall change my quarters. A smaller house would be better for them; but I think the children should keep together. Indeed, my dear friend said he chiefly appointed me that Felix might be kept at their head.'

Thereupon Mr. Underwood began to expostulate against the sacrifice of position and talent that Felix was making for the sake of bearing the burthen of a family that would have pressed heavily on a man double his age. It was what Felix already knew, much better than when at sixteen he had made his first venture. He had experienced the effects of change of station, as well as of exertion, drudgery, and of the home hardship that no one except Mr. Audley had tried to sweeten. He saw how Edgar had acquired the nameless air and style that he was losing, how even Clement viewed him as left behind; and on the other hand he knew that with his own trained and tested ability and application, and his kinsman's patronage, there was every reasonable chance of his regaining a gentleman's position, away from that half jealous, half conceited foreman, who made every day a trial to him, and looked at him with an evil eye as a supplanter in the post of confidence. But therewith he thought of his father's words, that to him he left this heavy burthen; and he thought what it would be to have no central home, no place of holiday-meeting, no rallying-point for the boys and girls, and to cast off the little ones to hired service. This alternative never seriously occurred to him, for were not they all bound to him by the cords of love, and most closely the weakest and most helpless. Yet his first reply did not convey the weight of his determination. It was only 'Geraldine is too delicate.'

'Well, well, good advice and treatment might make a change. Or if she be fit for nothing else, would not that Sisterhood at Dearport take her on reasonable terms? Not that I can away with such nonsense, but your father had his fancies.'

'My father wished us not to break up the home.'

'That was all very well when your poor mother was alive. You have been a good son to her, but it is impossible that you and your sister, mere children as you are, should set up housekeeping by yourselves. Mr. Audley must see it cannot be suffered; it is the bounden duty of your friends to interfere.'

Mr. Audley did not speak. He knew that Felix could reckon on his support; and moreover, that he would shew himself to greater advantage when not interfered with. So after pausing to see whether his guardian would speak, Felix said, 'Of course we are in Mr. Audley's power, but he knows that we have made some trial, and except in name, we have really stood alone for these three years. Wilmet can quite manage the house, and it would be misery for ever to us all to have no home. In short—' and Felix's face burnt, his voice choked, and his eyes brimmed over with hot indignant tears, as he concluded, 'it shall never be done with my good will.'

'And under the circumstances,' said Mr. Audley, 'I think Felix is right.'

'Very well,' said Thomas Underwood, much displeased. 'I have no power here, and if you and that lad think he can take charge of a house and a dozen children, you must have it your own way. Only, when they have all gone to rack and ruin, and he is sick of being a little tradesman in a country town, he will remember what I said.'

Felix forced back his resentful feelings, and contrived to say, 'Yes, Sir, I know it is a great disadvantage, and that you only wish for our good; but I do not think anything would be so bad for the children as to be all cast about the world, with no place to go to, and becoming strangers to one another; and since there is this way of keeping them together, it seems right.'

The steadiness of his manner struck Mr. Underwood, and the reply was not unkind.

'You are a good boy at bottom, Felix, and mean well, and I am only sorry not to be able to hinder you from throwing yourself away for life by trying to do what is morally impossible, in a foolish spirit of independence. Do not interrupt. I warn you that I am not to be appealed to for getting you out of the difficulties you are plunging into; but of course your brother and sister will be mine as before; and as I promised myself to do the same by your mother as by your father—my near cousins both—here is to cover necessary expenses.'

It was a cheque for £150, the same as he had given on the former occasion; and though Felix had rather not have taken it, he had little choice, and he brought himself to return cold but respectful thanks; and Mr. Underwood did not manifest any more displeasure, but shewed himself very kind at the meal that was spread in Mr. Audley's sitting-room, and even invited Wilmet to accompany Alda, when she joined the family in a week's time at Brighton, so as to have sea air for the remainder of her holidays.

Nothing could be more reluctant than was Wilmet at first, but there was a chorus of persuasions and promises; and the thought of being a little longer in Alda's presence made her waver and almost consent.

Ferdinand Travis came in, but had only time for a greeting and a hasty meal, before Mr. Underwood's carriage came round; and nothing loth, he gave a lift to the Mexican millionaire to the station with him and Edgar. So for the last time had all the thirteen been at home together.

(To be continued.)

BYGONES.

BY A. MILUKOFF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS BY H. C. ROMANOFF.)

CHAPTER II.

MY CHILDHOOD.

In the years of childhood one soon forgets one's troubles. Bitter as it was to me to leave my uncle's comfortable house, where I had passed my little life hitherto so happily and so free from care—glaring as the difference was between the shady alleys of Uncle's garden, and the empty yard, without one bit of green, that was attached to our small new quarters—and notwithstanding the absence of young companions, I soon became accustomed to my new situation. I was even interested in the change of acquaintance and neighbourhood, for we had removed to an unknown, to me, part of the city, not far from the Church of S. Saviour. Our new dwelling was between two bell-foundries, in the little mezonine of a small wooden house, in the lower part of which lived the owners themselves, a retired captain and his wife, who had been recommended to my father as highly respectable and worthy people.

Our landlord, Luke Lukitch, was one of those originals that one meets with in Moscow only. He served formerly in the army, and was considered a fine officer, had seen active service, fought duels, and even been reduced to the ranks for some frolic in the campaign of 1805. But at the time I speak of not the slightest remains of his military life could be traced, save the ribbon of an Order, which he always wore on the left breast of his dressing-gown. He was a short stout old man, with a rosy good-natured face, and a grey bristle-like moustache. For whole days he used to sit in a white Marseilles dressing-gown and a red smoking-cap, at the window of his little drawing-room, which overlooked the yard, and from thence he would watch attentively the roof of the coach-house. The immediate object of his observations was built just beneath the air-hole, and was in the form of a little balcony, where a dozen or two of variously-coloured fancy pigeons promenaded or brooded. On this subject was concentrated all the mental activity that Luke Lukitch possessed.

Ten times a day, girded with a red foulard sash, he used to pay a visit to his pigeon-house, open the iron-net covered door of the air-hole, and scramble out upon the little balcony and begin to frighten his pigeons into taking a flight, by means of a long pole. The purple, white, and black tumblers rose to the wing, while he, with one hand shading his eyes, waved the pole about, enjoying the sight of his favourites as they rose, higher and higher, almost out of sight, and then twisting head over heels, tumbled perpendicularly like a falling stone, straight on the roof of their little house. Sometimes the Captain would rush headlong out of the house, without even girding himself; this signified that he had espied a stray bird. Hastily he would drive off his old retainers, and if it happened that the wanderer united itself to their company, and ultimately allowed itself to be covered with a net, or to be driven into the pigeon-house, that day was considered a real festival by the Fancier.

Luke Lukitch's exclusive and consequently favourite theme of conversation, not only with those who understood and relished the subject, but with those who did not—was tumblers. A day or two after we arrived he took my father into the yard, and there talked to him about the fancy for an immense time. He frequently took me with him to the pigeon-house, shewed off his tumblers to me, describing their wonderful qualities; and even, sometimes, led me out on to the little balcony, to the infinite terror of my mother, who dreaded lest I should fall to the ground.

This weakness of the Captain's cost him very dear. He was so accustomed to look upwards that he never observed where he was going, and not unfrequently fell down in the streets and hurt himself extremely. Once upon a time he fell into a deep gutter, and was brought home in a sad state of injury and dirt. We were told too, that, in consequence of his 'fancy,' he even lost a very good appointment, which he obtained after retiring from the army. The Governor-General of Moscow intended to make an inspection of the affairs which had been entrusted to Luke Lukitch, who was the principal person concerned in them. He was informed of the Governor's intention in good time, and he left home much earlier than the appointed hour; but on his road he espied a pigeon somewhere in the clouds, returned home to send out his decoys, and after spending some time on his balcony, arrived at his place of business in the Kreml just as the General, seriously affronted at having been detained for nearly two hours in vain, was driving away! The Captain was compelled to retire again from the service; and after this event he devoted himself entirely to the fancy.

His wife, Maria Ivanovna, was a still very active old lady. One might conjecture, from her regular though wrinkled features, her tall well-formed figure, and elegant lady-like gait, that in her day she must have been a beauty in no small degree; and in the slighter details of her manners and costume might be traced a degree of coquetry, that time could not entirely efface. But as Luke Lukitch had become transformed from the gallant officer to the peaceful sitter-at-home and pigeon-fancier, so Maria Ivanovna had turned all her attention to the minute details of household life, (though she could make even them agreeable—nay poetical;) and had cast off all dealings with the pleasures of the world, which to judge by her own words, she had thoroughly enjoyed in her youth. Her housekeeping, though on a small scale, was very complete, and even slightly luxurious. The ice-house, pantry, and cupboards, contained stores for all branches of domestic economy. A pretty little well-fed cow lowed in the cow-house; and in the yard marched a troop of speckled Guinea-fowls, bantams, and tufty-caps; besides a red-nosed turkey-cock, which with unfurled wing and tail, answered every other sound with its monotonous gobbling.

In Maria Ivanovna's bed-room, in which were hung several pictures of saints with brightly polished silver settings, there was one piece of furniture which particularly struck the eye by its peculiarity. It was half a chest-of-drawers and half a buffet. The lower part of it consisted of a mahogany commode, with brass handles to its deep drawers, representing lions' heads with enormous rings in their mouths; above these rose a cupboard with glass doors and numerous shelves, the lower one of which was divided into little niches by means of perpendicular divisions. All these niches and shelves were filled with vials and pots, little bags, bundles, and parcels, with the names of their contents written on labels, which were pasted on them. The upper drawer was filled with various scraps of every description of material; in the middle one lay bundles of writing-books, and manuscripts relating to housekeeping, receipts, hints, and wrinkles; and in the lower one, enclosed in a case, was a gaudy patch-work quilt, which occasionally appeared on the lady's bed.

Maria Ivanovna's mental activity was concentrated on this chest-of-drawers; it was her library, her museum, her store-room, and domestic medicine chest; in it were collected all the fruits of her long practice in various branches of domestic economy. The Capitánsha* by no means kept her archives secret; they were always free to those who required them, and not only to intimate friends, but even to such with whom she was not acquainted at all. She gave her MSS. to be read and copied, and was always delighted to share her knowledge with others, though certainly this obligingness had a slight degree of self-love in it. She loved to relate that her receipts were made use of in the kitchens of Prince Usoupoff, and of the Governor-General; and once she sent to the Metropolitan to enquire the particulars concerning the making of certain mushroom cutlets.

From the first day of our arrival Maria Ivanovna took to petting me. I used to go to her room almost every day, at first by her invitation and subsequently without any. She used to shew me pictures, and treat me to jam and dried fruits. I in my turn became very fond of the Capitánsha, and not so much for the sake of her sweetmeats, as for her constant kindness to me. In her intercourse with me there was none of that condescension with which grown-up people generally treat children; she had a knack of making me her equal, not by lowering herself to my comprehension, but by raising, in a manner peculiar to herself, mine to her own. I cannot describe how she contrived to do this, I can only say that when I talked to her, I seemed to grow up mentally, I felt and understood everything better; and this attached me more and more to her. In a word, Luke Lukitch's pigeon-house and Maria Ivanovna's pettings soon made me forget the Maiden Field, and reconciled me to our little lodgings by S. Saviour's bell-foundries.

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* Captain's wife.

These foundries reminded us incessantly of their near neighbourhood by their dingings and dongings. In our street there were several large yards, at the back of which might be seen extensive brick buildings with high chimneys, and in front of them, beneath sheds supported by strong beams, hung large bells, bright with new brass. As soon as a new one was hung up, they instantly began to try its sound, and whoever wished to do the same might bang as much as he liked. As these foundries had constant employment, not only by orders for Moscow, but also for the provinces and for fairs, and as amateur ringers were never wanting, we could hear from morn till night, and frequently during the very night, clangings of the most vigorous description, which, by way of showing off the fine tone of the bell, or the strength of the hand which rang it, frequently reached the utmost pitch of noise.

Thanks to these works, our end of Moscow was the fount of endless eccentric anecdotes and inventions. From countless ages bell-founders have been under the delusion that in order to secure the favourable casting of a large bell, it is necessary to circulate some tale (Anglicé humbug) invented and composed for the express purpose; and the more rapidly it spreads, the sweeter and stronger will the sound of the bell that is being cast, prove. From this custom the popular Russian saying, that 'a bell is being cast,' is used when any particularly absurd report is heard. I do not know who it was that composed these fantastic tales at the works, or in what manner they were circulated in the city, but they testified to the lively and poetical imaginations of their authors; and judging from the extraordinary rapidity with which they ran the round of the Moscow public, it is to be supposed that the bells on behalf of which all this trouble was taken, must have been distinguished by peculiar sweetness and sonorousness.

On one occasion, for instance, the following story was got up. It was related that at a certain church a wedding was going on, and during the ceremony, just as the priest was leading the couple round the reading-desk, the marriage crowns* were suddenly torn from their heads, flew out at the window, and ultimately were discovered on the roof of the church just beneath the crosses that surmount it. This report flew like lightning; crowds of curious persons flocked to behold the wonder, and even carriages were to be seen at the church-gates. Beneath the crosses there were, sure enough, certain gilt crowns resembling those used in the marriage ceremony. Soon afterwards a sequel to the first history was published—that the bride and bridegroom in question were, unknown to each other, brother and sister; that they had been brought up in different parts of Russia, and had never before seen or known each other until they accidentally met, mistook the yearnings of kindred feeling for love, and the unlawful marriage was on the point of being concluded when this miracle occurred and effectually put a stop to it. This history was repeated with variations of various degrees of comparison, and was the subject of universal comment and wonderment. Acquaintances met each other with the question, 'Have you heard of the wedding of the brother, and sister?' 'Have you been to look at the crowns?' Many days, and even weeks passed, before the public was convinced that all was a complete hoax; the church had been built originally with these same crowns on its cupola, and they were of such an immense size, that a live pair of the finest-grown of brides and bridegrooms might have been concealed in either of them.

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* See Monthly Packet, Old Series, Vol. XXIII., page 49.

Another time the founders got up another history, and still more interesting, at least to the inhabitants of Moscow. It was in the winter, during an awful frost, and the tale went that the Governor-General, on the eve of a great Festival * (of S. Nicholas Day I believe,) gave a grand ball, to which half the city was invited. The mansion shone with illuminations—dancing continued nearly all night—when suddenly, drowning the sound of the music, the bell in the tower of S. John began to toll for Matins! At this solemn sound all the lustres and candelabra in the ball-room became extinguished in one instant; the strings of the instruments broke, the glass in the double frames of the windows fell crashing to the pavement in the street below, and in the midst of utter darkness, the frost, like a wave of an icy sea, rushed in upon the bare necks and arms of the ladies. The music and voices were hushed, and nothing could be heard but the awful booming of the bell! But a scream of horror arose! the terrified guests had rushed to the doors, but they closed on them with a tremendous bang, and no human strength could force them open, until the ringing for Matins in the Kremlin Churches had ceased. To this poetical narrative was added that several bodies of the victims of frost and trampling were discovered, and among them that of the Governor-General himself. And notwithstanding that the Governor had not given one ball during the whole of that winter, for the very sufficient reason that he was all the time in St. Petersburgh, which fact was duly published in the papers, the absurd tale was repeated with new additions and improvement, until it took a character of the wildest and most monstrous description!

The police more than once turned its serious attention towards the subduing of these playful fancies, and sometimes contrived to get at the foundation of them, the inventive authors receiving severe cautions to refrain from further indulgence in romancing. The founders themselves were compelled to sign a paper to the effect that they, on their parts, would not encourage or countenance such silly hoaxes, and in particular those that were calculated to disturb the quiet of the public mind. The

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* It is considered very wicked by the strictly religious, and not altogether right or proper by the worldly even, to give balls or attend public amusements on the eve of a holy-day. On the evening of the holy-day itself it is admitted.

paper was signed, it is true; but the custom still continued, and every new bell produced a new humbug, more or less poetical or ridiculous.

Two episodes in the life we led in S. Saviour's, have imprinted themselves indelibly on my memory. These were certain expeditions with my mother, soon after we left the Maiden Field. They afforded me so much pleasure, acquainted me with such entirely new impressions, that I was ready to walk for a whole month if I could only behold the little woods and green meadows, and gather at my leisure the wild flowers that delighted me so much.

Our first excursion to the suburbs was to make a visit to the well-known prophet Ivan Yakovlivitch, who was then just beginning to make a noise in the world. My mother, although she sometimes laughed heartily at the anecdotes of his rudeness, evidently felt seriously on the subject of his foretellings. From what I had heard of this strange being whilst still living in my uncle's house, I had formed an idea of his being a mixture of sanctity and charlatanism. My mother had long intended to seek an interview with him, and at length she arranged to go with Maria Ivanovna, who also wished to have a sight of the fanatic. They took me with them, notwithstanding the objections of my father, who did not at all respect the half-witted prophet, and counted it a great sin to believe in him. The evening before, a little offering was prepared for Ivan Yákovlivitch, consisting of a large loaf, cut nearly in half, and containing a layer of rich caviare; also a little tin box of snuff. In the morning we drove as far as the gates of the city, and proceeded farther on foot.

I was in ecstasies when I found myself in the green fields; coax me as they might to walk by the pathway, I constantly ran from one side to another whenever I saw a wild flower; and tired as I was, I felt sorry when we arrived at the house to which we bent our steps. Even my curiosity to behold the wonderful Ivan Yakovlivitch was less than my disappointment that we were not going any further. As we were going up the stair-case, I observed that my mother's face had lost its habitual expression of cheerfulness, and had assumed that peculiar solemnity which it wore only when she was at church. Maria Ivanovna took the opportunity to teaze her about her reverence for the fanatic. We passed through a long corridor, and by the direction of a servant entered a rather large room, where one corner was completely covered with pictures of saints, before which burning lamps were suspended, and numerous tapers burnt in a large church-candlestick.

In another corner of the room stood a low bedstead, covered with a once gaudy cotton quilt, of which the original colours and patterns had almost vanished beneath the dirt with which it was begrimed. At the head was a high pillow with an equally disgusting pillow-case. On this nasty couch sat the celebrated prophet. He was a middle-aged man, with a large head, which was covered with the remains of reddish-grey locks—with a wide flat face, leaden-dull eyes, and sticking out ears.

Leaning his elbows on his knees, and supporting his flabby cheeks with his palms, he gazed stupidly, and at the same time sarcastically, at a stout woman—a merchant's wife, to judge by her appearance—who with reverently bent head awaited the words of the oracle. But he maintained an obstinate silence, winking and blinking all the time. All this ended, on the visitor respectfully addressing herself to him, by his raising himself to his feet and spitting her in the face, immediately after which she meekly left the apartment, wiping her face with her handkerchief.

This rude outbreak confused and frightened my mother, and she evidently hesitated whether to approach the bed-stead or not. But the 'blissful one'* himself got her out of her dilemma. Tucking his feet under him, he bent his dull gaze at her, and called out roughly, 'Who are you?'

'We have come to see you, Batioushka† Ivan Yakovlivitch!' replied my mother, putting her offering on a table that stood by the bed.

'Time you did! time you did! time you did!' bellowed the Blissful.

My mother approached nearer the bed, and whispered to the prophet the particulars of a family affair. He made no answer, but began to rock himself to and fro. This circumstance was not allowed to pass unobserved, as a mysterious and significant symptom or sign. Long, long did he rock himself thus; but at length he opened his eyes, bent down towards the table, and wrote something on a scrap of paper, which he crumpled up and gave to my mother. This scrawl, as I afterwards learned, foretold, in ambiguous terms, a certain revolution in our family. At any rate it was thus interpreted, though my father and Maria Ivanovna could make neither head nor tail of it.

But our visit to Ivan Yakovlivitch did not terminate with the receipt of this hieroglyphic. My mother, notwithstanding my terror and disgust, led me up to the Blissful and asked what would become of 'the youth Alexander'—meaning me.

He blew on my face cross-wise, and proceeded to pluck a little feather which had begun to protrude from his pillow, raised it above his head and blew with all his might, from which the feather rose still higher, and, after fluttering a little in the air, fell to the ground at my feet. After this the Sphinx of Moscow lay down on his bed with his face to the wall.

He did not seem to observe the presence of Maria Ivanovna at all, and all the time she kept herself aloof and did not proffer one question to the oracle. 'Conjurer!' she used to say—'Pinetti'‡ every time he was mentioned after that visit.

The result of this mystical prophecy was the undertaking of another pedestrian journey, but of far greater length. From a desire to secure a fortunate termination to the predictions of the Blissful one, my mother took it into her head to go with me to the Troitzky Sergius Monastery.* Although my father objected that for a child of seven years old so long a pedestrian journey would be extremely trying, my mother, to my great joy, did not give up her intention. Soon, too, an opportunity presented itself—Bitka arrived! Bitka was a woman of the burgher class, from the city of Tamboff, who from early spring till late autumn wandered like a pilgrim to the most distant parts of Russia—to Kieff, to Valaam,† and to the Solovetsky Monastery.‡ Nearly every year she passed through Moscow, and always stopped at our house; and after staying with us for a week or so, during which time she went to every cathedral in the city, she would set forth again on her pilgrimage. We were all fond of her, on account of her obliging disposition, merry humour, and inexhaustible narratives.

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* One of the epithets applied to this fanatic mortal, who lived and acted exactly as here described. He died in a mad-house at Moscow, in 1862 or 3.—(*Trans.*)

† Father.

‡ A celebrated conjuror.

'What a long time Bitka is, coming!' says my mother at the beginning of every spring.

'Doubtless she has turned her snow-shoes in another direction,' remarks my father.

'Bitka! Bitka!' scream I joyfully, when I see the dark gown of my friend, her long staff, and the bundle strapped like a soldier's knapsack to her shoulders. Each day, from the moment she returned from Matins at a church containing the relics of one of the Moscow Saints, passed in endless tales and fun. After a description of the caves at Kieff where the saints repose with their eyes open, followed the nursery tale of Maria Tzarevna, or of the feats of the Seven Simeons. The doleful song of Poor Lazarus would be succeeded by a dancing or anacreontic ditty: the fun of the merry pilgrim was inexhaustible; now wrapping herself in a sheet and shewing us how the Jews wander in purgatory; now in a fur pelisse turned inside out she performed the rôle of a dancing bear; now, having blackened her face with soot, she would hold a lighted lucifer in her mouth, as illustrative of a history of a certain demon of Ethiopia.

Bitka came to visit us soon after our expedition to Ivan Yakovlivitch. She brought my mother a blessed loaf from the Sároffsky Wilderness,§ and me and my brother a toy each. As usual, she immediately became acquainted with the inhabitants of the house; praised the Captain's tumblers, and even clambered up into the little balcony with him; to Maria Ivanovna she communicated a method of curing fowls of the pip, and ducked the hens for her, that wanted to sit. I can see her now—having caught all the delinquents, who by their incessant clacking manifested their wish to raise a family, she held each in its turn under the pump, and made the cook work actively at the handle, and when the victim had been thoroughly soused she gave it a good whipping with a bunch of fresh nettles. The wretch screeched at the top of its voice, and as soon as it was set at liberty, rushed madly through the yard, with drooping wings and dripping tail.

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* Founded by the good and great St. Sergius, of Radonej, in 1337. It is situated at the distance of sixty-four versts from Moscow, and contains ten churches, besides chapels, the Ecclesiastical Academy, a hospital, likewise dwellings for the monks, &c. It contains, besides the bodies of several Saints, an immensity of riches in gold, silver, and precious stones.

† A convent on a little island in Lake Ladoga.

‡ Ditto, also on an island, in the White Sea. Places of great resort for the religious.

§ A convent in the Government of Nijni-Novgorod.

'What are you about there, matoushka?' asked Luke Lukitch from the window.

'Ducking the hens, Sir!'

'What's that for?'

'To prevent them clacking.'

'Are you not ashamed of trying to deaden their maternal feelings?'

'They have no business to have any maternal feelings whatever, Sir! their business is to lay eggs for their owners. When the proper time comes they will be set, and in the meantime let them do their duty. They are not the only females who require a nettle-whipping to remind them of that!'

And Bitka laughed with all her heart.

The arrival of this pilgrim decided my mother to take me with her to Troitzky, and indeed we could not have found a better companion. Although she was accustomed to walk very fast, she consented, out of respect to my mother, to give up a few days to her; and we soon made our necessary preparations for our pilgrimage. At first it would seem impossible for a child of seven years old to accomplish a journey of upwards of sixty versts on foot, but it did not fatigue me in the least. Our journey extended a whole week; we frequently rested, stopped several times a day to drink tea or eat something, and early in the evening remained at a road-side lodging to pass the night. Sometimes Bitka carried me on her shoulders for a verst or two, and where the road was more than usually fatiguing my mother hired a cart. I was out of my wits with delight; all was so new to me; those mysterious forests and woods, the vast extent of field and pasture covered with flowers, and varying with every waft of the wind in colour or shade. I longed to pass the whole summer thus. And the warm lovely weather seemed to have made an agreement with my mother expressly on my behalf.

After our stoppages at Poushkino and Bratofschina, our last night's lodging was at the Khotkoff Monastery, where, when we went the next morning to church there, we were suddenly surrounded by a troop of little girls dressed in monastic costume—a black garment* and a hat of peculiar shape, from beneath which hung a long plait of hair tied with a black ribbon at the end.

'Aunty!'† would you like to hear a Canon? Let me read a little

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* Greatly resembling the cut of the '*robe princesse*' of 1868. (*Trans.*)

† A term applied by children to female strangers. Men they call Uncle.

Canon to you! Give me a grosch, and I will repeat you a Canon!' they cried in chorus.

'Well! say one!' said Bitka to one of the girls.

She instantly opened a little book and began to read something, without stopping for breath or stops, in a high-toned piercing voice. My mother gave her a few kopeckas, on which the little girl bowed so low that the top of her high-crowned hat very nearly touched the ground, and the dangling tail of hair, up-side down, or down-side up, followed in its train.

'Let me read a little Canon now!'

'Allow me to read you one, please!' cried all the others, standing before us in the path.

'That will do for to-day, my pretties! we cannot hear you all,' said Bitka, putting them aside. 'You scream exactly like young ravens! You have escaped from your nests too soon.' And without further ceremony she made her way through the little crowd.

(To be continued.)

NUNN'S COURT.

CHAPTER III.

'Went ye not forth in prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
The Sower, the Son of Man, was there,
And His was that precious grain.'

THE hungry soul was satisfied! 'The font's pure beam blended with the cold pale shroud, and prevailed o'er the hues of death;' and gently, gently, the corruptible body was laid down to rest, and the grass grew green on that simple grave; and time was going on—on to the end!

'We must hurry, Papa, or we shall be late. Have you been detained?'

'Not exactly detained, Aggie, for I had no idea it was so late, and stayed talking to Barber about this new rate. I intended to call on Mrs. Treville, too, but left myself no time.'

'I suppose John has arrived?'

'Oh yes! he was expected by the five o'clock train. I wonder what he will do with himself in this vacation.'

'Take a regular holiday, I should think, Papa, for he has had none since he went to Oxford. But there are the chimes, and we must walk faster.'

Agnes was too much accustomed to her unpunctual father's rapid movements to be disconcerted at the enormous strides with which he accomplished the rest of the distance to Nunn's Court. Dr. Murray went on to a temporary building beyond, which had been converted into a mission chapel; but as the bell was still ringing, Agnes waited for a very infirm old man, who, but for the support of her arm, could not have reached the chapel. He seemed unusually feeble this evening; and moreover entertained the perverse idea that there was no need to hurry, and made sundry pretexts for delay. Even on arriving at the entrance, although the bell had stopped, he contrived to have some business with the door, which he declared admitted too much draught, and persistently continued to open and shut it in order to discover the cause. Poor Agnes was in despair, until a slight touch upon her arm suddenly re-assured her, and she passed on to her usual seat, fully satisfied that John Treville could more easily reduce the refractory old man to order than she could. 'All the burden ought really to fall upon me,' had been his conviction three years before; and he had not once voluntarily shrank from bearing it, although others, in fulfilling the apostolic injunction, had eased him very considerably.

There was one however present, who, in noting the small number of worshippers, chiefly of children, assembled under this humble roof, felt disappointed at the success of these three years efforts, and who eagerly sought for an expression of a reciprocal feeling in John Treville's face; but he could discover none. There was that peculiar brightness in John's eyes which occasionally betrayed a hidden fund of deep feeling and tenderness; and his clear rich voice helped on the little choir, who led by James Giles's flute, did their best; and if their voices were shrill and unmusical, both time and tune were correct.

Dr. Murray found Edwin Mortimer waiting for him after the service outside the chapel, and was most cordial in his greeting to his former pupil. 'This is an unexpected pleasure,' he said. 'Are you going to spend the vacation amongst us?'

'I am going to read with John,' was the reply.

'Ah! Treville works hard, although he is generally so unsuccessful.'

'He is most indefatigable *always*, and I really think will stand his examination creditably.'

'I am glad to hear you say that, Mr. Mortimer,' said Agnes, who joined them at that minute.

'Yes, his grandmother will be delighted,' remarked the Doctor; 'and he really does deserve success.—But what a lad it is for play!' he added, as he saw John in advance of them in the midst of a troop of noisy children.

'He went off with those choir children, as soon as we issued from the chapel,' said Mortimer.

'Papa thinks that John's games have done more good in Nunn's Court than anything else,' Agnes remarked, as her father went back to speak to Giles, who was then locking the door of the chapel.

'And is he satisfied with the result of these three years?' asked Mortimer gravely.

'I don't think John ever looks at the *result* of work of this kind,' she answered timidly; 'if he did, in this case he would probably be disappointed.'

'Thank you, Miss Murray: you have fathomed for me a part of John's character which I had not understood before. He takes the nearest duty, does it, and leaves the rest.'

'You understand him now, at least,' said Agnes. 'It was a great responsibility thrown on very young shoulders, and Papa thinks he has accepted it truly. But you must come into the court,' she added playfully, 'and see a little of what the work is like; that will be better than standing here reflecting upon the smallness of the congregation this evening.'

'It is not exactly that; but except your crotchety old friend, there was not one grown-up person amongst them.'

Agnes laughed. 'Poor old Ben! notwithstanding his crotchets, he is a great favourite of mine; and indeed I do not know what we should do without old Ben. He was sitting at the door of his cottage one day, watching John at play with the little ones in the court, and Papa remarked to me, in his hearing, that John considered his part in this work only the crumbs. Ben asked for an explanation of that expression, and on Papa giving it to him, he said—"Nay, nay; but that be more than crumbs that the young master be giving; he be giving time to make the young things happy, and he be larning them the right way to play. Them be more than crumbs." Papa was very pleased with his remark. And a few days after, when I was helping Mrs. Treville in the school, he came to the door of the room, and asked to speak to me. On my going to him, he said he had been thinking that perhaps the crumbs ought to come from him; and since that time he has been so useful to us in taking charge of the very little ones and keeping them quiet; and through him I believe they will learn to reverence old age, for after school is over they in their turn lead him about, and love to stroke and kiss his shrivelled hands.'

As they advanced into the court, Mortimer exclaimed, 'Here, at least, I see an improvement in the absence of the gutter!'

'John's old enemy,' said Agnes laughingly. 'Papa used to tell him that he seemed to have no hope of Christianizing the people while that remained, and mimics the sigh of relief which escaped from him when the new drain was completed and the iron grating put down. He was several months in getting the money together necessary for the work, and it seemed a long delay; but its completion was memorable, for on the same day nine of the children received Baptism at the parish church, and the Vicar offered an annual subscription to the school.'

'What said the children at the loss of their beloved gutter?'

'It had so often brought them into disgrace, that I think they had ceased to love it before that time, and were ready enough to join in John's shout which he raised on seeing the grating complete. The stone lying above it was laid by two of the newly baptized.'

Mortimer stooped down to read the inscription. 'Glory to God on high; Peace; Good will to men,' and the date.

He was silent, reading in that inscription his friend's mind and purpose. The foundation-stone of restoration to better things, laid in its resting-place by those babes in Christ, just richly clothed in their 'chrisom vests.' Mortimer spent more time in contemplation over that stone than ever John Treville had done. The buzzing flies seemed like angels' voices to him, and the perfume from the flowers in the cottage windows like sweet incense. The court seemed transformed into Paradise, its air glistening with baptismal dew.

On he mused, regardless of the mirth in the adjacent field, where John Treville's voice might be heard noisiest of all; and quite indifferent to the presence of the gentle girl who stood watching him, with the rays of the setting sun dancing on her golden hair. Agnes at last disturbed his reverie by saying, 'Will you come and let me introduce you to my "crotchety friend," as you are pleased to term him; he has just come out of his cottage to watch the setting sun as usual.'

The old man's hands were folded, and he was leaning on his stick; his head was bare, and the summer breeze played lightly and lovingly with his silver hair. He did not notice Agnes's approach until she laid one of her hands on his and reminded him that he had no hat on. He gently took her hand, and answered, 'No hat, deary, till the sun has gone down. I sha'n't take cold, Miss Agnes. There was no draught from that chapel door to-night, as there is most nights. Anyways I didn't feel it.'

Agnes laughed.

'You may laugh, Miss Agnes; and I dare say you think it's all along of Master Treville's being there that made me forget it; and perhaps you're right. I think it was a hearing his a singing 'Sun of my soul' that makes me feel as if I must stand here with my hat off now. And says he, after the service was over, "Ben," says he, "I will just take you home, and then I must have one game with the young uns." Miss Agnes, deary, when you are old, like me, and can't be active any more, then you too'll larn to like them best who are cheery and playful; now, I dare say, them that are gravest are your taste, but they aren't mine;' and he glanced with a look of dissatisfaction at Mortimer. A deep blush covered Agnes's face; and the old man added, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings, Miss Agnes, deary; I know he is very good, because he is Master Treville's friend.'

'Then accept me as yours on that recommendation,' said Mortimer, as he held out his hand to the old man.

'What is the matter with my little Aggie?' said her father, who had come into the court unobserved, followed by John Treville.

Agnes laughingly answered, with a slightly confused manner, 'Old Ben is accusing me of liking Mr. Mortimer better than John.'

'Which is tantamount to breaking the Sixth Commandment in his opinion, no doubt,' the Doctor returned.

One of the peculiarly bright glances shot from John's eyes, and rested partly on the old man, and partly on Agnes. 'Old Ben is glad to have me at home again, then?' he asked.

'Master John, is it not written of them that bring the glad tidings of peace, that their very feet is beautiful? and that is like what you are to me.'

'Ben,' said John, 'those words may not be applied to me. Dr. Murray was the real messenger.'

'I see, Sir, I see,' the old man returned, after a pause, 'and may God bless him for it. But, Sir, I hope the reverend gentleman won't mind my saying as how I think you struck the first nail.'

'Ben is right, John,' said Dr. Murray; 'repentance comes before faith.'

'Talking of striking nails, Ben, reminds me that you were once a famous carpenter; and I must get you to-morrow to see what can be done with that draughty chapel door.'

'Ay, Sir, most times there is a draught; though there warn't none to-night, as I was a telling of Miss Agnes just now.'

John went into the cottage, and bringing out Ben's hat, put it on his head, saying, 'You are standing in a draught now, Ben.'

'The sun is gone down now, Sir, and I must go in.'

'Good-night, old Ben,' said John, shaking him warmly by the hand.

'Good-night to you all, and God bless you,' returned the old man, taking off his hat once more. 'Miss Agnes, deary, don't let an old man's words give you offence.'

'I know you would not willingly offend me,' Agnes answered; 'and I love you too much, you dear old Ben, to be easily offended with anything you say to me.'

'I ought to know that, Miss Agnes, by this time,' he said, with a loving smile; and then went into his cottage.

Dr. Murray walked away, leaning on John's arm, followed by his daughter and Mortimer.

The conversation between the pairs was uninterrupted until they arrived at Dr. Murray's house, when John, having resisted all the Doctor's invitations to enter, went on alone.

'He might have spent an hour or two with us, surely,' grumbled the Doctor.

'Poor Mrs. Treville!' Agnes rejoined.

'His grandmother? Ay, I had forgotten; of course he would not spend the first evening away from her; but the lad never offers an excuse for anything he does!'

'The lad,' however, brought a look of unclouded brightness into his grandmother's eyes, when he entered the room where she was sitting; and she looked up from her knitting, saying, 'Just in time for tea, Johnny.'

'And like old times, Granny,—quite by ourselves, for I left Mortimer with Dr. Murray; and now I am quite ready for the winding process, if you have any to do, only I think I should like a cup of tea first.'

'All the wool I need for present use is wound, Johnny; if it were not, I would most assuredly make you hold every skein for me, before you had any tea, to punish you for the sarcasm contained in your last words.'

'No, you wouldn't, Granny. You would have been as lenient again as you were in the old days. Oh! don't I remember quaking once, when I accidentally spoke of your "everlasting knitting"?'

'Ah, Johnny, that was very naughty of you. But here come some of your favourite tea-cakes.'

'Hurrah!' he exclaimed; 'how jolly!'

And it was, as he had observed, quite like the old times. The familiar scene brought back, too, that silent mood into which he proverbially sank during his boyhood when alone with his grandmother. In her presence his active spirit found rest, and he was quiet. Mrs. Treville broke the silence by asking him which room he would like to have for his study.

'This room, Granny, unless we shall be in your way.'

'Very well: then I must make the library my sitting-room while you are at home.'

'Your sitting-room will be my study, wherever it may be, unless you dislike the arrangement.'

'Oh, Johnny! I shall fidget Mr. Mortimer, and you too.'

'If you and the maids sit in the room Ned Mortimer would be perfectly unconscious of it when he is at his books. And as to me—why, Granny, I should not think I was at home if I were out of the sound of—'

'Those "everlasting pins," you mean,' said Mrs. Treville. 'You shall have your own way, John.' As she spoke, a tear trembled in her eye—joy brought it there; her grandson's love was very precious to her. 'Ring the bell,' she added, 'I want the table cleared now.'

John obeyed, and then said, 'Granny, shall you mind a great heap of a mess?'

'Not at all; but what are you going to do?'

'To make a huge kite for the little ones to send up on my birth-day. You know they are too young to care for the cricket-match; and I really think, if old Ben will only shew him how to manage it, Mortimer will be able to send it up for them.'

'Well, we can mess together then; for I want to cover some books for the school.'

'Where are they? let me get them for you.'

Once again the silent mood came over John; and his grandmother had almost completed her task before he roused himself from it, and said, 'You will tire yourself, Granny. What a lot of books you have done!'

'I think I am rather tired,' she said.

'I wonder if I could cover a book? I dare say I should be awkward enough at it; but I could try.'

'No, Johnny, thank you; I will put them away now, and finish some other time. Agnes wanted to do them; but I would not let her, for she has so much to do, and lately has not been very strong.'

'Who? Agnes?' said John, looking up quickly.

'Yes. You know Dr. Murray has never been quite the same since Mrs. Murray's death, his memory has gradually been failing him, and he is less helpful in other ways, so that so many things fall upon Agnes; and I know, though she never complains, she does more than she ought to do, and looks pale and tired.'

John sat still, resting his head on his hand. Presently he said, 'I think Hall had better take the singing class now, if he has any time unoccupied.'

'That would be an additional expense; and even now your pocket-money has more calls upon it than I could wish. Besides, I don't think it would be any rest to Agnes to take the class out of her hands; and she does manage it very well.'

John sighed.

'Grace Allyn and Sophie Nelson have helped us constantly in the school lately; and John, you must let me have my own way, and ask the young things to spend your birth-day with us.'

'I am agreeable to anything, Granny; only tell them that if they will permit me to spend the day with the Nunn's Court folk, I shall be most happy to do a little dancing with them in the evening.'

'Oh, Johnny! You will be so stiff after the cricket-match, you will not be able to move.'

'Nothing of the kind, Granny! You'll see how I can dance. How many can you muster?'

'About twenty, I think, with you and Mr. Mortimer, who I suppose does not dance.'

'Does not know his right foot from his left; but he will enjoy it notwithstanding.'

'And now, Grandmother,' he said, after another long pause, 'shall we read our old favourite chapter?'

The assent was readily given; and having put the unfinished kite into a place of safety, and cleared away his 'no end of a mess,' John read aloud, in the same monotonous voice as of old, the account of Nehemiah's return to Jerusalem. When it was finished, Mrs. Treville rose from her seat, and going up to him, placed her hands upon his shoulders, and said, 'Johnny, the God of Heaven hath strengthened *your* hands too, for this good work.'

The young man did not speak, but rose up and kissed her on both cheeks.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES FROM INDIAN LIFE.

BY C. S. I.

No. III.

It is a fact worthy of my remark, that in my first two stations as a young assistant magistrate in the service of the East India Company, I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with three of the most remarkable men that British India has (in this century) produced. Two of them—John Lawrence and Robert Napier, (now of Magdala,) survive. The third, Henry Havelock, has passed away from us, leaving a bright example as a Christian soldier.

It is, or was, the custom in India for a young official, on reaching a new station, to call upon the older residents, instead of waiting for them to notice him. This is part of the easy social system of India naturally growing up where all, or nearly all, the members of society are alike servants of the Government, and however differing in rank or importance, are socially of the same standing. Well, I had paid my respects to the Magistrate and Collector, the Judge, and other authorities at S——pore, and supposed that my visiting duties were over, when someone suggested that I had not called upon the 'canal officers.' A short drive through the delightful environs of the station brought me to the canal. In a cottage on the bank I found two jolly lieutenants, one of artillery, the other of engineers, in their shirt-sleeves, hard at work with plans and papers. The eldest of these two young men was Proby Cautley; the younger, Robert Napier. Living at some little distance from the station, constantly called out along the course of the canal, working morning, noon, and night, at what most men would have considered mere drudgery, these young fellows did not seem to hold a very desirable position. Yet though they knew it not, both of them were on the high road to honour and distinction. Easy unaffected gentle spirits such as these were glad to welcome a fresh young Englishman, who knew nothing about the country, and wished to learn all he could. We became friends. On every subject but one they were my masters. In one respect I beat them. I had ever been a disciple of Izaak Walton, and found them lamentably ignorant of the principles of the gentle art. One of my first questions was about the fish in their canal; but they had been so entirely immersed in irrigation work and engineering, that they seemed quite surprised at my insisting that in such a fine body of water there must be good fish. Inquiry was made; and a certain pool, under an embankment some miles up the canal, was supposed to be full of fish. I unpacked my rod and line, and soon after my visit made an experiment on Indian fish. My success tempted the canal officers to try their hands. The artilleryman became a great fisher; but the engineer, so far as I remember, never caught anything. Although one of the pluckiest fellows I ever came across, he never could bear giving pain to any living creature, and I believe would have suffered more than the fish if he had chanced to hook one. The career of Napier is before the world; and as Lord Napier of Magdala, his name dear to us all. The other 'canal officer' of 1832 is now Sir Proby Cautley, K.C.B., and has long enjoyed a high reputation—first, for his scientific researches in this very district in which I first knew him, and more recently as the projector and designer of the great Ganges Canal, a work which, as the finest irrigation canal in the universe, has saved thousands, and probably will save millions, from famine and desolation. As I have already said, when I first knew these now distinguished men, they were leading a life of what might be considered obscure toil and drudgery. But they had already laid the foundation of their future career. Both were hard workers, honest, zealous, devoted servants of the best masters in the world. So when their time came, they were ready to do great things, and did them without fuss or flourish, just working on in the old accustomed earnest way.

I will not now enlarge upon the opportunities for distinction which an Indian career thus offered, but will rather remark on the privilege and happiness of associating with men who are real workers, in a sphere where work leads to such great and lasting results.

Before I dismiss my earliest recollections of fishing in India, I must note down my experience in a *nullah* or river near the station, the very same which I described in my last paper. This water ran between high banks of sand, sluggishly in the dry season, like a torrent in the rains. One fine afternoon in the burning month of May, when the river was a succession of ponds, with little water flowing along the bed, I took my post on the side of a deep pool. Before long down went my float. I gave a smart pull, and broke the tackle in some big fish. Again the same. The native servant said *Kuchooa hoga*—that is, It must be a *kuchooa*. Well, thought I, a *kuchooa* is a heavy and strong fellow, whatever sort of fish he may be, but he shall not break me again. So, tying on stronger tackle with wire on the hook, I put in once more. Down went the float again. My fish was well hooked, very heavy, but very dull. He steadily seemed to march across the bottom of the pool, and nothing could I do to stop him. At last, to my horror and disgust, the head and cruel eye of a great tortoise, as big as a turtle, appeared.

Thus ended my fishing. There may have been, and no doubt were, plenty of fishes with scales, fins, and tails, like English fish; but these horrid *kuchooas* were masters of the position, and I was forced to give in to them. It so happened that the friend with whom I lived and I were expecting the judge of the district to dine with us the next evening. I proposed that we should give him as a treat a dish of turtle soup; and orders were given in the kitchen accordingly. We did not know that the river-turtle was only eaten by the lowest caste or outcast who feeds on carrion. Our turtle-eating intentions got wind; and the worthy judge, for whom the treat was preparing, wrote very civilly to decline the honour of dining with us, unless we reconsidered our bill of fare. Why our servants should not have remonstrated and saved us from this annoyance, I can't say.

On leaving S——pore, my next station was the then flourishing cantonment of Kurnal. It was my duty at once to pay my respects to the acting magistrate and collector of the district. He lived at the head-quarters of the district, at a place called Paniput, about seventy miles north-west from Delhi, on the great road leading to Lahore. My new master I had never seen, but had been told he was a wild Irishman, and a very good fellow. Behold, then, John Lawrence of 1835! A long tawny active young fellow, slaving away in a sun-burnt wilderness, without an Englishman to speak to, or any companion whatever except the three dogs who shared his bed, his magisterial bench, and his heart. To say that he was devoted to his work is nothing. He lived, ate, drank, and almost slept, in his cutcherry. (court-house.) At every hour, day or night, Pathans, Rangurs, Jats, Goojurs, were on his track. This man, the Pathan, a fine stalwart Mahomedan, wanted places for himself and his brother in the irregular cavalry, who formed the young magistrate's escort. He galloped round and round on a Roman-nosed horse, flourished his spear, and challenged the public to compete with him. He could cut in half an orange without shaking the tree on which it grew, or pick up a tent-peg with the point of his lance. His father had served with Lord Lake; and hearing the name and fame of Jān Lārens Sahib, he had come to offer his services. The Rangur came next, half-bred Raj-poot, half Mahomedan, and an entire scoundrel; he wanted to make terms for his uncle, who had been proclaimed for highway robbery, and was of course as innocent as a babe. The Jat, a hard-working wiry cultivator, came to beg for a reduction in the land-tax or revenue assessment on his plot of land. The Goojur had lost his best buffalo, and had tracked the animal into a village just outside the Paniput district. All wanted attention. Each man pleaded his own case at the top of his voice. In the distance loomed a cloud of policemen, petitioners, visitors of native rank, the outline being filled up by a crowd of court officials, each with a bundle of papers under his arm. As the day advanced, the cutcherry became densely packed, and the crowd outside was like a fair. The hum of voices might be heard half a mile. Amidst this dusky multitude the young Irishman reigned supreme. For the landed proprietors and cultivators he had a smile or a joke. For the Rangur and other malefactors a stern word; and an answer for all. He was popular not because he was gentle, but because he was just; and so long as he was respected he did not much care to be loved. The secret of the success, which even at this early phase in his career dawned upon him, was that he was not above his work. Whilst his cotemporaries were playing billiards, or hunting at up-country stations, or flirting and running into debt in Calcutta, he was absorbed and immersed in public business, and the care almost single-handed of a million of human beings. It was through years of this rough work that John Lawrence fought his way up; and it is of material thus tried, hardened, and sharpened, that great men are made.

Just about this time a case occurred in the town of Paniput, which, as reported to me by the natives of the district, made an impression upon my mind. Some unfortunate rascal in a jealous fit stabbed his wife, and throwing the body down a well, pretended that she had committed suicide.* The police—as native police will do—were inclined to tamper with the matter, when John Lawrence, putting form aside, rushed upon the case, followed out each turn, and with the speed of thought had the murderer by his heels. So it was throughout. Work must be done, thoroughly, earnestly, fairly, and at once.

In his dealings with me, my new master was considerate. Instead of keeping me in slavery or drudgery at his own station, he sent me, as I have said, to Kurnal, and gave me charge of a third part of the district. If I kept it in order, he would not interfere; if I made a mess of it, he would recall me to Paniput. With such a master it was a pleasure to work; and as long as we were together, I never had a cross word. Of course I learned more in this way in a month than I should have learned in twelve months of leading-strings. What I much admired in Lawrence was, that he worked in this strenuous zealous fashion, at a time when he considered that he had been unjustly treated by either the Government or the revenue board. His was a regular case of 'grumble and go.' He thought himself neglected and ill-used, but he worked all the harder, and never for an instant neglected the Government work, because the Government had neglected him. I afterwards learned that this persevering working force, whether matters looked bright or dark, was one of the marks of a man of real power, who feels that it is his business to work on, and leave success in other hands. Little as I saw of my superior at this time, we became friends; and, as we shall see, he was glad to give me a 'lift' when opportunity offered years after.

I returned from my interview with John Lawrence a new man. Hitherto, although I had worked with a kind and worthy master, I had felt myself *in statu pupillari*. I had no separate and distinct responsibility, no territory, no people, of my own. Now all was changed. I had three thanahs or police districts of my own. I had my own escort, my own cutcherry, my own omlah (officials,) and above all, my own 'people.' Beyond this, I felt I had a master who would appreciate good work, and not spare me if I failed. And so I went to work with a will, and found in my work consolation and support at a time of great sadness and sorrow.

It was at Kurnal I first met Havelock. He was a thoughtful man amongst the thoughtless, a pious man amongst the profane. I can remember him now coming into my solitary tent with a load of old Puritan divines and controversial treatises under his arm—a lover alike of dogmatic theology and military tactics. He had the rare talent of influencing and encouraging the common soldier to lead a religious life, whilst he never departed for a moment from the strictest line of military order and discipline. It required a rare temperament for a man to live as he then lived, in an atmosphere both religious and intellectual, at a higher elevation than the rest of the world. Yet so he did live; and though other men wondered and perhaps sneered at his way of life, they could not help respecting him. For some quarter of a century this good man led the life of a devout centurion. His superior literary talents and productions barely rescued him from obscurity. His great professional knowledge was hardly recognized. But the day of trial came at last, and Havelock then shewed of what material a hero is composed.

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* I give what I can remember; I am sure about John Lawrence's share in the matter, but may have forgotten the details.

I cannot pass on to other matters without a word as to the fate of this station of Kurnal. When I first knew it as a gay cantonment, Kurnal was the very model of a thriving military station, under John Company's *regime*. We had cavalry, artillery, engineers, foot-soldiers, with a church, sundry chapels, schools, shops, bazaars, and all the tribe of camp-following native population. The officers had built pleasant bungalows, (houses of one story,) and planted oleanders, roses, peaches, almond, and orange trees in profusion. For some years no station was more healthy or more popular. But an evil day came. Fever and malaria raged over the cantonment, and Kurnal was eventually given up. Years later, when I passed by the place, jungle grew over the ruins of our former houses. Ball-rooms, school-houses, and barracks, had alike crumbled into dust, and the abodes of strong men and fair women were literally a hiding-place for bats, owls, and scorpions.

(*To be continued.*)

PASSIONS SPIEL AT OBER AMMERGAU.

'Many men, many minds.' If each of the six thousand mortals who met in Ober Ammergau, and spent the long summer day in watching the world's greatest tragedy, would tell what he saw and how he saw it, we might have some curious psychological studies. Here, by way of specimen, is the experience of an English student, drawn by love for German national art from Rome to Munich, to be present at this strange religious drama.

At last the long day's journey from Munich to Ammergau was over; after passing through the seven circles of purgatory in a German *stellwagen*—after enduring hunger, thirst, sun, rain, storm, cramp, and fatigue unspeakable—we saw before us the paradise of our desires, which, like Dante's, is at the top of a long, steep, weary hill. Ere we reached our goal, the thunder-storm was past, and the sun was setting over the solemn mountains—some with snow on their distant peaks, others of lower rank wearing a crown of dark pines or firs on their hoary brows.

Soon we came to the village, lying in the heart of the mountains, and found on every house the image of the pale dying Christ on the Cross, which stands, too, in many of the inner chambers. Many of the people of Ammergau live by wood-carving, and produce crucifixes of all sizes. There was the hum and bustle of a city in the little village street, as the long rows of stellwagen drew up, and the travellers poured into the inns and houses. A few hours later the moon rose, and shone all night calmly on the great mountains and the thousands of waiting strangers.

On Sunday morning at dawn the military salute, essential to all Catholic festivals, was fired. Presently the church bells rang out their summons to early Mass, which is always celebrated at four or five, and goes on till eight o'clock, the time when the play begins.

The large wooden shed where the Passions Spiel takes place, is crowded for hours beforehand with anxious spectators seeking their numbered places. The first-class seats are simple benches, with a rail at the top—these have rude cushions on them; they are in the middle of the shed. Behind, on a sloping amphitheatre, are rows of still ruder wooden forms; indeed, many of the places are simply standing points, and the best seats are perhaps about equal to the top gallery of a secular theatre. Most of the place is covered by a wooden roof, but this breaks off before reaching the lowest part of the house, which is occupied chiefly by peasants from Ammergau or elsewhere. The men wear blue coats of primitive length and breadth; the women, striped gowns, tight black bodices garnished with gold chains and coins, and black kerchiefs bound round their heads. The stage has no other covering than the blue ether, or the sweeping storm-cloud, as fate may have it. It is large, and very effective in its simplicity: the side scenes are open courts, with scenes from the Holy Land in gray tints on the walls. Double folding doors with balconies above are on either side the curtain, which is painted in gray, with a view of Bethlehem; Jerusalem is on the back of the stage; the space between the curtains is covered; here most of the play takes place, but the chorus, processions, and mobs, which require more room, come on to the open space in front. The façade over the drop curtain has on it Faith, Hope, and Charity; above is the pelican feeding her young with her own blood. All points to the sacred history here enacted every ten years since the great pestilence of 1633, when the natives of Ober Ammergau vowed never to fail thus to shew forth the Lord's Death.

They have rehearsals for three years before the great tenth year, when they play every Sunday and usually on the Monday also, to accommodate the crowds of spectators. Very few of the chief characters seem to have died since 1860. In the list before me, only three new names occur—Christ, S. John, and the Madonna. It is wonderful how much the actors usually resemble the characters they personate: looking at their photographs, or seeing them on the stage, you have Peter or John just as the artists paint them. Judas is a sly money-loving man, not handsome, as some traditions make him. The women were less satisfactory likenesses than the men. Franziska Flunger, the new Madonna, (who from her name may be a daughter of Flunger, the principal character of 1850,) is pretty, but has little depth of expression, and looks younger than her Son. Joseph Mair, who personates Him, is certainly marvellously like the usual type of Messiah according to the artists.

At eight o'clock the cannon fired: a sudden silence fell on the multitude as the conductor waved his wand, and the solemn music of the overture began. A musical spectator must tell what was its character; I can only say it was simple and thrilling, but did not seem to me *deep* enough for its purpose. Its effect on the people, however, was to keep them all in expectant awe, awaiting what should follow. Now the chorus came slowly on to the stage, the leader in white robes and scarlet mantle, with a gold crown, the nineteen women * on either side in gay draperies, with blue or pink cloaks, and fantastic crowns. They stand in a line in front of the stage; the man begins in a sort of recitative, then the women take up the words, and raising, waving, or crossing their arms, they all unite in a solemn rhythmical exhortation, setting forth God's anger and the coming Messiah. Ere this is ended, the chorus falls back right and left in two sloping lines, the curtain rises, and we see Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise; behind is the fair Garden of Eden, outside the mournful guilty pair. The chorus goes on to explain this type, and the sacrifice of Isaac, which is also set forth. When the curtain falls, the chorus moves again into line, still singing; again they part, and disclose a new picture—the Cross of Calvary, with men, women, and children kneeling around it: from the background rises a prayer, sung behind the scenes by children's voices. These typical representations were the most wonderful pictures possible; at first sight the illusion was so perfect that one could not think anything so still could be alive. It was only by looking intently through a very strong glass that the faintest droop of an eyelash, or momentary quiver of an outstretched hand, betrayed that these were living human beings. Both for artistic effect, and for the length of time during which they were sustained, these tableaux were beyond all praise. The children were perfect angels of grace, and must be real little earth angels of peace to their mothers, if they can ever stand as quietly at home as they do in the theatre. The animals were the only weak point; and as they could not well be real, (unless the very beasts of Ammergau could be taught to take part in the play,) the effect of a stuffed sheep, or a wooden horse, sometimes gave a little stiffness to the natural flowing curves of the picture.

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* The Rev. Malcolm Macoll, in his 'Ammergau Passion Play,' (Rivingtons,) which we greatly recommend to our readers, says that the chorus is equally composed of male and female voices, but the dresses were all alike.

Now began the real history of Christ's Passion. He first appeared, riding on an ass, as he entered Jerusalem. Wonderful it was to see the calm sad gentle gravity of his face, the long flowing hair, and all that artists give when they try to paint the Christ. The procession came through the side courts; children waving palm-branches, men and women following and singing Hosanna, a goodly throng of three hundred—the same mob, who in a few hours will cry, 'Crucify Him!' Near Christ walked his disciples, most of them resembling the conventional idea. When the song of praise was over, He entered the Temple; Scribes and Pharisees had been previously visible, muttering angrily at the triumphal procession—now within the Temple (behind the curtain, which was raised) were assembled the dove-sellers and money-changers. The rebuke and scourging followed—all exactly in the words of the Bible, which throughout formed the staple of what was spoken. These mob-scenes were splendid, the costumes wonderfully good, and the acting excellent. When single speakers came on the stage, and soliloquies took place, the effect was not so perfect; for, though comparatively free from the peculiar Bavarian accent of this part of Germany, the tone and voice were always far below the acting. Thus when the chief figure *spoke*, though his voice was earnest and dignified, it completely broke the spell, which, on his first appearance, had bound me. His action was wonderful; his dress the purple robe, with the scarlet mantle 'without seam.'

The most striking amongst the Type tableaux during the morning was the Fall of Manna—anything lovelier than the groups of children in the foreground can scarcely be imagined; there knelt or stood the waiting Israelites, whilst the manna fell in a thick white cloud like tiny flower petals. The costumes were most picturesque in all the scenes. Those worn by the High Priest and elders at the several councils as to the fate of Christ, were exactly true to the descriptions and conventional pictures of the period, and the colouring was most rich and gorgeous. The supper in Simon's house had a slightly comic effect, from the business-like manner in which the hand-maiden went round and served the apostles with beer or wine, each man in his own grey stone mug. Then Mary Magdalen had a painfully red face, and her hair with which she wiped the feet, after duly anointing them, was by no means long or flowing. The Gethsemane scene was wonderfully carried out, but was too painful to be enjoyed by a cultivated mind. Indeed, long before eleven o'clock, when the pause of an hour takes place, we were both hungry and weary, having risen early, eaten nothing, and sat long on anything but luxurious seats. But the people were by no means tired, and hissed loudly when anyone shewed signs of standing up, insisting on their sitting down again the moment the inevitable choir made its appearance. As we were not sure at what point the play stopped, and had been warned that sometimes the actors were so much interested that they went straight through the whole piece, our sensations were somewhat divided between the stage and the calls of hunger. Indeed, an audible whisper thrilled through the crowd, when the 'Speise saal' (banquet-hall) was mentioned, during one of the councils. When Judas clutched the thirty pieces of silver, after listening with greedy joy to their clink on the table, there was again a slight titter. Otherwise one hardly heard a sound from that vast multitude, except now and then a murmur of admiration, or whispered remarks from some irrepressible ladies in the back-ground.

The scene of the seizure was marvellously natural; the sudden surprise, the kiss of Judas, Peter's zealous and useless resistance, the soldiers' momentary awe at the sight of Jesus of Nazareth, were all accurately represented. The chief actor seemed from this moment to be ennobled and inspired by a higher spirit than before—henceforth he spoke not, save when, in answer to the high-priest, he uttered the words recorded in the Gospels.

At twelve o'clock the play began again; when we entered the theatre, the chorus was already on the stage. Henceforth the tragedy grew even darker and darker—painful to see, and too solemn to describe. Everything went on tending inevitably to the last fatal scene.

The mock trial before the high-priest, the lawless soldiers joyously crowding round the burning brazier, which a good-natured damsel brought in; Peter's timid way of sneaking into the circle, and his three cowardly denials, were all given with most minute accuracy. The cock crowed behind the scenes in a most self-conscious voice, which provoked some tittering amongst the audience. The mocking and scourging scene, and the crown of thorns, were inexpressibly cruel, and the bitter irony of the soldiers was insupportable. Throughout the whole, one felt how completely it was the movement of an ignorant mob, led on by a cruel fanaticism. Pilate appeared in a balcony and addressed the people, who dragged the pale patient Christ under the window, with scoffing glee. Pilate and Herod were made friends, and sat side by side, on gorgeous red and gilt thrones. The wild yell with which the mob clamoured for the innocent blood, and chose, from the two captives set before them, to be released, not the divine patient Messiah, standing there with his crown of thorns and blood-red robe, but the savage robber by his side; the devilish roar, 'Crucify him, crucify him!' with which they tore away the Christ, were scenes not to be dwelt upon. Judas appeared before the high-priest, and there was the whole story of his repentance, ending with a soliloquy, in which, after rambling about the stage in his yellow robes, he makes a spring at the fatal tree, and the curtain falls.

It was a relief to turn from the stage to the world outside; the green hills clothed with pines, the village below with its white church, and the waving poplars. The people in the lower seats, too, made a diversion; every now and then one would steal out by a side door, and come back triumphant with great stone mugs of cool beer, which made the souls of the unhappy three gulden men wither with 'green-eyed envy.' The sun shone brightly, but still it was not oppressively hot, considering the crowd. It was sickening to hear the nails hammered in behind the scenes, and then to see the three crosses, and on the middle one the agonized form. The words written in the Gospels as then spoken were all repeated; there too was the final baiting of the patient dying Messiah; then the weary head dropped, and the Jesus of 1870 looked as dead as ever his great Original could have done. The spear-piercing was not spared, nor the flowing blood; any theatre might take lessons from the fearful accuracy with which these mountain peasants imitate nature in her cruellest perversion, the mad cruelty of man given over to his worst self. The disappointment of the chief priests when Joseph of Arimathea came with leave to remove the body of the victim, the tone in which they said—'And spoil *all* our pleasure,' were never to be forgotten. The thieves had been previously taken away. Now came the 'spotless winding sheet,' in which the lifeless body was gently lowered from the cross, and laid by loving hands in the tomb in the garden. The women marred the solemnity of the scene by their harsh strained voices and exaggerated gestures. The chorus appeared, all cloaked in black, and lamented over the Messiah's death.

It might be fancy which made the sky look darker during the Crucifixion—but certain it is, that, just before the Resurrection, a sudden beam of sunshine shone upon the sealed tomb, and whilst the chorus was singing a hopeful strain, a white butterfly hovered lightly over the scene. The Resurrection was the worst managed part of this strange drama; there was a roll of thunder, the curtain flew up, and the figure literally shot into sight in a rigid upright attitude; then two gilded folding doors closed upon him, with a sudden crash. This so affected some good German ladies, that they exclaimed in rapturous ecstasy, 'Ach, das war schön, wie wünderschön. (Ah! that was beautiful; how wondrously fair!)

The appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalen was not impressive; indeed, he was far more imposing in his sufferings than his triumph, probably because he was silent in the former. He now wore a new green dress and purple mantle, the Magdalen was attired in yellow, as was also S. Peter, on his visit to the tomb, and throughout the whole play. A triumphal chorus with abundant Hallelujahs ended the play. Altogether it had lasted eight hours, and our patience had long been at an end, as also that of three dignitaries, who sat near us on wicker chairs of honour—an Austrian Archduke, with long underlip, the Grosz-furst Vladimir, and the Grosz-herzog of Sachsen-Weimar. It was nearly five o'clock before the crowd streamed out into the narrow street, uncertain as yet how they felt about the scenes they had witnessed.

Certainly it was a sight never to be forgotten. May you share it in some measure from this rapid sketch by one of the eye-witnesses, avoiding the fatigue and horror of the actual scene, and yet gaining a faint idea of the Passions Spiel of Ober Ammergau.

Munich, July, 1870. 'ROMA.'

NOTE.—An account of the many tableaux, which alternated with the history of the Passion, as acted at Ober Ammergau, would make my paper far too long, so I here add a list of them in their order. Before each came the chorus, explaining them, as described in the first type-picture; then followed a scene from the Life or Passion of Christ.

TYPES. *(tableaux.)*	SCENES IN THE PASSION. *(acted representation.)*
2. Joseph cast into the well.	2. Council of priests, &c. against Christ.
3. Departure of Tobias.	3. Christ takes leave of His mother, &c. at Bethany.
4. Ahasuerus repulses Vashti, and raises Esther to his throne.	4. Christ weeps over Jerusalem. Judas meditates His betrayal.
5. Fall of manna and quails.	5. Christ washes the disciples' feet, and institutes the Last Supper.
6. Joseph sold for thirty pieces of silver.	6. Another Council. Judas sells his Master for thirty pieces of silver.
7. Adam works in the sweat of his brow. Joab kisses and betrays Amasa. Samson bound by the Philistines.	7. Christ's agony in the Garden. Kiss of Judas. Christ bound and taken captive.

[Interval of an hour, from eleven to twelve, representing the night between Maundy Thursday and Good Friday.]

8. Michaiah the Prophet smitten on the cheek for speaking the truth.	8. Jesus smitten on the cheek before Annas.
9. Naboth condemned by false witnesses.	9. Christ condemned before Kaiaphas.
10. Cain alone in the wilderness.	10. Judas alone in his repentance and despair.
11. Daniel thrown to the lions.	11. Christ sent to Herod.
12. David's ambassadors disgraced.	12. Christ mocked by Herod's followers.
13. Joseph's brethren shew the blood-stained coat to old Jacob. Isaac bound on the altar.	13. Christ's death resolved on. Christ bound to the column.
14. Triumph of Joseph. Sin-offering and scape-goat.	14. Ecce homo. Barabbas set free.—Christ the sin-offering.
15. Isaac carries the wood for his own offering. The brazen serpent. Moses points to the serpent.	15. Christ bears His own Cross. Christ is raised on the Cross. Whoso looks on Him shall live.
16.	16. Crucifixion.
17. Jonas cast ashore by the whale. Israelites pass the Red Sea.	17. Christ rises from the grave. Christ goes 'through the deep Red Sea of blood.'

Close—Triumphal Chorus.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON ILLUMINATION.

So many attempts have been made within the last few years to revive the Art of Illumination, that a few observations regarding its laws and limits seem not unnecessary. In the middle ages, Illumination occupied a place in relation to Literature and Art, which, it is needless to say, it can never fill again. But the large demand for books and other materials necessary for this kind of painting, proves that there is a great number of persons who occupy their time, to some extent, in endeavouring to learn this branch of decorative art. Indeed, it would be well if young ladies with much leisure time at their disposal, and eyes and hands educated to some degree in form and colour, would really make themselves capable of producing something like true Art of this kind. It would, at all events, be more profitable and entertaining than the various kinds of fancy needle-work which occupy so large an amount of girls' time in our generation. And, if pursued thoughtfully, and with the same amount of attention and patience which is acknowledged to be necessary for gaining proficiency in any other branch of Art, it would go far towards educating and developing the mind and intellect.

The primary law of Illumination is that it shall exhibit a kind of mosaic-work of brilliant colours, forming a border or frame to the text of the book, and by the harmonious arrangement of its parts making letters, which are in themselves unsightly things, pleasing to the eye. To attain this result, all shade on the objects represented, or shadow cast from them, is inadmissible. This would seem evident; for colour and shade cannot exist in any great degree in the same place. In proportion as shadow advances, colour must recede. You can only express one side of nature at a time: if you want effects of light and shade, you must produce them by subduing your colour; but if, as in glass-painting and Illumination, your object is to exhibit masses of colour, rich and varied in hue, you must be content to represent shadows conventionally by shading natural objects with gradations of pure colour.

The second, and perhaps the least understood principle of Illumination, is the law of conventionalism. All decorative art ought to contain as much of nature as is consistent with its material, plan, and office. In the middle ages, illuminators were, it is supposed, frequently glass-painters also, and the same manner of colouring was used in both branches of art. All attempts to paint pictures on glass have proved utter failures, and only in the days of the degradation of Art has the experiment ever been made. The office of glass-painting is to harmonize in thought and in colour with all that surrounds it of picture or ornament, and to mellow with its soft bright tints, as in the churches of past ages, every unchastened glare of the outside world. It is, perhaps, not quite so easy to understand why illuminated art should be so restricted. It is an unalterable rule of good art, that the decorative shall be less prominent than the thing which it decorates, so as not to usurp the attention from the main object. The only artistic way of doing this, is to express natural forms in few and simple lines and flat unshaded colour; for the smaller the degree of nature in any work of art, the less honourable is the work. And it is obvious that the reading contained in a book is the principal object of attention, and that to contain the written matter the book was made.

Illuminated ornament should then first beautify the writing by surrounding it with a frame-work of brilliant colours and graceful forms; never going beyond its limits or passing the prescribed bounds into which every curve and leaf should fall obediently, as though conscious of the restraint which encloses it.

And secondly, it should explain or illustrate the text, or represent some thoughts suggested by it to the mind of the painter. There is no limit to the expression of any thought, imagination, or fancy, or to any phase of feeling from the pathetic to the grotesque; but unconnected and meaningless ornament is always debased ornament.

On the other hand, the nature of true conventionalism is often misunderstood in Illumination. It is not, for instance, the composition of border-patterns, by striking leaves on a stalk at intervals, which look no more as if they grew on the branch than do the ornaments on a Christmas tree. To conventionalize a flower is to draw it from nature, noting and expressing all the chief characteristics of its growth and kind, so that its individuality may be unmistakeable, while refusing to paint any of its features which may mar the effect you want to produce. Take, for instance, a rose. It is one of the most difficult flowers to paint, and when reduced to a size convenient for Illumination, must necessarily be shorn of some of its features. If drawn on a very small scale, a flat tint of rose-colour might be laid all over the flower; and when dry, the petals, with their characteristic sweep in circles towards the centre, drawn in with a fine brush in gold or black. If drawn on a larger scale, the shadow expressing the shape and curves of the blossom deepening towards the middle, may be indicated by an additional wash of deep rose-colour towards the bottoms of the petals. Persons who illuminate in the present day, seem to think that a conventionalized flower means a flower stiffened into an unnatural attitude, shorn of half its individuality, and its species barely to be conjectured by its colour and general form. Whereas, the essence of conventionalism is to represent as distinctly as possible the conditions of life and growth in whatever living thing is drawn—marking them even the more emphatically, because, of necessity, so much else is left out. Thus it is consistent with most conventional arrangement of leading lines in a border of flowers, to mark the way in which nature has put them on their stems, and the manner in which the leaves and buds open themselves in each individual plant. No one would be so absurd as to suppose that conventional painting was equal to realistic painting; but the superiority of the latter simply consists in the greater scope for expression of the facts of nature; and to give conventional painting its full value, it ought to represent as much of nature as is possible under given conditions.

Thirdly, book ornamentation should always be suggestive of penmanship, to which it legitimately belongs. The lines and curves in all the best old illuminated work, carry out in clearly penned outlines the marginal line or initial letter, and are continuations of them. As a rule, all border patterns should be distinctly outlined in some one colour—black or gold were generally used in the middle ages—so that the eye may rest on the connecting link between every part of the border with all the rest of it. In the twelfth century the initial letter of a page was frequently the chief part of the ornament. Always very large and brilliantly coloured, it formed at once a centre for ornament, and a starting-point for the border, which frequently consisted simply in the continuation of the head and tail of the letter along the margin, with foliated terminations.

Lastly, ornament must spring from, or be in some way dependent on, the lines of construction. There is no artistic meaning—no *design*—in disconnected sprigs or garlands of flowers scattered on a border. Once let natural objects be separated from their place in the general design, and realistic painting follows inevitably; for a flower painted in flat and arbitrary colours appears absurd, unless forming part of a composition.

These laws are common to all subordinate ornament; and there is room enough within their limits for intelligent drawing of all kinds, or for the expression of any degree of thought or fancy. As regards the practical application of the Art of Illumination in the present day, perhaps the most remarkable thing is how singularly purposeless is most of the work done. One cannot say how much painting of more or less worth might be produced from the amount of hand and eye work which is wasted upon the scrolls, cards, and various knickknackeries, which are painted, looked at, and then thrown aside; but it might be considerable. It has been the fashion for the last few years for people to put texts, mottos, and such like things, wherever there is a reasonable excuse for them. And writing may well be so employed, provided it is clearly understood that such things are for use and not for ornament; and that letters being in themselves ugly things, cannot be made into ornaments simply by painting them in various colours, or ornamenting them till they become unintelligible. Some of these texts, which we have seen, are as delicately and elaborately ornamented as though they were intended for close inspection, instead of being, as was the case, in a position in which they must needs be seen at a distance of several yards. Others are formed of letters belonging to the worst period of Illumination, the designer of which seems to have made it his chief object to make them as perplexingly like each other as possible. Frequently each word is of a different colour, the result of which is hopelessly confusing, and very similar in its effect upon the eye to that of the 'magic mats,' once in vogue, in which the colours were so combined as to appear always dancing before one. But the most peculiar form which this fancy for painted texts takes, is that of scrolls, which are cut out of paper in every conceivable shape which a real roll might be supposed to assume if hung helplessly on a wall: the reverse sides being filled in in various ways. One cannot help stopping to wonder by what process the right of such curious and uncomfortable-looking deceptions, which deceive no one, become pleasing and beautiful to people's eyes. Probably the only explanation lies in the fact that these devices give more scope for bright colouring, the instinct for which is so strong in most people. Now we submit that the first object of a text or motto, whether for instruction, as in churches and schools, or for any other purpose, is legibility; and when a thing has to be seen from a greater or less distance, distinctness must generally be obtained by absence of detail and broad masses of colour: and even when near the eye, it is surely waste of labour to put elaborate drawing on anything which is intended simply to catch the eye of the passer-by, and to be quickly legible as a reminder of some particular fact or truth.

The most useful and practical work which we know on the subject of Illumination, is called 'Practical Instructions in the Art of Illumination,' and is now bound up with one of the pamphlets on Water Colour Painting, sold by Messrs. Winsor and Newton; and it contains almost all the special information which can be given on the subject. We would say, in qualification, that too much stress is laid on the necessity of copying and tracing letters and alphabets. It cannot be repeated too emphatically, that before taking up any special branch of Art, a person ought to be able, in some degree, to draw; and the perpetual copying of letters would be a very roundabout way of learning, and a wearisome one too. For it is scarcely necessary, in these days of printing, to learn to draw letters for their own sake; and after having learned something of drawing, it is as easy to draw a letter well as anything else. A fine mediæval letter is a very good exercise in drawing, but not more so than many other exercises. Any set of outlined designs, with fine curves, which may happen to be within reach, are good training for eye and hand—such as engravings of ancient Greek or Egyptian vases. The series of free-hand studies used in the Schools of Design are admirable for practice, although the curves are not so good as in such models they ought to be. After the outline is sketched in, either a hard pencil or pen and ink may be used for drawing it in clearly; but pen and ink is better practice as a study for Illumination. It takes long time, and many such exercises, to gain the power of accurate and steady drawing which is so absolutely necessary for Illumination; but without such training, all attempt at painting is mere waste of time. Without firm outlines, and good curves, bright colouring is only painful, and but emphasizes the defects of form.

The new 'Handbook of Pictorial Art,' of the Oxford University Press Series, will be found most useful by beginners, and the exercises are not so tedious as those in the 'Elements of Drawing.' Some little knowledge of figure-drawing is also necessary in Illumination; and without it the painter must always feel hampered, since he is entirely confined to flower and tree life for the means of expressing ideas. It is a common thing to hear people who can copy some things fairly well, say, 'It's of no use for me to attempt to draw a figure. I know I couldn't do it.' Very likely they never tried. But at any rate we will venture to lay it down as a general rule, that a person who can draw one thing can draw another; and that the power of drawing figures is simply a matter of time, though the figure being the most difficult branch of Art, naturally demands more time and trouble. It is a very good way of studying the elements of figure and animal drawing, for beginners to procure outlines of a few small but good engravings, such as Richter's Illustrations of the Lord's Prayer, or Albert Durer's etchings, or, for such as prefer the humourous grotesque, Grimm's Fairy Tales. The figures may first be traced with a pencil on tracing-paper, and afterwards in free-hand on drawing or writing paper, after which they may be outlined with pen and ink. Beginners will find the process of tracing, if practised for the first few studies, will enable them to draw the object afterwards with greater ease, as well as give steadiness to the hand. Of course, there is no way of thoroughly learning to draw the figure, but drawing *from* the figure; and those who have opportunity of doing this will do well to avail themselves of it, for it will give them power of drawing, which nothing else can do. But any training is better than none, and much may be learned from patient copying of good prints.

The subject of colouring is too long a one to enter on here; and we cannot do better than refer our readers to the little pamphlet before mentioned for most practical information. One or two general rules, however, may not be out of place.

I. Never use transparent colour in illuminating. All tints must be laid on perfectly flat—that is, without gradation; and it is only by the use of 'body-colour,' or opaque colour, that this is possible. All colours may be made opaque by the mixture of a little Chinese white with them. The mixture should not be too thick, as great care and some practice is required in laying on a flat tint of colour, so that it shall look even all over, and not dry at the edges before it is finished.

II. All shade tints should be transparent and pure colours: no greys or neutral tints are admissible. For instance, scarlet may be shaded with crimson lake. One stroke of the brush ought to be enough generally to give the amount of shade required, without re-touching or softening the edges.

The safest teaching, however, is to be found in the MSS. of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A careful study of one of these will be of far more use than reading a whole book of descriptions of processes.

A. C. OWEN.

A VISIT TO THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

A LETTER, bearing the post-mark 'St. Bernard,' and containing an invitation to visit the Hospice, reached us at Zürich on the 20th of August. It is difficult to tell what delight this missive gave us. All my life I had longed to make a pilgrimage to the famous old mountain monastery, and see the place where the saintly young Bernard de Menthon founded an establishment that has survived through sunshine and storm, through peace and war, for nearly a thousand years. But the name of St. Bernard as a post-mark made me doubt whether even the Hospice could be still in its state of original simplicity; and when I opened my letter, and saw a curious device of a cross rising up from a bank of rocks and clouds, I felt almost indignant with the reverend Fathers of the St. Bernard for thus following the fashion of the day. However, the charming invitation in the letter soon engrossed us completely. The writer, Mrs. P——, was a cousin of my father's. She had been living in Switzerland for some years, and always spent the hottest months of the summer on the high Alps. Being a member of the Roman communion, she greatly enjoyed having summer quarters with the Augustine Fathers at the Hospice of the St. Bernard, and had already been staying there for some weeks. She invited us to join her there, and conveyed a message from M. le Prieur of friendly welcome, with full directions as to our journey. Of course such a charming opportunity was not to be lost, so we wrote to say, that all being prosperous, we might be expected to arrive at the Hospice, as Mrs. P—— proposed, in time to keep the Fête of the 8th of September there.

We had already made the acquaintance of some of the St. Bernard Fathers, at their Hospice on the Simplon. Two years before we had crossed by that pass from Italy. A cousin who was then our travelling companion, managed to slip down a rock whilst she was in search of some wild flowers. Both her hands were full of treasures, which she would not relinquish even to save herself from an awkward fall, and the result was a bad cut. We were not far from the Hospice at the time, and our driver advised us to go in and let 'la pauvre petite' rest awhile. A most kind and sympathizing Father received us, and would willingly have bound up the hurt—indeed, he assured us that he was considered quite a good doctor. Whilst my cousin lay on the sofa, he talked pleasantly about the flowers we had brought in, and begged us to refresh ourselves before we went on to Brieg. Meanwhile, M. le Prieur had entertained my father most hospitably in the refectory, and we parted from our Augustine friends with much gratitude, and still more regret.

Now we were very anxious to become acquainted with the other members of the noble band.

We worked our way down to Interlaken, and meant to cross the Gemmi to Martigny, but the rain came on with such hopeless mist that we were quite disheartened. It really seemed absurd to start for the mountains in such a downpour.

We went by railway from Thun to Vevay, and made up our minds that our visit to the St. Bernard must be delayed.

However, Tuesday morning, the 7th of September, was most promising, the mist floated away in long wreaths up the sides of the Dent du Midi, and the weather-wise porter at the 'Trois Couronnes' assured me that we might look for three fine days at least.

With full faith in the porter's wisdom, I went off in search of my father, and begged that we might make a start for Martigny—there was no time to be lost: in an hour we had packed our bags, and were fairly *en route;* but whether we should reach the Hospice in time for the Fête seemed doubtful.

There was, as usual, a long delay at St. Maurice, and then at least an hour was lost at the station at Martigny, where everyone wanted to leave piles of baggage in a left-luggage office which didn't exist.

At last we got to the Hôtel de la Tour; and I, as courier for the party, seized upon the good-natured landlady, and entreated her to let us have dinner instantly, and a char for the St. Bernard in half an hour. Both were readily promised, but lingered in coming. It was quite six o'clock before our two char-à-bancs came round to the door. Then the bags were stowed away with my father in one, my aunt and I clambered up into the other, and away we rattled over the dusty pavement. Twice before I had passed along that road to Martigny-le-Bourg, and each time had looked with longing eyes up the rocky valley to the left, where the path diverges to the St. Bernard. How glad I was now to leave the steep climb up the Forclaz to the right, and follow the smooth terraced road that overhangs the noisy Dranse. It was a beautifully clear September evening, the grey rocks were already crimsoned by the sunset light.

Our driver was one Nicolas Bordelais, a most intelligent and courteous companion. His bright clever face and soldierly bearing won our hearts before he had ventured to enter into the lively conversation which we afterwards carried on. He had only returned from the St. Bernard that afternoon, and said that he had just had time to swallow six spoonfuls of soup, and arrange his toilette, before he started with us.

'But how about your mule?' I asked, in alarm.

'Bah! Mademoiselle, do you suppose it possible that an animal could traverse this road twice in one day? Ah! you have a good little mule, fresh from stable, and we shall reach Liddes almost before dark. It is true, Mademoiselle, you wish to go as far as possible this evening itself?'

'Certainly,' I answered, 'for we hope to arrive at the Hospice in time for the High Mass to-morrow.'

'Yes, yes; Mademoiselle will keep the Fête of the Sainte Vierge at the St. Bernard? It shall be so. We shall assuredly arrive in time to breakfast to-morrow.

With this assurance, we went merrily on our way. Monte Catogne in front of us glowed rosy red; and the valley up which we were progressing seemed filled with soft grey mist. Little plots of vineyard rose in narrow terraces wherever the rocks left room for them; and under the walnut trees, on the right, the grass was full of the pale lilac flowers of the autumnal crocus. Such a pretty village was passed on our left, built on a hillock, the sides of which were streaked with tiny rills, that tumbled in white foam over the mossy rocks, till they dashed headlong into the Dranse.

Far away, up the bleak mountain sides, we saw a faint sparkle and a wreath of blue smoke.

'Those are the watch-fires of the shepherds,' said Nicolas. 'Believe me, Mademoiselle, the nights are cold up there!'

Soon we crossed the Dranse by an unfinished bridge, the loose planks rattled under the wheels, and the parapet will be the work of the future.

The road was a mere shelf between the steep mountain side and the roaring river. We could trace the old route on the other side; it had been broken up by an avalanche of rocks and mud.

On a tiny plain, formed by an elbow of the river, stood a grim-looking grey stone building, which, Nicolas told us, had been a Trappist convent before the course of the road was brought to the left side of the river.

'Judge then, Mademoiselle, how lonely it must have been; the rock behind, and the torrent in front, and no word spoken by the Religious! Since the building was forsaken by them, a French gentleman came and tried to work a silver-mine up there on the face of the mountain. The convent became a smelting-house. But the silver was hard to find, and the work laborious and painful, and now the workmen have all departed.'

As we wound up the zigzags that bring us to the upper valley of Orsières, the sunset light faded quite away, and the opening to the Val Ferrex looked dark and gloomy.

At Orsières there is a huge barn where provisions are laid up in store for the Hospice. Some of the mules belonging to the Community are employed all through the summer in carrying the supplies up the mountain: for the liberal hospitality of the good Fathers is boundless, and the consequent consumption of food enormous. After we had passed Orsières, the road could no longer be distinguished, only the white foam of the river far below us, and the twinkling lights in the châlets glimmered out of the darkness.

Overhead the stars came out in brilliant clusters.

'It will be fine weather certainly for to-morrow, Mademoiselle; see then the stars, "elles ne sont pas trop serrées."' Such was Nicolas's encouraging remark.

What a charm there was in that drive!—The mountains closing in all round us: the hoarse rushing sound of the torrent in the deep gorge below, the clear pale September starlight overhead. It reminded me of just such another drive from Baveno to Domo d'Ossola, when the solemn shadow of the great rocky roots of the mountains made one feel quite overawed by their dim majesty.

Suddenly, with a tremendous crack of his whip, Nicolas exclaimed, 'Here we are then, arrived at Liddes, and it touches precisely upon ten o'clock!'

The street seemed so narrow that I drew in my cloak, lest it should catch the shutters; and as blinds are unknown at Liddes we detected some of the more dissipated natives retiring to rest. At the Hôtel de l'Union everyone *had* retired; but by dint of knocking and calling the landlady was roused, and came forth, candle in hand, and night-cap on head, to receive us.

We followed the flaring candle up a broken stone stair-case, and along a rough flagged passage, sleepily wondering where we should find ourselves at last.

'Here is an apartment for these ladies,' said the blinking candle-bearer, throwing open the door of the drollest little cabin I ever saw—clean and white, but so quaintly primitive! 'How do you find this room, my ladies?'

'Oh! it will do perfectly for Madame and for me; but where then will Monsieur be lodged?'

'Quite at your side, Mademoiselle.'

And then we inspected another cabin, much smaller than ours, with a floor that had been upheaved by some internal convulsion, and a box of a bed that would perhaps contain a boy of twelve. How my father stowed away his six feet of height I never dared to ask.

Presently, Nicolas appeared with our bags; but we found that unpacking them would be absolutely impossible, for the narrow window-ledge was the only place where we could stow away anything.

My only care was to get a basin of water for the lovely bouquet of geraniums and oleanders that we had brought from the inn-garden at Martigny. Water was very scarce at Liddes, and appeared in a very small milk-jug.

With the help of a chair, we climbed up into the highly stuffed boxes, which were to serve as beds; and then what a crackling of fresh straw there was as we settled down. It was delightful to feel that four hours more would actually bring us to the Hospice!

The church bells, tinkling for the early Mass of the Fête, awoke us betimes on the 8th: and a glorious blue sky greeted my eager eyes; but the air was crisp with frost, in spite of the cloudless sunshine.

'Quite at my side,' I heard a tremendous crack and thump, by which I guessed that my father was taking the preliminary turn, to turning out.

By seven o'clock our bags were locked, the precious flowers packed away in a biscuit tin that had stuck to us through all our wanderings, and we were ready for breakfast.

Nicolas came in, with a bright morning greeting. 'Said I not so, Mademoiselle? it is a weather that is truly magnificent! At what hour shall we depart?'

'Immediately, I beseech you.'

'It is good, Mademoiselle; you will arrive for the "Grande Messe."'

Breakfast at the Hôtel de l'Union was not much to boast of; but it was soon despatched, and we climbed up into the char-à-banc before the curious gaze of a crowd of villagers who were all in festal trim.

The road from Liddes to St. Pierre is wonderfully good; it keeps to the left side of the river, with sloping hay-fields above, and very steep potato-grounds below. The forest of St. Pierre clothes the opposite bank of the ravine; and above the pine trees, on the smooth green Alps, we could see the châlets of the herdsmen; the faint tinkle of cattle-bells seemed to float down from the heights. Over the steep green ridges, snowy peaks glittered against the blue sky. The freshness of that September morning was intensely enjoyable!

St. Pierre is a dirty miserable village. Nicolas told us that the Curé was very ill, at the point of death, so one of the Fathers had come down from the Hospice to take charge of the Church. We found, afterwards, that it was the Sous-Clavandier who had been told off for this duty.

Beyond St. Pierre the char-road is carried to a lonely inn, called the Cantine de Proz. There we unpacked ourselves and our baggage; the latter was arranged on the back of one of the mules, and I mounted into a wonderful saddle with which the other was caparisoned.

My father and aunt went on in front, and were soon mere specks on the winding path.

Nothing but rocks, and little patches of rough grass, which no doubt shew a gorgeous wealth of wild flowers in July, but I could only find a few bleached gentians that had survived the scorching August sun.

The mountains rise up like a wall in front, the lofty white peak of the Mont Velan seems to shut out the blue sky, and the desolate inn looks like a grey boulder on the little plain below. The path is really a stair-case, so steep are the blocks of rock over which my mule scrambled deftly; but even this rugged ascent did not interrupt the pleasant flow of conversation from Nicolas. He knew our cousin, Mrs. P——, quite well, and told me that she had lately been making a little excursion into Italy. She went with M. le Prêvot and M. le Prieur to visit the vineyards that belong to the Community at Aosta.

'Was Mademoiselle acquainted with M. le Prieur? Ah! he is a brave man—he is of such an intelligence—he is so good—he is truly a saint. We all regard him as our friend, and we venerate him as our good Father. See, Mademoiselle, he is precisely of my age; and he has passed all his beautiful youth up in that mournful desert. Ah, assuredly the good God will reward him in another life!'

At last we rounded a steep promontory of rock, and a sunny little green valley came into view. The Dranse, now a shallow brawling stream, divides the grassy plain, and on the right I saw a large block of farm buildings. Nicolas told me it was the Châlet of the Hospice, where the Fathers often come to recruit themselves. About forty cows are pastured in the valley; only two are kept up at the Hospice, so the large supplies of milk and butter have to be carried up daily.

At the head of the valley, the path again mounts a rough ascent; a low-doored massive stone hut reminds one of the fearful snow-drifts that accumulate on that part of the road during the winter.

Tall weather-beaten posts, standing on projecting rocks, are the only available way-marks after the snow has fallen, for the path along which we passed is utterly impracticable from November till May. Some of the servants of the Hospice, guided by one of the dogs, come down to the refuge hut every morning to bring travellers up the mountain. The snow is sometimes forty feet deep in the gorge we were now entering. The last mile of the ascent is the steepest bit of the whole road; but how exciting it was, looking out for the first sight of the Hospice!

Several groups of peasants passed us on their way to keep the Fête at the St. Bernard. The women all wore the square low-crowned beaver hat of the Canton Valais; but their brown stuff dresses might have belonged to any country. One chatty old woman told me that she was going to see her son, who was waiting to be made a priest, and she hoped also to see a 'profession' the next day. She asked if that tall gentleman who was walking at my side was my father—it must be so, for I resembled him so much; and ah, Mademoiselle, how good he is to you! his words are so tender—'C'est comme le bon Dieu même!'

Dear old woman! truly she had a child's just estimation of our Father's loving care.

Suddenly we looked up, and saw the white walls of the Hospice filling up the top of the pass.

'And now, be assured, Mademoiselle, the good Fathers are already awaiting you,' said Nicolas, 'for I have sent to advertise your arrival to Madame P——.'

Joyfully I ran up the flight of rough stone steps, and passed through the hospitable door that stands open night and day, winter and summer, inviting all weary travellers to go in and receive shelter and rest.

A loud bell rang somewhere, and then a young monk, in soutane and white cordon, came forward with outstretched hands to bid us welcome.

'Ah, it is the friends of Madame P——, then welcome indeed! How that poor lady watched for you last night! She disquieted herself much, when you did not arrive!'

Such was M. le Clavandier's greeting. Then, from the upper regions, came another Augustine Father, whom I instantly recognized as M. le Prieur, for his photograph has been well known to me for years.

Between these two courteous hosts we were ushered into the salle-à-manger, where a blazing wood fire looked most friendly.

'But now, what will these ladies take to refresh themselves?' asked M. le Clavandier; for the eleven o'clock dinner was over, and supper would not be served until six.

We begged for some tea; and then were conducted up to our room, which had been kept for us the night before. It was such a palace compared to the 'cabin' at Liddes, and the white beds, with their swelling dûvets, looked delicious. My father was to be lodged in the Monastery itself, and M. le Prieur threw open the great iron 'grille' that divides the corridor, and led us to the further end.

'The grille will remain unlocked, Mademoiselle, so that you can take care of your father, even though he is in the Monastery!' said M. le Prieur, smiling.

The corridor is paved with rough flags, and the walls are whitewashed, but the rooms are all panelled and floored with red pine, and the furniture is far better than in most mountain inns.

My father was terribly tired after his long stiff climb; and M. le Prieur went off to fetch some powders to make an effervescing beverage, which he thought might refresh him. Meanwhile, our cousin, Mrs. P——, came in from a walk, and what a pleasant home-greeting we had then, actually inside the iron grille. She had never been admitted to the monastic side of it before, as of course ladies do not generally invade the quarters of the Fathers. Indeed, though she presented a lovely copy of a Madonna (which she had painted herself) to the Hospice, she has never seen it since it was hung up in the refectory.

Just as we had finished our 'afternoon tea,' the bells began to chime for Vespers, and M. le Clavandier hurried off to put chairs for us in front of the choir-screen. We entered the church from the organ-tribune, and found a large congregation of peasants already assembled. Then, one by one, the Fathers took their places in the choir-stalls; they are all regular canons, and wear the canon's lace rochette over their Augustine habit, with a crimson tippet that just covers their shoulders. M. le Prêvot, who is really the Bishop of the St. Bernard, and head of the whole order, sat in a stall facing the high altar, on the Decanis side. The ordinary dress of the Augustine canons is a soutane with a black silk girdle, (M. le Prêvot wears a crimson one,) and a white cordon down the back and round the neck, which divides into two bands over the chest. Their white collars and smooth beardless faces look quite like our own English priests.

Of course, the 8th of September being the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, all the hangings and vestments in the church were white.

Compline followed Vespers, but there was no Benediction Service. I was provided with an English and Latin Prayer-book, so could easily follow the Psalms, chanted to the familiar Gregorian Tones; but it always does seem so very strange to *sit* during the Psalms; all the Fathers raised their birettas at each Gloria, and my cousin bent her head and crossed herself, but even then we did not stand up!

Dinner, or rather supper, was served at six, and by that time about forty guests had arrived. The long table, shaped like an L, was quite full. All the time we were at dinner, the door-bell kept ringing, and M. le Clavandier brought in fresh guests after each peal. I am sure he had no chance of getting any dinner himself.

As soon as the table was cleared, a large circle was made round the fire, and we had the cosiest corner, where M. le Prieur brought us tea with his own hands, and then sat down to have a chat. He and our cousin are great friends; and though he cannot speak English, and my father cannot speak French, they can each understand the other's language, and we helped them out with very free translations. They tried a bit of Latin now and then, but owing to the barbarous English pronunciation, though both were polished scholars, they soon came to a stand-still.

About nine o'clock the visitors began to retire; M. le Prièur came himself to light our candle, and see that we were provided with great copper 'chauffeuses.' I must say that it seemed scarcely respectful to shake hands with our very reverend host. I felt as if I ought rathermore to have knelt for his blessing.

Then we turned the big key in the primitive lock, and tucked ourselves up under our capital 'dûvets.'

Some very noisy Americans next door dispelled my illusions as to monastic silence; but the voices of the Fathers in the corridor, and the harsh grating of the grille, as it was closed for the night, made me feel quite sure that we were not in an ordinary hotel.

At six o'clock the next morning, the Angelus bell booming through the frosty air awoke us to the happy certainty that we really were under the roof of St. Bernard's Hospice, and then a peal of three sweet-toned bells clanged cheerfully along the vaulted corridor. The window-panes were covered with rime, and when that was rubbed off, a thick white mist seemed to be wrapped round the Hospice, like very chilly cotton wool! High Mass was at eight, so there was not much time to lose, and I was very glad to get down to the salle-à-manger, where M. le Clavandier's smiling face, and a good fire, were joyful sights. Upon inquiring for M. le Prieur, I was told that he had been in Church since five o'clock, hearing Confessions.

Poor M. le Clavandier had already said his Mass, for he is obliged to occupy himself all the morning with the visitors, who want their breakfast at any hour, from six till eleven. He has to say his Office by bits and scraps, whenever he has a few minutes to himself.

We took our places in church early, and I had time to notice that all the white hangings were changed for crimson ones, as the Roman Church commemorates three Martyrs on the 9th of September. Some of the Fathers were already in their stalls. One of them struck me exceedingly; his thin pale face wore such a look of seraphic holiness, just the expression that one always fancies St. Francis of Assisi must have had.

My cousin told me that this saintly-looking Father was the Professor of Theology, and had the charge of instructing the novices. He is one of a most devoted family; his sister has taken vows in a convent near Nice.

Three young men, who were kneeling in front of the Canons' stalls, were to make their profession at High Mass: one of them wore a curious blue and gold uniform that puzzled me, till Mrs. P—— told me that it is the dress of the Theological College! M. le Prêvot was the Celebrant, and wore his mitre, and a splendid chasuble that glittered with gold embroidery.

The Kyrie and Gloria in excelsis were from a Mass of Mercadante's, very beautiful, though unfamiliar music. The profession of the novices was an exceedingly solemn and touching sight:—the postulants knelt before the High Altar, and having severally answered the Bishop's questions, were clothed, as they knelt, in the Augustine habit, a prayer being said as each different article was put on; then they received the Kiss of Peace, and were communicated. The young Novice-Master, Father Bruchie, of whom I spoke before, remained kneeling the whole time, with clasped hands, and such an expression of devout profound 'recueillement' on his face and in his whole manner, that I felt sure he had been pleading very earnestly for his pupils. The service lasted more than two hours, and I believe the church was very cold, but the whole scene was so intensely interesting that I quite forgot we were more than eight thousand feet above the sea! As we came out of church, Mrs. P—— introduced me to Father Bruchie, an honour that quite abashed me; he was hurrying away to receive his young novices after their profession.

Then M. le Prieur came up to us, and although his voice was scarcely audible from exhaustion, he stopped to make kindly inquiries for my father. 'Ah! do go and breakfast, for you must be almost dead with hunger, my Father!' said Mrs. P——; 'since five o'clock you have been in that freezing church! Your voice is extinct.'

My cousin told me afterwards that from his rank, M. le Prieur is released from hearing Confessions, but that the peasants are all so fond of him that he continues to be their director, even now that his rule no longer obliges him to attend the Confessional. He is still quite young, only thirty-seven, and has lived seventeen years at the Hospice. Twenty years is the longest period that a man can remain at the St. Bernard; already the Prieur suffers severely from rheumatism in his head, and often completely loses his voice. During the winter crowds of labourers and artizans cross the Pass, on their way home from Italy into Switzerland; very often their limbs are horribly frost-bitten from exposure to the cold;

then they are tenderly nursed by the Fathers, and sent on their way rejoicing. Last winter M. le Prieur sat up night after night with a young man who was dangerously ill, for he hoped that at any hour there might be a return to consciousness, and then he would be at hand to receive the dying man's confession. Contrary to all expectation, the invalid recovered, chiefly through the unremitting care that M. le Prieur lavished on him, and he set out for his home with a glad heart, not only sound in body, but blessing the illness that had brought him under the good Father's care and instruction.

Mrs. P—— told me that it is not *usual* for M. le Prieur to dine with the guests in the salle-à-manger, but that he had promised her to do so when her friends came to the Hospice. It so happened, during our visit, that the Sous-Clavandier was absent (taking charge of the Church of St. Pierre) so that M. le Prieur's assistance was really necessary to help M. le Clavandier in his manifold duties. All the work of the Commissariat Department falls to his share; he has sometimes to provide dinner for three hundred peasants, besides the tourist guests in the salle-à-manger who want small refections all day long.

The bread is always baked in Italy, and carried up on mules every other day; the cost of fire-wood is so great that it would be impossible to heat an oven at the Hospice. Most of the wood they use is brought from a forest beyond Orsières. During the winter two cows are kept in the cellar to supply the Fathers with milk; when the poor animals are hoisted up to the light of day in the spring, they tumble on their noses like blind creatures, and cannot use their legs for several days. The same cow can never undergo two winters in the cellar.

Of course we went to see the famous dogs, but I was rather disappointed with their appearance; a pure St. Bernard has quite short stiff hair, and most of them are an ugly yellow and white colour; but their faces are very intelligent and noble, and though they are never sent out (as the story-books tell us) with blankets and bottles strapped round their necks to hunt for lost travellers, they really have a marvellous instinct in finding their way over the snow; often they lead the Fathers and servants safely down to the refuge, working their way steadily along, with only the very tips of their tails appearing above the snow.

At eleven o'clock dinner was announced; all the guests of the night before had departed, and we were only eight at the great table—an American gentleman who had just bought one of the dogs, a bright delicate Italian lady, the two Fathers, and our four English selves, made up a very sociable party. The dinner was excellent, especially one dish of rice stewed in cream, and flavoured with cinnamon.

After dinner my cousin offered to take us into Italy! So she started off with my father and aunt along the smooth terrace that overhangs the little lake at the top of the Pass. I had a letter to write, and preferred the fire-side corner. Presently, to my great delight, M. le Prieur looked in.

'How, then, Mademoiselle, you are all alone! that is rather triste—or are you indeed occupied?'

'Not occupied, my Father; but it is so pleasant here by the fire!'

In a few moments it was still pleasanter, for M. le Prieur settled himself in the opposite corner, and we began to talk. Ah! that was truly delightful! for he was not only kind and courteous, but he knew how to bring himself down to my level, and asked questions that made me feel quite at home, about England and our own Church Ritual.

'Truly, Mademoiselle,' he said at last, 'I find you are at least half a Catholic!'

'Pardon me, my Father, but indeed I am altogether a Catholic!' was of course my eager rejoinder; but that was an admission that M. le Prieur could not quite accept.

How ashamed I am when I remember the torrent of ungrammatical French that I inflicted upon him that afternoon! It must have been an absolute penance to him, though he bore it all with perfect suavity.

When my father and aunt came in from their tour in Italy, we all went up to the library, where M. le Prieur shewed us some collections of rare Roman coins that had been found near the Hospice, on the site of the old Roman Temple dedicated to Jupiter, which once crowned the top of the Pass.

He told us that the damp caused by the great spring thaws is very destructive to books—indeed, no valuable ones are kept there on that account. I saw one beautiful Missal with fourteenth century illuminations, and a stoutly-bound set of the 'Moines d' Occident,' presented by M. de Montalembert himself.

A long shelf full of the writings of St. Bernard de Clairvaux, made me ask where were the works of St. Bernard de Menthon. M. le Prieur told me that *our* St. Bernard, as he is called at the Hospice, was one of the active Saints, and the friendly walls that sheltered us were the work he had left behind him. For some good reason there was to be a dispensation from Vespers that afternoon, which was a disappointment to me. Perhaps the Fathers were quite exhausted after the long ceremony of the morning; however, we had M. le Prieur's company all to ourselves, so had no cause to complain! In my cousin's room there was a great earthenware stove, and close by it a delightful old-fashioned sofa, where we sat in the gathering twilight, and she told me much about the work of the Fathers, and their beautiful self-devotion. My father was very tired with his walk, and the damp air seemed to have chilled him so thoroughly that he was obliged to go to bed. M. le Prieur was greatly disappointed when he found that he could not come down to supper, and went off to find out what he would take. I was standing talking to him, trying to strike some refractory matches, when M. le Prieur appeared at the door, a candle in one hand and a large jug of boiled cream in the other, which he had fetched from the kitchen himself.

'Mademoiselle, it must not be that Monsieur your father becomes ill at the St. Bernard,' he said. 'Let me then prescribe for him.'

Alas! the kind Prieur could not cure the dreadful oppression on the chest, which was the consequence of the heavy mist that hung over the Pass!

The fact was, we had paid our visit to the Hospice too late in the season; a month earlier, the nights would have been clear, and the days bright and warm. We shall know better another time!

As the supper-bell rang I joined my aunt and cousin on their way to the salle-à-manger, where we were placed at the head of the table. Several Italian ecclesiastics sat near us, who were evidently friends of M. le Prieur.

Travellers kept dropping in every five minutes, and when we had finished our repast, the table was re-arranged for the entertainment of a party of students who appeared after seven o'clock. Three of the younger Fathers came in to see their friends, and finally M. le Prêvot made his entrance. He stood talking for some time with my cousin, and then she introduced me to him. He is a pleasant-looking old gentleman, but has not the dignity of M. le Prieur. He has been a famous mountaineer in his youth, and plays a conspicuous part in Mr. King's book, 'Italian Valleys of the Alps.' He then held the office of Prieur—his name 'in the world' is M. de l'Eglise, a curiously appropriate one for the Prêvot of the St. Bernard! The Mother-house at Martigny is his usual residence; it is a very large establishment, and there all the old or invalided Fathers are taken care of when they can no longer endure the severe climate at the Hospice. Each of the St. Bernard Fathers takes a month's holiday in the year; without that they could not possibly get through the winter. How they must enjoy their excursions down to Aosta and Martigny! The sight of green vineyards and chestnut trees must be such a refreshment after eleven months spent among the bare rocks and snow slopes!

M. le Prieur made a charming expedition for his autumn holiday: he accompanied my cousin, Mrs. P——, on a visit to the Count and Countess de Menthon, the collateral descendants of St. Bernard. Their château stands on a hill overlooking the Lake of Annecy; it cannot be very far from the birth-place of S. François de Sales.

St. Bernard's room (from which he escaped by wrenching out one of the iron window-bars) is now fitted up as a chapel, and in it M. le Prieur celebrated Mass each morning during his stay. M. le Prêvot did not remain long in the salle-à-manger, but bade us good-night, with a courteous hope that he might see us again in the morning.

Among the guests there were some lively American girls, who found their way to the piano, and struck up 'John Brown's body is dead,' and then tried to remember 'Excelsior,' but the only verse that came out *whole* was the one that speaks of the 'pious monks of St. Bernard.' M. le Clavandier went round to all the ladies, entreating them to 'make a little music.' So we had several songs, the American girls joining in with a chorus whenever they could. Then Mrs. P—— beckoned to one of the Fathers; he smiled back an answer, and sat down to the harmonium. Great was my delight when he played Mercadante's lovely Kyrie that I had heard in church in the morning. At last I too plucked up my courage, and finding Mozart's Twelfth Mass in the music-stand, I got through the 'Kyrie' and 'Qui tollis' without an actual break-down.

The Fathers are such perfect hosts, that they inspire their guests with a humble desire to do something for the benefit of the public.

A gentleman sitting near me remarked, 'I came here to-night expecting to see a lot of dirty monks with long faces and doleful voices; instead of which these Augustine Fathers seem to be as jolly a set of gentlemanly fellows as ever lived. There certainly must be some truth in the saying, "He lives happily who lives well," for I don't believe any men in the world deny themselves more to do good to their fellow-creatures than these monks of St. Bernard.'

M. le Prieur and I had made several visits to our invalid, to try if any remedy could be found for his asthma. During one of our consultations, I ventured to ask, 'But, my Father, will you not think of doing something for yourself? Your throat becomes worse and worse. Do try some honey stirred into water for your hoarseness.'

'Gladly will I take it, Mademoiselle,' he replied; 'but I fear my cold will continue until I can descend into the softer air of the valley:' and then he lit our candles for us, and bade us sleep well.

So obediently did we fulfil his behest, that I was not up in time for High Mass at six o'clock the next morning. I could hear the distant pealing of the organ whilst I was dressing, and was just ready when Mrs. P—— came to fetch me at half-past seven.

We went into church as M. le Prêvot came out; the last notes of the organ were dying away in soft sighs. At the side Altar of St. Augustine M. le Prieur was saying his Mass, and we knelt down close by. It is much easier to follow the prayers at a Low Mass, and the Prieur's enunciation was perfectly clear in spite of his cold. Most of the guests were departing when we reached the salle-à-manger; M. le Clavandier, as usual, was busy waiting upon everyone. Presently he came up to bid us good-bye, for he was going to spend the day at the Châlet with two or three of the Fathers. They had doffed their soutanes, and appeared in flapping coats, knee-breeches, and thick buckled shoes. Broad-brimmed beaver hats and alpen-stocks completed their costume. They invited us to come and lunch at the Châlet on our way down to Liddes, and then ran off down the steep path like a merry party of undergraduates.

It was quite dreadful to think that in another hour we too must set off on the same path; but my father was so unwell, that it would not have been right to stay another night at the Hospice.

My cousin had quite expected that we could have remained for a week or two with her, but agreed that it was wiser for my father to get down into milder regions.

M. le Prieur said that we must be sure to come again early in August, and then he would shew us many delightful excursions that might be made from the Hospice. There are some points of view, quite practicable for ladies, where there is not much snow-walking, and from whence a glorious panorama may be seen of the chain of Mont Blanc.

It sounded very pleasant to hear of future visits to the St. Bernard, but I was terribly anxious as to how my father would manage the walk down to the Cantine de Proz.

M. le Prieur proposed a chaise-à-porteurs for him, but that was an indignity he would not hear of.

Nicolas, our guide, arrived in the midst of our discussions, and said cheerily, 'Fear not, Mademoiselle, M. your father will accomplish the journey without suffering. See, he shall hold by my arm!'

We all grew sad and silent as the hour for departure drew near; at last I slipped away into the church; after ten minutes spent there, things seemed to have grown quite cheerful, and my father looked much better.

'All is in readiness,' was an unwelcome announcement from Nicolas, but M. le Prieur's leave-taking was hopeful. 'We will not say good-bye, Mademoiselle, it is only *au revoir.*' Then he and my father exchanged a few sentences in Latin, and he led us out to the top of the steps.

It seemed strange to leave our cousin in that desolate mountain monastery, while we turned our faces towards England; but we knew that she was really much happier with her good Augustine friends than she could be at home among relations who were not of her own Communion. We left her with bright hopes of a meeting next summer, if health and strength were granted to us for another pilgrimage to the St. Bernard.

A few hundred yards down the path the rocks shut out the Hospice from my backward glances, so then I consoled myself with listening to Nicolas, who launched forth into the most enthusiastic praises of M. le Prieur and all the Community.

It was eleven o'clock when we left the Hospice, and soon after five we rattled into the Plâce de la Tour at Martigny. My father wished to go and call upon M. le Vicaire, for Mrs. P—— told us that he had gone to meet us at the station on the preceding Monday, (the day we meant to have arrived at Martigny) intending to help us in making arrangements for going up the Pass. He was formerly at the St. Bernard, but his health gave way, and he was obliged to come down into the valley.

Nicolas was our guide, and led us past the church to a little white house with green shutters, standing in a paved court. M. le Vicaire was absent, making visits in the village, but M. le Recteur was at home, so to him Nicolas introduced us.

'Ah! you descend from that dear St. Bernard? then we need no introduction,' said M. le Recteur cordially. 'For the ten happiest years of my life, I filled the office of Père Clavandier to that beloved Hospice. It was worse than death to leave it, but rheumatism grasped me so cruelly that I was forced to come into this warmer air. Here one chokes with heat and dust. Not a day passes that I do not regret that happy Community life! but finally, it pleases the good God that I should do my work here, therefore it is well. Now, Mademoiselle, I beseech you, speak to me of my friends.'

Poor M. le Recteur had tears in his eyes as he listened to the news we had to tell; and even I, a mere visitor, could quite understand his loving attachment to his former home, desolate and dreary as its surroundings are.

In the midst of our animated questions and answers, Nicolas looked in to warn us that it was time to proceed to the station if we meant to catch the train for Lausanne at six o'clock. So with many hand-clasps we parted from our newly-made friend.

'Since you have been at our St. Bernard, Mademoiselle, you will always look with friendship upon the white cordon of St. Augustine. Is it not so?' said the Recteur, '*avec effusion.*'

'Assuredly, M. le Recteur,' I answered. 'Never shall I forget that holy House, and I promise myself to pray unceasingly that the good Fathers may be blessed in their pious work.'

The last leave-taking with our excellent Nicolas was quite affectionate. He shook hands with us each three times over, and at last bending his bare head reverently, he said, 'That the good God may guide you all! and that He may conduct you here once again in good health and by fine weather.'

A wish that we heartily re-echoed. Once on the 'Ligne d'Italie,' we settled ourselves into the respective corners of the carriage; and then shutting my eyes to the valley of the Rhone, I mentally glanced back up the glorious mountain pass, and lived over again the events of the last three days. My father, who was quite well again, employed himself with the composition of a Latin letter to M. le Prieur, to thank him for all his kind care and attention. The letter was written and posted the following day at Geneva, where I got a capital group of the St. Bernard Fathers in a large photograph.

By way of Bâle, Mayence, and Cologne, we found ourselves at Antwerp for the Feast of St. Matthew. It was the last day of the Octave of the Holy Cross, which is kept there as a great Festival, and we thought ourselves most fortunate in arriving just then. The pious burghers of Antwerp believe that their Cathedral is honoured by the presence of a relic of that very 'wood whereby Salvation cometh to the ship-wrecked race;' and at the Benediction service there was a long procession in honour of this precious relic. Anything more solemn and beautiful cannot be conceived than the 'Salut' that day, the crowd of worshippers all kneeling in hushed devotion down that long stately nave. As we came back to the Hôtel St. Antoine, we called at the post-office for our letters. A large envelope with the St. Bernard post-mark on it made me insist on an immediate halt under a gas-lamp in the Plâce, to see what the thick packet contained.

First came a Latin letter from M. le Prieur to my father, (and as he addressed him as Reverendissimé Domine I think he must acknowledge the validity of Anglican Orders,) then a long letter from Mrs. P——, enclosing what we had longed to carry home with us, an excellent photograph of M. le Prieur.

If anyone addicted to hero-worship cannot understand my delight at coming into such a possession, then I am indeed very sorry for them—*et voilà tout!*

October, 1869. E. A. L.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XV.

NORTH TIROL—WÖRGL TO VIENNA. II.

SOUTHERN ROUTE FROM S. JOHANN—OBERNDORF—RÖHRERBÜHEL, BERGMANNLEIN LEGENDS, THE THREE DREAMERS—SCHLOSS MINICHAU—KITZBÜHL, DERIVATION OF THE NAME; THE SCHATTBERG; CHURCHES; THE FEISTENBERGERS; CASTLES—MARIÄHÜLF AUF DEM KNIEPASS—THE 'BLACK SEA'—AURACH, S. RUPERT'S CHURCH, STATUES IN MOULDED STONE—JOCHBERG—THE THURN PASS—A HERMITAGE—THE ROADS THROUGH THE PINZGAU—THE GROSSE RETTENSTEIN—THE PILGRIM'S MOUSE—BURG FALKENSTEIN—MYTH OF THE GOLD-GIVING MAIDEN.

NORTHERN ROUTE FROM S. JOHANN—KIRCHDORF, THE TWO RUPERT WINTERSTELLERS—PARALLEL PATH BY GASTEIG—THE VENEDIGER MÄNNLEIN AGAIN—THE TEUFELSWURZGARTEN—SCHWEND—KÖSSEN, KAPELL BREWERY—EXCURSION BY WALCHSEE TO EBBS—ERL, PASSIONSSPIEL—THE WINDHAUSEN PASS—THE MAUTHAUS—KLOBENSTEIN, HERMITAGE, HERMIT KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE—MARIA LORETO KAPELLE, EARLIER CHAPEL, GOLDENE SAMSTAGE, TÖLLER AND OBEN'S VOW, THE STONE CLOVEN FOR THE WEARY WOMAN, THE ANGEL-BORNE CHAPEL.

Two more excursions tempt us from S. Johann; the first direct south, leading through Pass Thurn into the Pinzgau; and the other direct north, leading through Pass Klobenstein into Bavaria.

Starting southwards, the first village is Oberndorf, situated on a flat between the mountains and the left bank of the Gross-Ache. Not far from this is the now neglected mining shaft of Röhrerbühel, a favourite excursion, and a most prolific source of Bergmannlein legends. Great quantities of silver and copper were at one time derived hence. It was first worked in 1539; in which year three peasants coming home together from a village feast, and a little the worse for their merry-making, lay down to sleep under a cherry tree, when all three dreamt they saw all the ground under them glowing with shining metal. Struck by the similarity of the dream, they were induced to make diligent search, and in an incredibly short time, were rewarded by coming upon the ore. Though the vein ran so near the surface, it was subsequently pursued to a depth of five hundred fathoms, and long boasted of being the deepest mining-shaft in Europe. Many marine fossils are found here.

Some five miles further along the road, on the right bank of the Klein-Ache, is Schloss Minichau, beautifully embosomed in trees, a building of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the chapel well kept up. Further on is Kitzbühl, mentioned above, the chief place of the district, at the foot of a hill or knoll, (*Bühel*,) once the resort of wild goats, (*Kitze*,) whence its name; over this rises the great Schattberg, rightly named, for it deprives the valley of the western sun full early. The parish church, dedicated to S. Andrew, was built in 1435; the carvings of the high altar by a Benedictine named Feistenberger, a native of the place, whose whole family is famous for devotion to art;* the altar-piece was added in 1663, it is by Spielberg, a Hungarian. There is another very old church called the Stadtkirche, dedicated in honour of S. Catherine. Besides these, there is the Kapuzinerkirche, the Spital, and the Mariähilfkirche. In the neighbourhood are two old castles, Lehenberg, and Kapsburg; and snugly hidden in the wild pine forests mantling the Schattberg, is the pilgrimage chapel of *Maria-Hülf auf dem Kniepass*,† dating, however, only from the seventeenth century; the country round it is very wild, and the Ehrenbach is to be met at several points, making its mimic thunder over the rocks; not far from here is a little lake bearing the imposing name of 'the Black Sea,' which it derives, however, from the dark colour given to its waters by the trees which have fallen into it, and which have spoilt it as a fishing-ground.

Further south, and a little off the high-road, is Aurach; its church is one of the oldest of Tirol, and was built very early in the fifteenth century, in honour of S. Rupert, the apostle of the district; on the outskirts of the village is a chapel which contains a curious image of our Lady, said to be *moulded* in stone, probably by a process similar to the artificial stone-works of the present day. The artificer is said to have been Dietmar III., Prince-bishop of Salzburg, (who reigned from 1090 to 1101;) he is said to have cast only four such, and each in a different mould; the one he gave to the Burgspital of Salzburg was afterwards bought by an inhabitant of Aurach; the other three are at S. Peter's at Salzburg, Maria Gmain near Reichenhall, and Kloster Niederaich.

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* There was a father and seven sons. They flourished in the early half of the eighteenth century, and are counted among Tirol's glories.

† Not to be confounded with the Knie Pass, which our route crosses after Lofer.

After Aurach, the road crosses back to the left side of the stream, and in less than an hour the straggling hamlet of Jochberg is reached; the church is modern, but built on the site of one of the fifteenth century; it has some frescoes by one of the Feistenbergers. There are some copper-works in the neighbourhood. Pass Thurn is reached, after some six or seven miles further of gentle ascent, the boundary of the Grossache against Pinzgau in the province of Salzburg. The old road was steeper, but was sanctified by a sort of hermitage chapel, dedicated to the Assumption of our Lady; the hermit devoted himself to the service of the wayfarers, gave them a night's lodging, and directed them on their way. About seven miles through the Pass is Mittersill, called the Venice of Pinzgau, because the mountain torrents not infrequently convert its streets into canals. It is the chief town of the Pinzgau. The second is Zell-am-See, which is the first stage of a diligence running daily between Mittersill and Lofer; there is another to Salzburg by way of Lend, where in the Church of S. Hippolitus is some curious old stone carving.

The towering peaks seen to the westward in the range here broken through are those of the Grosse Rettenstein. In a deep fissure of one of its lower slopes is another chapel of our Lady, where pilgrims have for centuries kept up the custom of bringing bread crumbs for a little grey mouse which to their simple understandings symbolizes the holy souls who lie expectant under the altar on high. Almost at the foot of the mountain a spot is pointed out where Burg Falkenstein, one of the castles of Margaretha Maultasch which every corner of Tirol boasts of possessing, is said to have stood. A beautiful myth, fabling of the decline of the *Bergsegen*, lingers here. In a projecting rock, here called a wall, (*Wand*,) it is said was once an iron door, which used to be opened for a blythe young *senner* by a beautiful maiden who came out to meet him whenever he sought her. She would take him with her under the babbling floods of the rolling stream, or through the living rock into her glorious palace, and when they parted she always poured out a flood of shining gold for him to carry home. There they met a whole spring and summer through, in sunshine and joy and love; but afterwards came a sad autumn day, and when the *Senner* arrived at the bank of the stream, instead of running gaily into his arms, the maiden met him with a melancholy boding sigh. 'To-day we meet for the last time,' she sobbed. 'We are betrayed; other eyes have spied our happy greetings, and we may meet no more.' Since then no gold-giving maid has been seen, and the door is no longer visible in the rocky *Wand*.

The road which leads northwards out of S. Johann is more isolated and difficult than that last pursued, as there is hardly anything better than mountain paths. The first village passed is Kirchdorf, situated on a rising ground on the left bank of the stream. It had a very ancient parish church, dating from S. Henry, 990–1000; but this, as well as its thriving dwellings, were shattered in the Bavarian invasion of 1703, and reduced to ruins in that of 1809. The name of Rupert Wintersteller, who signalized himself by his self-devotion in the first, in which, besides exposing himself to the greatest danger, he expended 5000 florins—all his savings—in arming and equipping the Landesschützen, was honoured from generation to generation in his humble home, where the trophies of his patriotic conflicts and the testimonials of the Empress Maria Theresa's esteem and gratitude, remained to keep alive the tradition of his worth. In the campaign of 1797–1809, another Rupert Wintersteller, his great-grandson, repeated his deeds with the fidelity of a mountain patriot; his exertions and energy in the defence of his valley won him the grade of *Schützen Major;* and in the storming of the little town he lost a value of 46,300 florins, and was taken prisoner to Munich, where he remained till Tirol was restored to Austria; he died in 1823.

After Kirchdorf, the path leads solemnly and slowly enough under the shadow of the great Kaiserberg to Kössen. There is another almost parallel path on a higher level, which is even more difficult; it leads past Gasteig, a little primitive village, which is surrounded by the thick pine forests of the Kolbenthal. On emerging from this, there is an isolated peak of rock crowned by a chapel, so-called *Zum Jochel*, which it is said was built to commemorate the deliverance of the valley from a demon who infested the neighbourhood. After this the path passes through the lower slopes of the Kaiser, on which the saying goes, that 'all plants of the earth grow,' and connected with which are endless sayings of *Venediger Männlein*,* who came and dug gold out of the earth around.

The path after this attains a height of 5000 feet through a district called the Wildanger, which later on, on account of its fertility in useful plants, is changed for that of the Teufelswurzgarten. After passing this blooming episode, a *Kessel*, or basin as we should say, is reached, surrounded by bare and barren walls of rock, the lowest 2000 feet in height, on which the only token of life is fragments of stone heedlessly thrown down the precipice by the eagles who have their nests above. Ascending over paths where there is scarcely hold for the foot, and over snow and ice, an elevation of 6000 feet, the highest point of the trajet, is attained, and an almost unrivalled panorama opened to view. This is, however, a course very rarely taken. An hour before Kössen, is Schwend, at which point the neighbourhood once more assumes a 'friendly' character. The Church of Schwend dates from the fourteenth century, and has an esteemed picture of S. Sebastian on a side altar. The descent hence to Kössen, which lies among smiling meadows, is pleasant enough; and the little town itself is astonishingly thriving in appearance, considering its remote situation. The brewery of Kapell in the outskirts, with its neat chapel and splendid view, should not be overlooked. Not far from it is a rather grandly intended rustic memorial stone, recording a local contest with the Bavarians in 1703, and a nearly obliterated inscription states that sixty Tiroleans here cut in pieces one thousand Bavarians, as they forced their way through the neighbouring pass. The accommodation at Kössen is quite tolerable, and an interesting loop excursion may be made hence by way of the Walchsee and Ebbs, and back by Mauthaus and Klobenstein. The way is almost a complete solitude, but beautifully diversified with rock and meadow, woodland and water, and the peaks of the Kaiser still grandly presiding over the background. The Walchsee (not to be confused with two or three other lakes of the name) is about half way between Kössen and Ebbs, (some seven miles along the Inn, north of Kufstein,) and reflects a pretty little village of its own name on its banks. Ebbs is larger and more important, but not so pleasantly situated; there is a path hence (north-west direction) by Sachring to Erl, where every Sunday during July and August the custom of giving the *Passionsspiel* still obtains, and keeps the peasantry, who flock in from all the country round, riveted on the representation of the mystery of the Redemption, from twelve in the day to six in the evening. Near it is the pass of Windhausen, equally celebrated with the other passes we have been visiting, for the heroic defence of the Year Nine. Another (north-easterly) leads to Mauthaus, a frontier town, but commanding no pass, and which has therefore been left at peace; and after this leads fearfully along a ledge in the crag, too dangerous in most seasons for the tourist on account of the avalanches, though less difficult than the shorter stretch which leads thence back to Kössen. At a distance of some six miles is the hermitage of Klobenstein, whence help has often been held out to the wayfarer. The last hermit was killed by an avalanche in the second or third decade of the present century. The chapel, dedicated to our Lady of Loreto, is still much sought out; near it, and still more difficult of access, is another and older chapel, in which there is a foundation providing for Mass to be said on three Saturdays in the course of the year, which consequently are locally called *goldene Samstage;* there seems to be no record of the erection of this one, but the way in which the other came to be built is curious. It was the year 1664; George Töller, a native of Kössen, lay tossing on his bed in a dangerous state of fever; in the healthier intervals of his delirium, he vowed that if his petition for the intercession of our Lady in favour of his restoration were answered, he would erect a chapel in memory of the holy house of Loreto, near the hermitage of Klobenstein. He recovered, but continued to defer the fulfilment of his vow, though when sufficiently restored to undertake the difficult journey, he went to render thanks at this little shrine. Another pilgrim, tottering with the weak steps of the convalescent, approached the sanctuary at the same moment from the opposite side. Both knelt and poured out their hearts in thanksgiving before the lowly shrine. Afterwards, as they sat them down to rest, they asked each other the cause of their visit. Toller had no sooner told his, than the other exclaimed that he had exactly narrated his own case; his name was Wolfgang Ober, and he came from Grabstätt, in Bavaria. Each was convicted by the other's presence of his remissness, and each undertook to support the other in carrying out the work, and before they parted arranged how it should be divided between them; in a year and a day it was complete. The reason why both selected our Lady of Loreto for the dedication, was that a legend of angels' intervention lingered round the earlier chapel. As it ran, there had knelt there a poor weary woman who had come a long and lonesome way on foot to beg her husband's recovery from dire sickness. She had borne up with a strange courage as she toiled over hill and brake, but now that she had fulfilled her undertaking, she no longer felt the strength to return. She lay down at the foot of the Lady altar as one ready to die, and cried aloud for help. There was none on earth to hear but the ravens and the eagles circling above the giddy height; but out of the stony rock walked the Virgin Mother rich in help, *(hülfreiche,)* and as she laid her veil on the crag, it gently rent itself in twain, and the weary woman found her way shortened, so that while it had taken her many hours of toil to come, *one* would suffice to restore her to her cottage; hence the place was called Klobenstein, (the Cloven Stone); but the chapel was thus left on the other side of the ravine, so when the weary woman had taken her departure, the holy angels came down from on high, and lifting it in their hands, bore it across to the spot it now occupies, as once they carried the Holy House of Nazareth over the sea to Loreto.

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* *Venetian dwarfs.* Many parts of Tirol are rife with legends derived from the intercourse with Venice. The success of its shrewd merchants, poetized, was easily fabled of as of those at whose touch everything turned to gold.

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

THE FLOWER SERMON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A CHRISTMAS TWENTY YEARS AGO.'

Collinson, in his History of Somersetshire, speaking of Yatton, says, that 'John Lane of this parish left half an acre of ground to the poor for ever; reserving a quantity of the grass for strewing the church on Whit-Sunday.'

For many years past a sermon upon flowers has been preached in Shoreditch annually on Whit-Tuesday; an old gardener, enamoured of his floral charges, having bequeathed a certain sum of money, in trust to the Royal Society, 'for the providing of a clergyman to deliver it.' This had been familiar to us, not only as a legend but as a reality, from our childhood's days, for our father had often been invited to preach it; and we, a large party of boys and girls about the tea-table, had been in the habit, for days before, of hazarding many a guess, or even bolder suggestion, as to what the text would or should be. 'Consider the lilies,' was a favourite one, being very apposite. But 'Much too commonplace, my love,' would be the reply to that. 'Rose of Sharon' came next; but naturally all these, patent to the minds of everyone, had year by year been used up, and we had to confess, when told, perhaps, that it would be such a one as 'He giveth them their meat in due season,' and that the discourse would turn upon corn, that it sounded much more 'uncommon,' and that there would be a great deal to say about it.

Shoreditch was a very long way off, and an out-of-the-way place to take young folks to. We did not attend these annual services, nor in fact were they much frequented by any. Perhaps not more than a dozen persons heard the carefully thought out sermon, or profited by the lessons which the good old gardener, so long since dead, would have had them taught concerning the beauty and charm of God's creatures.

Knowing all this, which by-the-bye, not one in ten thousand Londoners *does* know, we were taken by surprise when, about a week before Whit-Sunday last, an announcement appeared in the public papers to the effect that 'The Flower Sermon, usually preached at St. James's, Aldgate, would this year be preached at the Church of St. Katharine Cree, Leadenhall Street, on Whit-Tuesday evening, by the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, D.D., that the service would be choral, members of St. Paul's Cathedral special service choir attending, that the church would be crowded, and that it was the custom for all the young people present to carry bouquets of flowers.'

Our first mental question was, 'Is this *the* Flower Sermon,' of which, like so many others who have lived within sound of Bow Bells all their lives, we have never before heard; or has our old acquaintance of poor Shoreditch prior right to the appellation? And then we began to wonder whether other flower sermons of which we knew nothing might be preached at Whitsuntide in other places; and this led us to Collinson's notice of the grass-strewing in Yatton Church on Whit-Sunday.

The evening in question, June the 7th, was bright and balmy. A long drive through streets of holiday-makers streaming to the purer air of our 'Northern Heights,' through dreary Islington, amid street-vendors of sherbets, 'water from the cooler' at a halfpenny a glass, rows of poor little birds in cages, and stalls of wind-fallen fruit and drooping plants, about which ragged children played; on through the busy regions where looms the dome of St. Paul's, and the massive Bank of England rears its heavy walls; brought us at length to Leadenhall Street, and the doors of the old church of St. Katharine Cree.

'This church,' writes an old chronicler of the past century, 'is so called from its being dedicated to St. Katharine, an Egyptian Virgin, and was distinguished from other churches of the name by the addition of Cree or Christ, from its vicinity to the conventual Church of the Holy Trinity, which was originally called Christ Church.

It met with the usual changes in the time of Henry the Eighth, passing through the hands of sundry patrons, till it came finally to a haberdasher of London, named Jerome Knapp, when it was agreed that £150 per annum in lieu of tithes should be raised by the parishioners, out of which the officiating Curate should be paid £50 per annum for the first ten years, besides surplus fees, and £70 per annum afterwards. At one time this church was so buried by the frequent raising of the pavement in the High Street, (now Leadenhall Street,) that they were obliged to descend into it by seven steps.' The same quaint historian adds, 'The present edifice was erected in 1630. At the west end of this new church, on the south side, stands a pillar of the old church, as it stood and was then erected, which pillar, being eighteen feet high from the basis, or foot, to the chapiter, or head, upon which the old arch was raised, and not above two feet now appearing above the floor of the present church, shews that the floor is raised fifteen feet above that of the old. This parish church, being a donative, pays neither first-fruits nor tithes. It is a curacy, and the parishioners have the privilege of choosing their own ministers, who must be licensed by the Bishop of London.'

What stormy vestry meetings those must have been when the new minister was being canvassed for, we think!

Beneath the Gothic arched portal of this old church we passed, out of the din of the bustling street, and with difficulty squeezing our way in, truly we were astonished at the sight that met our eyes. An overflowing congregation filling all the square old high-backed pews, lining the nave and aisles, seated on extempore benches, or standing as thickly as elbows would allow, the crowd extending to the porch and even beyond it. For ourselves, having arrived a little late, we were fain to be content—and grateful for it too—with space for our two feet within the sheltering walls of a certain pew where several other ladies also stood during the whole service.

A goodly congregation of men, women, and children it was, although the service is supposed to be chiefly for the latter. Almost everyone carried a bouquet of bright sweet-smelling flowers, pinks, geraniums, or roses, from sober middle-aged spinsters down to the little children in pinafores; indeed, as Dr. Whittemore said, anyone who felt too proud or too old to carry one, must feel out of place at this service.

It opened with the following hymn—

'Spared to another spring,
  We raise our grateful songs;
'Tis pleasant, Lord, Thy praise to sing,
  For praise to Thee belongs.

Ten thousand different flowers
  To Thee sweet offerings bear;
And tuneful birds in shady bowers,
  Warble Thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
  The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
  Proclaim Thy wondrous skill.

But trees and fields and skies
  Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
  From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours
  Thy holy Name would bless,
The fragrance of ten thousand flowers
  Would please the Saviour less.

While earth itself decays,
  Our souls can never die;
Prepare them all to sing Thy praise,
  In better songs on high!'

The Psalms appointed were the 72nd and the beautiful 104th, teeming with the poetry of nature. The anthem was, 'I will magnify Thee, O God, my King; and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever. Every day will I give thanks unto Thee; and praise Thy Name for ever and ever. The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season; Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.' Before and after the sermon were sung Bishop Heber's two hymns, 'By cool Siloam's shady rill,' and 'Thou whose Almighty Word.'

The text chosen was from Canticles—'The flowers appear on the earth;' and Dr. Whittemore called his hearers' attention to five principal lessons from it. First, *God's Love* in giving us bright and beautiful flowers, not as a necessity to our existence, but as a source of deep and pure enjoyment. This he illustrated by a little anecdote of a strawberry plant given to the inmate of a hospital ward, where, when the possibility was realized of positively a ripe live strawberry some day appearing on it, the intensest keenest interest grew up amongst the sufferers there, as hour by hour pale wistful faces watched first for a tender bud, then for the little starry blossom, and then for the formation of the tiny fruit, till the universal joy and expectation was crowned by the ripening of the luscious crimson berry.

Secondly, the flowers were to teach us *faith in God;* for if He cares for them, He will for us. And again, eager listening ears drank in the story of the African traveller, lost in a barren expanse of desert waste, who, casting himself down in despair, perhaps, as he thought, to die, presently perceived at his side a tiny blue blossom. 'That,' he reflected, 'has been set here and tended by our Father in Heaven. He will not suffer me to perish.' And so with renewed hope and courage he rose, and persevered till the route was found.

Thirdly, we were to note *God's Wisdom* shewn in the subtle and mysterious mechanism of these delicate structures, in their wondrous formation suited to various soils and many climes, in their gradual transformations from seedlings to fruit-bearing growth, causing them to become sweet food for man or beast, and to renew and multiply themselves.

Fourthly, *God's benevolence*, affording to the poorest and youngest, as well as those better off, a means of bestowing innocent pleasure upon others.

And lastly, we were reminded of the lesson that all must learn sooner or later, that as the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, so all our earthly pleasures, even the brightest and the best, must vanish.

The deepest attention was paid from beginning to end of the simple but earnest discourse, and we trust that many will remember in years to come the lessons from the 'Flower Sermon' heard in St. Katharine Cree.

It seems to us a goodly custom this of enticing some of the youthful holiday-makers of the much-abused Whitsuntide, within the walls of some one of our venerable City churches, there to unite in thanking and praising God for His welcome gift of bright and fragrant blossoms at this season of the year, when the winter is indeed over and gone, the keen winds of March and the clouds of April are past, the sun shines forth from the heavens, and 'the flowers appear on the earth.'

This 'Flower Sermon,' so far as we have since been able to learn, is not in itself an ancient institution, although perhaps an imitation of the older one.

The special service was originated by Dr. Whittemore himself some sixteen or seventeen years ago, in order to interest young people in nature and its teachings.

We wish it all success, and can but hope that it may live to grow into an old custom, and that it may in its turn find other imitators, for we understand that hundreds of persons who would have listened to the Flower Sermon had to turn from the low porch of St. Katharine Cree on this Whit-Tuesday night, for want of space within.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRINCE CONSORT'S ASSOCIATION,

HELD IN THE HOME PARK, WINDSOR.

July 7th, 1870.

My dear ——,

From nine o'clock this morning till half-past six this evening, with the exception of half an hour for lunch, and the time taken in driving down and up from the field, I have been on my feet, and am rather tired; so I sit down to recover myself by writing to you.

The morning was transcendently fine: a soft breeze blowing, glorious sunshine, with great puffs of fleecy cotton clouds flitting across the sky, and all giving promise of a most beautiful day for the jubilee of the Prince Consort's Windsor Association. In the Home Park, under the shelter of the huge elms you always admire so much, the long dinner-tents were erected; and also the canopy, of some gorgeous Indian tapestry, under which the Queen was to sit when she gave away the prizes. Besides these, there were the large and well-filled flower tents, the smaller tents arranged near at hand for the vegetable and handicraft exhibitors, who were to display the results of their winter and spring toil, and the two large Alexandra stands brought from Ascot for the accommodation of the visitors; the whole making up a most lively scene.

When I came on the ground, at about ten o'clock, the finishing touches were being put to the brilliant flower-stands contributed by Turner and others, of Slough and Reading; and the Honorary Secretaries were passing to and fro, busied in their several departments. Some were engaged in examining and apportioning prizes to the various articles of handicraft, many of which displayed much ingenuity and talent. For instance, there were model steam-engines and electric batteries, musical instruments, admirable drawings, pin-cushions, and table covers, worked by the patient fingers of soldiers through the long winter evenings out of tiny bits of old regimental cloth; inlaid tables, work-boxes, stuffed birds, and cases of butterflies and beetles. These and others of a like kind formed a goodly array on one stand; whilst on the opposite side were various specimens of plain needle-work, embroidery, and fancy work, superintended by ladies whose office it was to award the prizes.

Then the vegetables were a sight indeed! neat little baskets of potatoes and cucumbers, peas and beans, cherries and strawberries, with bundles of carrots and turnips, looked most inviting; whilst the thought that they were all the productions of tiny cottage gardens or small allotments, and were probably the result of work after the day's labour was over, made the show not only interesting, but highly creditable to the exhibitors.

From the entrance to the Home Park, long files of pedestrians were now to be seen approaching the tents; for this being the twentieth anniversary of the Association, everyone who had on any former occasion gained a prize, had on this day received an invitation to the dinner (as well as afterwards to the tea) provided on the ground. As the different parties entered the enclosure, they wandered at leisure from one tent to another, admiring the vegetables, needle-work, and handicraft, and the display of exquisite flowers.

By one o'clock, the great dinner-tent was filled; the prizemen of the *present* year occupying a separate table, the rest arranged according to their several parishes. A bugle of the Life Guards had been secured, and after a few notes to call attention, the Chairman, General Seymour, briefly addressed the assembled guests, numbering about fifteen hundred, and then Grace was said by one of the clergy, and the feast began.

Several had come from a distance, and had already visited the Castle, so a good appetite was added to their hearty appreciation of the good cheer provided by Messrs. Layton of Windsor.

With others who were equally privileged, I walked round the crowded tables; and it was most pleasurable to see on all sides of me, countenances which bore the impress of rectitude and worth, bearing their own testimony to the fact which we had shortly before been called upon to believe, that the assembly was composed of the *picked men and women from all the parishes around*, and I felt strongly what an impetus for good must be given by such a gathering on such an occasion, not only to those present, but to others who hoped in due time to be there also.

I may here state that the object of the Association is to distinguish those who are most conspicuous for well brought up families, for cleanliness in house and person, for long continued service in one situation, young people who have kept their first place more than three years, and the best cultivators of allotments and gardens. The prize card is the decoration of the poor man's home, and many a one there is who values it far beyond the money prize which he receives with it. I remember hearing the case of one man—he was a stoker on the Midland Counties Railway—whose parents had received a prize for a well brought up family. On the death of his father and mother, the little property was divided by will amongst the children, and a younger son got the mangle and the better part of the furniture, because he was married and had a young family. The elder brother, who had no children, and to whom very little was left, said, "I don't mind about that; Mother has left me her prize certificate with the Queen's own signature; that to me is worth all the rest."

Meanwhile the dinner has been progressing fast and furious; huge *tankards* shall I say? no—we had better tell the truth—honest wash-hand jugs by the score were filled with foaming beer for those who liked it, whilst for the goodly company of abstainers, lemonade and ginger-beer were provided. The side-hangings of the tent were not let down, so that the breeze had free passage; and most grateful it was, for the heat would otherwise have been overpowering. At length all seemed satisfied, and attention being drawn by the bugle, the chairman again addressed the guests in a kind and hearty speech, giving suggestions as to the disposal of their time till tea should be ready at four o'clock. A merry laugh was elicited by his proposal to put the Home Park Cricket-ground at the disposal of any old ladies and gentlemen who might wish for a game. He also reminded those who had not already been there, that it was Her Majesty's wish that the Castle, the aviary, the farm and dairy, should be thrown open to all visitors, and that they only had to shew their tickets to obtain admission. He then said that the Bishop of Oxford would address them, and that it was his first public appearance as their Diocesan. I was fortunate enough to be standing close to his Lordship, who is remarkable for his manly and dignified presence, with a countenance full of good sense and kindliness. His speech was of a congratulatory character, and bore the impress of a sound religious tone.

Soon after the close of his address, the company began to disperse; and I was amongst those who found the most attractive lounge was under the shade of the huge elms, where we sat and listened to the playing of the military bands, till a stir and gathering together of the stewards (who were marked by rosettes) told us that some of the Royal party were coming. It proved to be the Prince and Princess Christian, who had come over from Frogmore in good time, to be present at the Queen's arrival. This was not long delayed. By the time their Royal Highnesses, with Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, had taken up their station in one of the flower tents, as well as the Duke of Buccleugh and the Bishop of Oxford, and most of the Stewards and Officers of the Association who stood near, the two outriders in scarlet liveries, and the four well-known greys, with their postilions, were seen approaching. The carriage drew up quickly, the servants opened the doors, and Her Majesty alighted, followed by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice. It was an exceedingly pretty sight. The Queen gave her hand to the lady nearest to her, who curtsying low, kissed it. The Princess Christian stood next; and the Queen again putting out her hand, she curtsied low and raised it to her lips, but the Queen almost at the same moment drew her daughter forward and kissed her affectionately. Then moving forward a step or two, the Queen stood still for an instant, as if to take in all the surrounding at a glance, and then graciously bowing, again went forward; General Seymour, as Chairman of the Association and Equerry to the Queen, acting now as guide to the whole cortége; and as they passed slowly through the double file of Stewards and other officers, he most gracefully named each in succession to Her Majesty, who bowed to them with a kindly smile as they bent low before her. And so, her attention being judiciously drawn to the several objects worthy of notice in her progress, she emerged from the flower-tents, upon the open space, the centre of which was occupied by Tippoo Saib's tent of crimson and gold, and on either hand the Alexandra stands filled from base to top with ladies and gentlemen spectators, and in front the long dinner tent, where the prizemen new and old were all again assembled.

A most charming incident now followed. After noticing such of the ladies and gentlemen who were honoured by the Royal recognition, Her Majesty passed on at once to the side centre of the dinner tent, to see and be seen by her humble subjects. These all stood up at her approach, and for a moment of breathless silence gazed at their Queen; and then as if moved by one united impulse, the fifteen hundred voices burst forth, not in a loud overpowering cheer, but deep, heart-felt, and subdued, in the singing of the National Anthem. One verse only was given, but it carried with it the fervent love and prayer of all who heard and joined in it. Not till it was over and the many voices hushed, did the Queen move from her place; then with a gracious acknowledgement, she turned round, and accompanied by the Princesses and ladies in waiting she proceeded to inspect the handicraft, needlework, and vegetable stalls; and afterwards ascended the steps of the throne tent conducted by her equerry, and with the Princesses stood whilst the address was read aloud by General Seymour.

Every precaution had been taken that there should be now no delay in the presentations; so during the address, the stewards were busied in arranging the successful candidates in order; and immediately it was concluded, they were one after another put forward, General Seymour reading over their names and qualifications in a clear distinct voice. The Queen, standing somewhat forward in the centre of the tent, received from the Princesses (who stood just behind her) the packets of money and the framed certificates, marked with the names of the prizemen; and as they came up, Her Majesty placed in their hands these welcome testimonials of merit.

The Queen appeared to be very much pleased with everything. She occasionally spoke to the prizemen, and shewed anxiety that each one should receive his own proper reward. In one or two instances the packet of money, or the certificate, came to the wrong person, and Her Majesty would not proceed till the mistake was rectified.

Throughout the whole proceeding there was an air of such gentle ease and homeliness, that one almost lost sight of the presence of Royalty in the feeling of filial and dutiful love to the chief actor on the scene, who, like a mother in the presence of her family, was bestowing rewards and favours on the most deserving of her children.

Not knowing how far Her Majesty's health would allow her to go through the fatigue of the day, it had been arranged that when the greater number of prizemen had received their rewards, there should be a break in the proceedings, to allow of her retiring, when the Princess Christian had graciously promised to give the remaining prizes and conclude the ceremony. But when it came to this part of the proceedings, the Queen intimated her wish to continue, and begged that the rest of the candidates should come forward. This was an agreeable and unexpected surprise, and some little delay occurred whilst the stewards were gathering together and marshalling the remaining prizemen. Many of these were children, but the Queen stood most good-naturedly waiting till they came up, and then continued as before, to hand the children their certificates and packets of money, speaking to one and another as they stood before her. Two little incidents impressed me as I was watching this most charming scene.

A young man who had exhibited a model steam engine, and gained the first prize of £1 5s., was retiring with a second prize of £1, which had been handed up by mistake; but before he had gone far, the Queen perceived the mistake and had him recalled, and would have given him the right amount with her own hands, had not someone anticipated her wishes by acting as go-between.

The other incident was of the same character. A poor blind woman was brought forward, but as she could not ascend the steps, her friend went up instead. Seeing the woman standing there and curtsying, the Queen supposed her to be the right person, and handed her the prize; but on learning the true state of the case, she made a forward movement, as if she would have gone down the steps to place it in the hands of the blind woman herself.

This part of the day's ceremonial being now over, and General Seymour's duties as presenter of the prizemen ended, he retired, whilst all the stewards and officers fell back. The Queen, on whom all eyes were fixed, stood motionless for a moment, as the great crowd of spectators bowed low and curtseyed; and then, returning her acknowledgement, she descended the steps and retired to her carriage amidst ringing and hearty cheers.

So ended a day which will be memorable among the poor of Windsor and the neighbourhood for many a long year to come. That her Majesty's graciousness is appreciated by them, I have evidence in a letter of one of the cottagers to a member of the Association who had recommended him for a prize. He writes as follows:

Sir,

I feel it my duty to return you my sincere thanks for the great honour I have received this day from your untiring kindness; it is the greatest honour I have ever had in my life, and many thousands would have been proud of it, though I am no more deserving of it than those; but I feel it my duty to return my sincere thanks to you, and

Believe us to remain,
Your humble servants,
G—— and C—— P——.

H. C. H.

THE WOMEN OF LA VENDÉE.

II.

[So much interest was expressed for the Vendean Ladies whom we introduced a year ago to our readers, that we think they will like to have another 'episode' from the book, 'Une Paroisse Vendéenne,' which furnished the first account. Its author states that all he relates are facts.]

During the terrible night which succeeded the battle of Le Mans, there was one family which did not join the crowd that thronged the road to Laval. Cruelly thrust out of house and home, they sought in vain under cover of night to escape from the town. On one side there were the republicans, with death in their train; on the other, streets crowded with carriages, cannon, baggage, and a forlorn company, which, stealing under the coach wheels, filled every outlet, and trampled corpses under foot.

Three ladies, Madame Gourreau, her daughter, Madame de Jouchère, and Madame de Boguais, had cast themselves, worn out with fatigue and suffering, into the first corner they could find. A forsaken stable was as welcome a refuge to them as to the poorest 'brigandes;' and their state of exhaustion was such, that despite their great danger, they were able to snatch a moment's sleep.

The dreary and sunless winter's day began to appear, like some funeral torch. An uncertain light hardly penetrated the thick fog which hung over the town as if it were one vast winding-sheet, and could be only pierced through by flashes from the enemy's guns. Icy rain fell in torrents; one would have said that heaven veiled its light in order to conceal the woes of suffering humanity. In the course of this day of bloody memory, few people felt themselves sufficiently courageous to practise the virtue of hospitality. Madame de Gourreau was forced by cruel threats to forsake her retreat. She wandered through the streets of Le Mans without venturing to inquire which way the Vendean army had gone. Madame de Jouchère accompanied her, together with Madame Boguais and her three daughters; the eldest of these, whose worn features told of a long and suffering illness, leant on her mother's arm. After they had tried for some time to find a way out of the town, they at last took courage to inquire of a woman who had just opened the door of her house. 'If you go down that street,' she answered, 'you will soon be in the country.' The wretch was deceiving them. In a few minutes they fell into the hands of the infuriated soldiers.

These were commanded by General Savary, who, touched with compassion when he saw the mother's suffering, and the youth and beauty of the daughters, threw himself between the soldiers and their victims, and averted the bayonets which were threatening to destroy them. 'Comrades,' he cried, 'is it not an act unworthy of you to stain your arms with the blood of these brigandes? It is the executioner alone who must bring them to justice if they are guilty. Take them to prison, and remember that you will have to answer for their safety.'

They dared not disobey. But when they heard the shouts of one who had discovered some gold about Madame Gourreau's person, several turned back and wrangled over their victim. 'O Mother!' exclaimed Madame de Jouchère, 'you shall not die alone, your daughter will follow you!' She tore herself from the arms of Madame Boguais, who vainly tried to hold her back, and threw herself among the soldiers. A locket which she always wore, containing a portrait of her youngest brother, at that time a soldier in Condé's army, escaped from its place in her bosom.

'This is the wife of a brigand-general,' cried the merciless soldiers; 'down with all enemies of the Republic!'

These words were succeeded by the report of a gun, and a volley of oaths, which shewed Madame Boguais what had been the fate of her poor friends. The wanderings of the survivors were to end in a convent, into which several thousand Vendeans had already been thrown, and which served as a prison. It was the beginning of a sharp winter, and a few bundles of straw made a very insufficient protection from the damp bricks. A bitter wind blew through the broken windows; and the prisoners could only keep some little warmth in them by huddling close together. Every day they had to endure the insults of their jailors, and the rude questions of the revolutionary committee. A party of informers had been collected from the neighbouring towns, to try and discover some relation or former friend whom they might betray. Each morning the door was opened, and a certain number of prisoners were led out to execution; their places were soon filled by others, who before long had to undergo a like fate.

A fortnight had thus elapsed, when an unlooked-for ray of hope shone upon the prisoners. There were some few courageous and humane officers amongst the number who had been left at Le Mans. M. de Fromental, who was one of them, was allowed, as a favour, to visit the prisons. He had sworn that, even if it cost him his own life, he would rob the scaffold of some of its victims. Deeply distressed at the sight of Mademoiselle Eulalie Boguais, who was walking about with a young sister, he approached and spoke to her. 'Have you no relation or guardian here, Mademoiselle?'

'I have my mother and two sisters,' replied Eulalie.

'I should like to speak to them privately,' he added in a low voice.

Eulalie was full of astonishment when she heard these few words spoken in a compassionate and gentle tone, a language to which she was unaccustomed. She timidly raised her blue eyes to the stranger's fine countenance, and found that he was trying to conceal an involuntary tear. 'Monsieur,' said she, 'I believe your pity is sincere: follow me; this is my mother's room.'

Madame Boguais lay in a corner of the prison, overwhelmed with the weight of her sorrows. A slow fever consumed her, all her strength had left her, and only returned to her when she had to accompany her children to the tribunal, and wished to inspire them with her own courage. At this moment the saddest thoughts were filling her heart. If GOD were only to require *her* life, what was to become of her poor daughters? who was there to protect them? who would guide them? would they ever in a land of exile see their father? Were they destined to spend their lives in an obscure prison? or, still more horrible! would they only obtain their freedom by the favour of their tormentors? She was awakened from these gloomy thoughts by her daughter's kiss, and she shuddered when she saw a Republican officer standing before her.

'Madame,' said M. de Fromental, 'as I am, unfortunately, a stranger to you, I fear that you may not feel confidence in me. I had come here with the intention of liberating some of the prisoners, when a happy opportunity brought me near you. I know that to-night it is intended to massacre all those who are imprisoned here. I know the jailor, and that he can be bought over, and I will do all in my power to save you and your children.' He immediately departed, without waiting for a reply.

Darkness and silence had succeeded that day's excitement in the prison, and sleep had brought forgetfulness of their troubles to the greater number of prisoners. Mesdemoiselles Boguais were resting their heads on their mother's knee, and uniting their prayers with hers, when the jailor made a sign to them to rise quietly. He then took them into a little cell near his room, where he desired them to keep complete silence. They were hardly shut in, when they heard movements, unusual at such an hour. Threats, shouts, and frightful oaths were mixed up with the confused noise of the crowd, and the stifled groans of the unhappy victims. A sanguinary band had come to claim their prey, and had broken into the prison, to see if any *détenus* could have escaped their fury. Several hours of dreadful tumult followed. The cries of these mad wretches resounded on all sides. They overran the wards, searched all over the old building, and when at length they had satisfied themselves that (as they thought) not one victim was lacking, they went out into the street, driving the prisoners before them, chained together in couples. The cries of the rabble could long be heard; and from the obscure cell where they had been taken for safety, Madame Boguais and her daughters listened to it in terror; but it died away by degrees, like the sea breaking on some distant rocks. Then they heard the beat of drums, the sullen murmur of the storm, a sharp rattle of musketry, and all was still.

The daylight now appeared through a narrow loop-hole, the only opening by which the air could enter. It shone upon two fresh faces, two new companions in captivity, who also owed their safety to the jailor. These were Madame d' Aubeterre, Abbess of Rouceray, and one of her nuns. They had been the first to enter the hiding-place, and had there passed the night in prayer, as motionless as those marble figures, sculptured by our pious forefathers with hands clasped, kneeling on their tombs.

The prison was re-filled by the next day. Madame Boguais and one of her daughters were recognized by Le Sieur Proust, who himself inscribed their names in the prison register. This unfortunate circumstance overthrew M. de Fromental's hopes, and baffled his plans. Ever since the day when he first spoke to Madame Boguais, this good man had resolved either to save her, or die in the attempt. He had at once put himself into communication with the jailor, a stupid mercenary being. In vain had M. de Fromental implored him to favour the prisoners' escape during that terrible night, of which we have just spoken. The miserable creature, quite incapable of a generous act, in hope of a higher bribe, endlessly prolonged the cruel captivity. Nevertheless, by dint of prayers and promises, M. de Fromental thought he might depend upon him. He was only awaiting a favourable opportunity, when the jailor suddenly came to him and declared that he had changed his mind. It seemed as if nothing could surmount the timidity of this 'earth-bound' soul. To all entreaties he only replied that he was not going to endanger his life to save that of an *émigré's* wife.

'You wretch,' cried M. de Fromental, out of patience, 'I know that you have sold their liberty to several prisoners, for I have the proof of it, and I could easily have your head off. Now if you value life, listen to me. Madame Boguais and only one of her daughters have their names inscribed on your fatal register; you can therefore, without compromise, be blind to the escape of the others. If you are asked what is become of them, you can say that they are dead; you will be believed if you say so, for the executioner takes the prisoners by chance every day, without counting those he leaves. Choose for yourself either this money or the scaffold.' *

'This is not sufficient,' said the jailor quietly, and with an immoveable countenance.

'Well, you shall have as much again; but this very night I shall knock at your door. And woe betide you if the two prisoners are not forthcoming!'

'They shall be,' said the jailor, and departed.

A short note told Madame Boguais of this project. To the first joy that her perusal of it inspired, there soon succeeded a feeling of uncertainty. Even though she owed her life to M. de Fromental, ought she to give what was dearest and nearest to her into his keeping? On the other hand, what right had she to throw away their only hope of escape? Dreadfully perplexed, she remained silent and motionless for a long time, overwhelmed with trouble.

'My dear children,' she said at length, almost inaudible from her sobs, 'we are going to be separated. This very night two of you are to regain your freedom! I am desired to décide *which two*—that is more than a mother can do.'

'We will never, never be parted from you,' said the daughters, bathing her with their tears.

'I am the eldest,' interrupted Rosalie; 'it is my right to stay with you.'

'What do you say, Sister? do you think we will leave you to be sacrificed for us? Indeed, what is to become of us? where are we to go in the charge of an unknown man? Better a thousand times to die!'

'My beloved children,' said the mother, 'Heaven will guard you, and will not withdraw the Arm which has supported you until now. Trust in It, and receive that blessing which a dying mother's prayer can bring down on her children.'

The day passed in this touching conflict. Night came on, and nothing had been decided upon, when the entrance of their jailor put an end to this cruel uncertainty. He seized the arms of Mesdemoiselles Eulalie and Céleste Boguais, and drew them into a low room, where, after a thousand precautions, he opened for them a garden door into the street.

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* Here it must be asked, was M. de Fromental justified in putting a lie into the jailor's mouth, that good might come?

M. de Fromental was awaiting them there; he made them get into a covered waggon where was his luggage; and when the day had dawned, a trustworthy soldier drove the cart off on the Angers Road, in the midst of a long file of vehicles, destined for the troops from Châteaubriant. At Nort, M. de Fromental, who till then had accompanied them, was obliged to go to Nantes. He gave instructions to his faithful servant, handing him some money, and a letter for a worthy lady at Châteaubriant, who had offered her house to the young prisoners.

Their troubles were nearly over, when death separated them for ever. Poor Céleste had been ill from trouble and uneasiness since their first day's journey: obliged to ensure her own and her sister's safety by remaining shut up without taking any fresh air, she arrived at Noyaz in such a state of suffering, that it was impossible to resume their journey; and that very night she expired in terrible suffering.

The cause of her agonies, which lasted several hours, has never been discovered, but remains a fearful mystery. Eulalie and her guide, who were the only witnesses, believed they could trace poison, administered in a soothing draught. Their suspicion fell on a wretch who had found out their secret, and who later escaped M. de Fromental's vengeance by flight. Mademoiselle Boguais received tender hospitality when she arrived at Châteaubriant, and there recovered her health, which had been greatly disordered by so many shocks. While in that place, she heard of her mother's death from typhus fever in the prison at Le Mans. She then wished to go back to Angers, to be near her youngest sisters, but the fear of uselessly compromising them and her grandmother, made her postpone her return.

M. de Fromental had just told her of the feelings which were filling his heart. In his exquisite delicacy he was not satisfied with a consent merely from gratitude, but he obtained that of Eulalie's grandmother; and a letter of M. Boguais, written from Germany, had brought him a father's thanks and blessing.

The marriage took place at Châteaubriant. M. de Fromental obtained leave of absence, which allowed him to take his young wife into Lorraine, there to be made known to her new relatives. He was recalled to Le Mans, through the desire of liberating his sister-in-law, Mademoiselle Rosalie Boguais. She had come out of prison, thanks to the courageous efforts of a noble woman, who is still remembered by many Vendeans. An excellent man, M. Arnoult, procured a passport for her at the peril of his life, and himself conducted her to Nancy, where she found her sister.

Such is Madame de Fromental's touching story, told with all its beautiful details. Much love and gratitude were bestowed on M. de Fromental by all the Boguais family. He still shewed himself the best and most noble of men. He supported his father-in-law in exile, and bought back a part of his fortune for him. M. de Fromental died childless, after five years happy married life, deeply lamented, and most tenderly beloved as husband, benefactor, and friend.

EAST LONDON NURSING SOCIETY.

THOSE who know of illness only in a country parish, where a neighbour's willing kindness and experience often to a great degree make up for lack of training, and where many a household is ready and anxious to provide nourishment and comforts as required, will need to be reminded how very different is the state of the sufferer, whether from lingering illness or from accident, in the crowded street of a London parish or district, where all are engaged in the same struggle for a livelihood, where there are none to help.

Many suffer severely and permanently from the want of a nurse who can and will carry out the doctor's orders, and enforce the plainest and most essential sanitary laws. To provide such a nurse is always difficult, often impossible; yet there are, in every large town, many more cases needing skilful and experienced care than can be received into hospitals.

In Liverpool an admirable system is at work, which provides for each district a resident trained nurse. Ought not as much to be done in London?

The present attempt to meet an acknowledged and pressing need must be the more fully described, that it is difficult for a stranger to see the full practical working of the plan. At the Nurses' Home, 48, Philpot Street, he may see the Matron, a lady who is admirably qualified for her position by her own experience as a trained nurse and knowledge of district work. There also he will find such probationers as may be training in the London hospital; but to know what is actually being done, he must follow the nurse to Poplar, Bromley, Stepney; he will see her at her daily work, going out morning by morning to give counsel and aid, to dress the wound, to bandage, to poultice, to attend to general health, to advise for the sick child, to say when admission to the hospital or instant recourse to the doctor is necessary, to teach the healthy members of the family how to soothe and relieve inevitable pain and wearinesss, to insist, as neither doctor nor chance visitor can, on attention to cleanliness and ventilation in the sick room. The good thus done does not pass away with the occasion—many homes shew permanent good effects of the visits, advice, and example of the nurse.

This much her skill, experience, and authority as nurse enable her to do. Some will ask, Can she do no more? Her true office and work must not be misunderstood. Her work is not that of the clergyman, nor of the visitor sent by him; she is not a sister, but a nurse: yet, as every Christian woman knows, it is at once her privilege and duty to be ever in act and word mindful of her high calling; and surely the nurse, in self-forgetting care for others, may especially feel herself to be following humbly, closely, in the footsteps of our

Divine Master, who stood by so many sick-beds, and ever made the healing of the body a means of blessing to the soul. Words of Christian love and counsel are willingly received from one whose daily visit is looked forward to as a relief and comfort.

To return to practical details. Each nurse acts under a lady superintendent, who allows her a certain quantity of soup or meat weekly, and to whom she may apply when other comforts for the sick are urgently needed; she keeps a register of cases attended, in which she enters how such supplies are distributed.

Her nursing work is under the eye of the matron, who visits each district frequently, and can thus judge of her skill, attention, and general conduct.

Nurses have for the past year been at work in four districts. The number of cases attended necessarily varies, but the average has been 220, and to each case about fifteen visits have been paid. The nurse is everywhere thankfully received, both by her patients, and by the clergy and laity interested in the welfare of the people. Other districts are now applying for nurses, and are ready to provide lodgings, and ladies superintendent; but the committee who are responsible for the wages and clothing of each nurse, are not yet able to add to the number.

Annual subscriptions to the amount of £45 suffice to maintain a nurse.

The number of applications for nurses to attend private cases; and the fact, that of those trained, some are by age, disposition, and previous habits, more fit for district, and others for private nursing—make it desirable to have at the Home nurses who can be sent, on application to the matron, Mrs. Duane, to any family needing their services.

(In an urgent case, in a clergyman's family, such help has been freely given; but in regular course) the profits from private nursing are at present added to the funds for maintaining district nurses for the poor; it is however hoped, part at least may in future be laid by as the nucleus of a retiring or pension fund, which must in time become necessary to such a society.

Will not those who rejoice in the blessings of health, and those who know the sufferings of illness, be alike desirous to aid this endeavour to bring help and comfort to the homes of the sick and sorrowful? Annual subscriptions and donations may be sent to the Secretary, 48, Philpot Street, London Hospital.

All contributions—nourishment, medicine, linen, books, pictures—would be gladly received, at the same address, by Mrs. Duane, who is at all times ready to supply any information required, and to hear of women willing to train as nurses, with the object of giving themselves earnestly to either branch of the work of the East London Nursing Society.

BITS FROM A NOTE BOOK.

(St. Mark, xiv. 13-15.)

Our Lord knew the moment when this man would be passing with his pitcher of water. He must have seen him go to the well, or have known the time of day when it was his custom to do so; He knew that the 'upper room' in that house was 'the guest-chamber;' it was before His mind's eye 'furnished and made ready.'

What an idea this gives of His continual presence! He knows the routine of our day; the hours of our various occupations, and what time they take; our going out and our coming in; the places we visit; the persons we meet, even casually; and He sees and knows not only the grand old forests and the flowery solitudes, where we are almost constrained to remember Him, but our rooms! our furniture! the arrangement of our apartments! and lest we should think that this close observation belonged only to His sojourn upon earth, we are told that He afterwards spoke of 'the street which is called Straight' and the house therein; and either personally or by His angel, of the temporary lodging of Peter, in the house by the sea-side. May all our little everyday life be such as to make this a pleasant thought. Is it presumptuous to carry it out? no; the very question arises from that unbelief that would make some things too great and some too small for Him, to Whose eyes in truth all things are naked and open. The arrangement of her home fills a large place in the care of every right-minded woman; and as luxury in decoration is certainly one of the strongest features of society at the present day, it cannot but be a fit subject to consider as in His sight, with the recollection that He sees 'the room furnished.' To lay down rules is difficult for oneself and impossible for others, especially as in the diversities of human constitution there may on this subject be in one mind a coarse insensibility, and in another a morbid fastidiousness, so that while to one the temptation is to gratify the eye at any cost, the temptation of the other is to overlook or despise the graces of social life, and to have such a dull and gloomy home as once led a little child to exclaim, 'I know He sees me in the pretty garden, but I don't believe He looks into this dirty little dingy room!' but, making full allowance for every diversity of taste, perception, and circumstance, yet surely an influence producing some effect, and affording either encouragement or rebuke, would be produced by the habitual recollection that 'Christ watches by a Christian's hearth,' and observes all those little doings or omissions which express character in a language as distinct as words; that the feminine duty, 'well-ordered home, man's best delight, to make,' is as much within His cognizance as the management of a hospital; and that the womanly thankfulness that all at home is bright and fair sounds in His ear as distinctly as her evening hymn.

C. B.

THE WAR, 1870.

(ISAIAH, XXVI. 12.)

GOD the FATHER, Who created
  This Thy world in purity;
Who Thine own hast never hated,
  Even when they turned from Thee:
Hear the battle-cries increase—
Heavenly FATHER, grant us peace.

GOD the SON, Whose love unbounded
  Brought us life, through bitter death;
Who by murderers surrounded,
  Prayed for them with failing breath:
Bid the angry warfare cease—
JESUS, SAVIOUR, grant us peace.

GOD the HOLY GHOST, Whose blessing
  Ever rests in quiet hearts;
Who, Thy grace divine possessing,
  Meekly strive to do their parts:
From dismay our souls release—
HOLY SPIRIT, grant us peace.

GOD TRIUNE, great GOD Eternal,
  Let Thy sovereign Voice be heard;
Hosts of earth, and hosts infernal,
  Tremble at the mighty word,
Echoed from Thy 'Holy Hill,'
Downward wafted, 'Peace, be still!'

Peace to armies rushing madly,
  Fiercely shedding brothers' blood;
Peace to orphans, wailing sadly,
  Peace to weeping widowhood.
Peace for aching heart and head,
Peace to dying and to dead.

GOD of mercy, GOD of pity,
  Bring us to Thy rest above,
In the new and Heavenly City,
  Naught can mar the peace and love.
Call Thy weary children there,
TRIUNE GOD! oh, hear our prayer!

CONSEILS DE LECTURES FRANCAISES.

PAR MADAME DE WITT, NÉE GUIZOT.

Lettres du Père Lacordaire à sa Famille et à ses amis, Suivies de Lettres à sa Mère Publiées, par M. Villard.—On a lu beaucoup de lettres du Père Lacordaire, sans jamais se lasser, tant la grandeur et la largeur de son âme, comme de son esprit, s'y trouvent mêlées à une simplicité franche et affectueuse. Les deux grandes biographies du célèbre Dominicain, celle de l'ami du couvent, le Père Chocarne, et celle de l'ami du monde, M. Foisset, l'admirable portrait écrit par l'ami de tous les temps, le compagnon de toutes les luttes, le Comte de Montalembert, n'avaient pas suffi à nous faire connaitre le Père Lacordaire tout entier sans la publication de ses lettres. C'est un plaisir qui menace de devenir rare que de rencontrer dans le sein du Catholicisme des âmes à la fois convaincues et libres avec lesquelles les points de sympathie sont et restent plus frappants que les dissonnances.

1 Vol. in 8vo. V^{e} Palmé, 52, Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain.

Madame la Marquise de Barol, sa vie racontée, par le Vicomte de Melun.—Ici encore, nous avons la joie d'admirer sans réserves une grande existence et une grande intelligence tout entière consacrées au Service de Dieu. Madame de Barol, l'amie et la protectrice de Silvio Pellico, chez laquelle il a trouvé un refuge au sortir de *ses prisons*, et auprès de laquelle il a achevé ses jours, la fondatrice et la persévérante amie de tant d'œuvres de charité a rencontré un historien digne d'elle chez M. le Vicomte de Melun, celui qui a fait connaitre au monde la Sœur Rosalie, et qui, depuis bien années, dirige à Paris tant de travaux utiles. Le moindre n'est assurément pas *l'œuvre des renseignements*, secourable à tous ceux qui desirent s'oçcuper des pauvres sans pouvoir les visiter à domicile. Un mot addressé au bureau des *annales de la Charité*, avec le nom et l'addresse de l'indigent, procure, au bout de deux jours, des renseignements très complets et exacts sur la situation et les mérites du demandeur. Œuvre modeste, s'il en fût, mais d'une grande utilité pratique et qui devrait être mieux connu.

1 Vol. in 8vo. Douniol, 29, Rue de Tournon.

Le Château de Zolkien ou la Pologne au XVII.^{e} Siècle.—Les petits récits empruntés à l'ancienne histoire de Pologne et tirés, par une jeune fille, des documens authentiques, ont ce caractère particulier d'une profonde sympathie pour les Polonais, pour leur courage et leur héroïque dévouement, ami au sentiment de ce qui leur manque et de ce qui a toujours fait échouer leurs plus nobles entreprises, c'est à dire le bon sens, la prévoyance et la notion du possible, mérites qui n'ont jamais fait partie de l'heritage des qualités fortes et des charmes séduisants que les Polonais conservent encore jusque dans leur amère destinée.

1 Vol. in 12mo. Michel Lévy, 2, Rue Vivienne.

Scènes d'Enfance et de Jeunesse, par Mad. de Pressensé.—Les lecteurs du *Monthly Packet* connaissent la grâce sérieuse et les pures leçons des livres de Madame de Pressensé. Ils retrouveront ces solides agréments dans le nouveau volume qu'elle offre au public, particulièrement dans *le Lundi de Pâques* et le *Petit Marquis*.

1 Vol. in 12mo. Meyrueis, 33, Rue des Saints Pères.

L'Histoire de France, depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789, *racontée à mes Petits Enfants*, par M. Guizot. Ouvrage illustré de 200 gravures sur bois, publié par livraisons paraissant chaque semaine, chez M. Hachette, 79, Boulevard St. Germain.—Le plan et le but de l'ouvrage sont retracés dans une lettre de M. Guizot à ses éditeurs dont nous donnons ici un fragment:—

'Vous avez entendu dire, Messieurs, que depuis plusieurs années, je me donne le paternel plaisir de raconter l'histoire de France à mes petits-enfants, et vous me demandez si je n'ai pas dessein de publier ces études de famille sur la grande vie de

notre patrie. Telle n'avait pas été d'abord ma pensée, c'était de mes petits enfants et d'eux seuls que je me préoccupais. J'avais à dessein de leur faire vraiment comprendre notre histoire et de les y intéresser en satisfaisant à la fois leur intelligence et leur imagination en la leur montrant à la fois claire et vivante. Toute histoire, celle de la France surtout, est un vaste et long drame où les évènements s'enchaînent selon des lois déterminées, et dont les acteurs jouent des rôles qu'ils n'ont pas reçues tout faits ni appris par cœur, et qui sont les résultats, non seulement de leur situation native, mais de leur propre pensée et de leur propre volonté. Il y a dans l'histoire des peuples, deux séries de causes à la fois essentiellement diverses et intimement unies; les causes naturelles qui président au cours général des évènements et les causes libres qui viennent y prendre place. Les hommes ne font pas toute l'histoire, elle a des lois qui lui viennent de plus haut, mais les hommes sont, dans l'histoire, des êtres actifs et libres qui y produisent des résultats et y exercent une influence dont ils sont responsables. Les causes fatales et les causes libres, les lois déterminées des évènements et les actes spontanés de la liberté humaine, c'est là l'histoire tout entiere. C'est dans la reproduction fidèle de ces deux éléments que consistent la vérité et la moralité de ses récits. . . . . . Je n'ai jamais été plus pappé de ce double caractère de l'histoire qu'en la racontant à mes petits-enfants. . . . . Pour atteindre le but que je me proposais, jai toujours pris soin de rattacher mes récits ou mes reflexions aux grands évènements ou aux grands personnages de l'histoire. . . . . En la racontant à mes petits-enfants, je me suis quelquefois attardé dans quelque anecdote particulière où je trouvais le moyen de mettre en vive lumière l'esprit dominant du temps ou les mœurs caractèristiques des populations, mais, sauf ces rares exceptions, c'est toujours dans les grands faits et les grands personnages historiques que je me suis établi pour en faire dans mes récits, ce qu'ils ont été dans la réalité, le centre et le foyer de la vie de la France.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir,

I think it possible that R. H. B., (to whom we owe the very interesting 'Traditions of Tirol,') and perhaps others of your readers, may care to hear some of the particulars, as they are treasured by his family, of the defence of Scharnitz by Baron Swinburne. R. H. B. speaks of it in No. XIII. of the Traditions of Tirol, vol. ix. page 508. That defence was so gallant as to call forth the respect and admiration even of his enemies, and Baron Swinburne was given permission to name his own terms of surrender.

He requested for himself, and those under him, that they might be allowed to retain their swords; this was granted, and the prisoners were sent to Aix-la-Chapelle, where everyone was asking in astonishment who were 'les prisonniers avec l'epée a côté.'

The Eagles of Austria that had been so nobly defended by the Englishman and his little band, never fell into the hands of the French. One of the Tirolese escaped with the colours wrapped round his body under his clothes, and though he was hunted among the mountains for months, he was never taken; and some years after he came to his Commander in Vienna and gave him the colours he had so bravely defended. They are now in the possession of Baron Edward Swinburne, the son of the defender of Scharnitz, who himself won before he was eighteen the Order of 'the Iron Crown,' by an act that well deserves to be called 'a golden deed;' and ere he was twenty he had led his first and last forlorn hope, where he received so severe a wound as to cost him his leg, which has incapacitated him for further service.

His father received the highest military decoration of Austria, that of 'Maria Teresa;' he fought at Austerlitz and Wagram; on the latter occasion he was severely wounded. Later in life, he was for many years Governor of Milan.

Hoping that a short record of true and faithful services performed by Englishmen for their adopted country, may prove of some interest to your readers, and with many thanks to R. H. B. for what has been of so much interest to us,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A Swinburne.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Many thanks are returned by The Mission Sisters of St. Peter's, Plymouth, *for 5s. in stamps, from* D. L.; *a Parcel from* J. E. A., *who begged to be told the cost of carriage, therefore with thanks the Sisters inform her that it was 1s. 6d.; a Parcel of Flannel and prints and books from* D. E. R.—*the last is gratefully acknowledged as the third donation from the same kind helper; 1s. 6d. in stamps, from* Miss W. *Exterior Sisters of* St. Mary's, *who have kindly sent presents of clothing, &c., are requested to believe how very speedily and usefully their gifts have been transferred to the many who needed them.*

P. H. *will be obliged to any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *who can give her some information upon the process of printing natural ferns upon* wood; *or if there be any hand-book written on this subject,* P. H. *having vainly inquired for such a publication in some of the principal London art shops.——Does* P. H. *mean the effect produced by spattering in sepia or Indian ink around leaves laid down on wood, and afterwards touched up by the hand?*

Janet *will be glad if the Editor or any of the Correspondents of* The Monthly Packet *can tell her of a good book of Questions and Answers on the Collects, suitable for very ignorant girls of from twelve to seventeen in a Sunday School in the north of England.——The* Questions on the Collects, *in the Third Volume of* The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching (*Mozleys*) *would best answer your purpose.*—ED.

Eta.—Mercer's Hymn Book *would be thankfully received for* The Church of the Holy Trinity, Hazlemere, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Wilfred.—*Surely 'to be bound upon* his *errand' does not mean necessarily that* he *is the sender, but rather that the errand concerned* him. *Moreover, does not descending imply ascending, or soaring again, in the case of a celestial being?*

Declined with thanks.—Poem on War.

Mr. Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of 5s. in stamps, from A. A., *for* The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea. *Mr. Allnutt has also addressed a letter to* A. A., Post-office, Dereham, *which will fully explain the apparent carelessness of which she complains.*

With many thanks, A. P. *has decided on the verse beginning* 'God, my Father, in Thy sight,' *for morning, and the following for evening:—*

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.'

A. P. *would be very glad to hear of a suitable book of stories to read to the same little boy of four as a treat on Sundays.—— Would not* Agathos *answer the purpose—using the Scripture stories before the allegories?*

Presbyter Anglicanus.—*St. Apollonia was an aged virgin of the Church at Alexandria, who was martyred in a tumult of the people,* A.D. 249, *under the Emperor Philip. All her teeth were knocked out by blows on her face, and she was then burnt. A tooth is her emblem, and she was viewed as the saint to be invoked in tooth-ache. We do not know of any English church under her dedication.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

OCTOBER, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

The last Canto ended with the arrival of the poets at the bridge which spans the ninth gulf, the prison of those who on earth have caused divisions, civil or religious, among mankind. Dante feels language fail him when he tries to record their miserable state, as he sees them walk bleeding and mutilated under the blows of a fiend who hacks each as he passes, the wounds healing again and ready for a fresh stroke by the time the round is completed. Here they see Mohammed, Ali, and other heretics and schismatics; Curio, with the tongue cut out of his mouth, for having given counsel to Julius Cæsar to embark on civil war; Mosca degli Uberti, one of those who brought about the establishment of the disastrous feuds of the Guelfs and Ghibellines; and lastly, Bertrand de Born, Viscount of Hauteforte near Perigueux, who encouraged Prince Henry to rebel against his father, Henry II. of England. This last addresses them bearing his head like a lantern in his hand, and holds it out to them when he speaks, for the sake of greater distinctness.

At the beginning of the twenty-ninth Canto, Virgil hastens Dante from the ninth to the tenth and last gulf of the eighth circle, saying that it is now midday of the Saturday before Easter, and that the gulf is twenty-two miles in circumference, so that he cannot possibly stay to see all its occupants. It is worthy of observation, that this measurement is almost exactly equal to the circumference of the city of Rome, and the coincidence is possibly not undesigned. To Virgil's exhortation Dante replies that he is looking for one of his kinsmen whom he has reason to believe he shall find in the ninth gulf; on which Virgil rejoins, that Geri del Bello, cousin of Dante's father, had already passed while the poet was occupied with Bertrand de Born, and had pointed with a threatening gesture at him; being discontented apparently that none of his family had yet avenged his death, which befell him in the midst of a dispute with one of the family of the Sacchetti.

Then they walk on and reach the tenth gulf, tenanted by liars in word and deed. The first whom Dante sees are afflicted with leprosy and other loathsome diseases, and lie massed on the ground in shapeless heaps. These are Alchemists; and among them he sees and converses with Griffolino of Arezzo and Capocchio of Siena. Then, in the thirtieth Canto, he describes the torments of those who in life personated others for their own ends, those who manufactured false coin, (of whom he discourses with Adamo of Brescia;) and lastly, the liars in word, Potiphar's wife, and Sinon the Greek, who by false representations induced the Trojans to receive the wooden horse into their city. Adamo and Sinon lie within arm's length of each other, and when the former mentions Sinon to Dante, and describes his crime, the latter, in rage at being named, clenches his fist and hits him a smart blow, returned as smartly by Adamo. The two then enter into a wordy quarrel of coarse sarcasm at each other's ailments, Adamo being afflicted with dropsy and Sinon with burning fever; at which Dante listens till called off by Virgil in a tone of rebuke at his taking interest in such low wrangling, though his shame at the admonition speedily ensures Virgil's forgiveness.

Then, in the thirty-first Canto, the poets, leaving the eighth circle, take their way across the border to the ninth, or circle of traitors. Through the gloom Dante hears the sound of a horn, and sees what he imagines to be towers, but which a closer inspection shews to be the giants that in old times tried to scale the ramparts of Heaven, seen only from the waist upward, their feet standing on the lower level of the ninth circle, and half their bodies being thus hidden from the poet's view by the precipice. The first giant they reach is Nimrod, whose horn sounds more terribly than Orlando's after the defeat of Charlemagne at Roncesvalles, which we are told was heard at a distance of eight miles. He venting his rage in a confused medley of words, emblematic of the dispersion of tongues at Babel, is rebuked by Virgil, who leads Dante to the left, past Ephialtes, who for his attempt against Heaven is strongly chained by both neck and arms, till they come to Antæus, whose form issues upright and unfettered five ells above the level of the ground. Virgil invokes his aid, assuring him of Dante's power to revive his fame among men if he will stoop down and place them below in the ninth circle. The giant consents, takes up the poets in his arms, and places them lightly at his feet, then instantly raising himself till he gains his former position.

The three concluding Cantos of the Inferno describe the torments of the traitors embedded in the frozen river or rather lake of Cocytus, to which reference has already been made at the end of the fourteenth Canto. This ninth circle is divided into four parts, named Caina, Antenora, Tolomea, and Giudecca, and occupied by betrayers of their kinsmen, their country, their friends, and their benefactors, respectively. There seems to be no real separation between these different regions, though the whole slopes gradually towards the centre. Some think that a distinction is made in the various degrees of guilt by the extent to which the sinners are immersed in the frozen lake; but this does not clearly appear from the poem, except that the occupants of the Giudecca, like flies in amber, are totally imprisoned beneath the surface. The words Caina and Giudecca explain themselves; Antenora derives its title from the Trojan prince Antenor, who according to some accounts assisted the Greeks at the destruction of Troy; while Tolomea is named from Ptolemy King of Egypt, who assassinated his friend Pompeius Magnus on his arrival by sea after the battle of Pharsalia.

In the thirty-second Canto, the 'ladies' of line 10 are the Muses; Tabernich in line 28, is a mountain of Sclavonia, perhaps not now to be identified; Pietrapana, a peak of the Appennines near Lucca. The two spirits of line 41 are Alessandro and Napoleone degli Alberti, who quarrelled and fought over their paternal inheritance, each slaying the other. The Bicenzio is a small river which flows into the Arno about a dozen miles below Florence. The traitor of line 61 is Modred, the nephew, though the Italian story calls him son, of King Arthur, pierced through by his spear from breast to back, so that the sun shone through him and made a hole in his shadow. It will be seen that this is different from the version adopted by Tennyson, where

'Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.'

Focaccia de' Cancellieri of Pistoia, a young man of notoriously dissolute manners, slew his uncle in a fit of anger, and by his conduct is said to have given rise to the parties of the Bianchi and Neri in his native city. Somewhat similar was the crime of Sassuolo Mascheroni, though other accounts are also narrated of him. Alberto Camicione de' Pazzi murdered his cousin; Carlino, of the same family, in 1303 accepted a bribe from the Florentines to betray the castle of Piano di Trevigne in Valdarno, in which several of the Bianchi had taken refuge. Then the poets pass to the next region, where Dante happens to strike his foot against the head of Bocca degli Abati, whose treachery caused the defeat of the Florentines at Montaperti, already mentioned in connexion with the story of Farinata in the tenth Canto. The scene that follows is singularly energetic and picturesque. It will be remembered that the sinners stood face downwards, as stated in line 37, so that Dante would have to use some effort to get a sight of Bocca's face, as he would not tell his name. Then we have mentioned Buoso da Duera of Cremona, who being posted with a large force in front of Parma to resist Charles of Anjou, was bribed by Guy de Montfort to leave an important pass open to the invading army, a piece of treachery which brought about the destruction of Cremona. Then other betrayers of Florence during the civil discord that prevailed; and lastly Ganellone, the betrayer of Charlemagne at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, the defeat already alluded to in the preceding Canto, and Tebaldello de' Manfredi, Governor of

Faenza, who surrendered that city to Giovanni Count of Romagna in 1282. After this the poets continue their journey, till on the confines of Antenora and Tolomea they behold the two spirits of line 125, Ugolino della Gherardesca and Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, of whom we shall hear more in the following Canto.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXXII.

HAD I at my command rhymes harsh and bitter
Such as might suit the pit of melancholy,
Base of all other rocks! it then were fitter
That I should press out into language fully
My fancy's juices; but such sternness lacking
Not without fearfulness I bring me truly
To speak. For 'tis no jester's undertaking
To paint the base and centre of creation,
Nor of a tongue to infant cries awaking.
But may those ladies hear my invocation
Who erst Amphion to build Thebes assisted;
So shall the truth be one with my narration.
O people beyond all to ill enlisted,
Who fill a spot whereof to speak appalleth,
Better ye here as sheep or goats existed!
There as we stood in the dark pit that falleth
Slant from the giant's feet ev'n to the lowest,
And at the high wall yet I gazed, there calleth
A voice unto me, 'Mark well how thou stowest
Thy footsteps, lest thou make sad interference
With thy poor brethren's heads, as on thou goest.'
Then saw I, thereto turning in adherence,
Before me and below, a lake congealed
And seeming glass not water in appearance.
Never is Austrian Danube so concealed
By winter's thickest vail, nor Tanais sweeping
'Neath the cold heaven, as was here revealed;
Had Tabernich or Pietrapana heaping
Their mighty masses fallen there, not even
The rim would have gone crick. And as when peeping
Snout above water 'neath the midnight heaven
The frog stands still and croaks, while thoughts of gleaning
Oft through the village maiden's dreams are driven;
So, ice-bound to where shame appeareth, keening
Shrilly the spirits stood, of wan complexion
And teeth like storks' note chattering. Downwards leaning

Each kept his face concealed; their sore affection
Of mouth the freezing rigour testified,
Their eyes gave witness of the heart's dejection.
Gazing somewhile around me, I descried
Two at my feet so mutually enlacing,
That hair with hair was mingled. Then I cried,
'Say ye who stand thus breast to breast embracing,
Say who are ye?' And back their necks they strained,
And when their glances were towards me facing,
Their eyes before all watery inwards, drained
Tears through the lids; and then the frost alighted
Thereon, that frozen 'twixt them they remained.
Plank unto plank hath dovetail ne'er united
So strongly; whereon like two goats together
They butted; them such anger had excited.
And one deprived through that most bitter weather
Of both his ears, exclaimed, yet downwards bending,
'Why keep us so within thy glance's tether?
If who these are thou wouldst be apprehending,
They from their sire Alberto did inherit
The valley whence Bicenzio's wave descending
Doth flow. One body bore them; and a spirit,
Search all Caina through, shalt thou find never
That more to be encrystalled here doth merit.
Not him whose breast and shade did Arthur sever
At that one blow, well with his might agreeing;
Not even Focaccia; not him whose head ever
Projecting outwards hindereth me from seeing,
And was Sassuolo Mascheroni named;
Well truly shouldst thou know him, Tuscan being.
And that no further speech from me be claimed,
I am Camicion, looking for the traces
Of Carlin, who shall make me less ashamed.'
Then I descried a thousand doggish faces,
Made so by cold; whence shudder cometh o'er me,
And will come ever, at those icy spaces.
Whilst passing on to the mid point before me,
Whereto all gravitating force uniteth,
And trembling at the eternal gloom I bore me;
Naught know I whether will or chance inviteth
Or fate; but going where the heads are thickest
My foot 'gainst one face violently smiteth.
He weeping straight exclaimed, 'Wherefore kickest
Me so? unless thou come fresh vengeance taking
For Montaperti, why to hurt me seekest?'

Then I, 'My Master, here thy progress breaking
  Await, till of some doubt through him I rid me;
  Then will I on, what haste thou willest making.'
My guide stopped still, and I in quest applied me
  To him who yet in harshest tones blasphemed,
  'Who art thou, who so angrily has chid me?'
'And who art thou,' he answered, 'who hast dreamed
  To pass through Antenora, blows according
  That wert thou living would too hard be deemed?'
'Living I am, and set for thy rewarding,'
  Was my reply, 'if fame to thee doth matter,
  Space for thy name among my notes affording.'
'Quite the reverse I want: off with thy chatter,'
  Said he, 'and give me reason for complaining
  Nó more; ill knowst thou in this place to flatter.'
Then by the scalp I seized him, and retaining
  Firm hold I said, 'Thy name thou needs must give me,
  Or not one hair shalt thou have here remaining.'
'Not even,' he said, 'if thou of all deprive me,
  Will I my name or face to view be lending,
  If on the head a thousand blows thou drive me.'
I in my hand his hair collected rending,
  More than one lock already thence had haled,
  He shrieking all the while, and downwards bending
His eyes, when cried another, 'What hath ailed
  Thee, Bocca? is't not enough thy jaws should chatter,
  But thou must bark? what fiend hath thee assailed?'
'Now for more words of thine, ill-minded traitor,'
  I said, 'I care not; of the truth disclosed
  To thy disgracing will I be narrator.'
'Away,' he said, 'speak as thou art disposed;
  But him forget not, when thy footstep leaveth
  This place, whose tongue so glib hath interposed.
Here he the money of the Frenchmen grieveth;
  "Him of Duera," thou mayst say, "I traced
  Where the cold pool the guilty ones receiveth."
And if thou ask who else is here encased,
  Lo Beccheria, he whose throat the sweeping
  Revenge of Florence gashed, near thee is placed.
Then John Soldanier, his station keeping
  Yonder with Ganellon, and him whose treason
  Unbarred Faenza's gates when men were sleeping.'
Then leaving him, we saw after a season
  Two ice-bound in a nook, with heads so mixed
  That this was cowl to that; and as by reason

Of want one gnaws a crust, so the upper fixed
His teeth upon the flesh beneath him lying,
Where to the nape the brain base is affixed.
So Menalippus' temples, Tydeus dying 130
Did gnaw not otherwise in hate disdainful,
Than he the skull and parts around. Then crying
To him, 'O thou who shew'st by sign so baneful,
Thy hate of him on whom thou dost regale thee,
Tell me,' I said, 'the cause; it may be gainful,
That if thou dost on his account bewail thee,
I learning who ye are and his transgression,
In the upper world hereafter may avail thee,
If that I speak with lose not its expression.'

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

ST. LUKE.

Here we have the contrast between St. Luke and Demas, both pupils of the same Saint, side by side in his cell in his first imprisonment, but in the last—alas! only Luke is with him, Demas having loved this present world. The thought leads to that which must often have wrung the hearts of many—the question why, when in all other cases results follow exactly upon given treatment, in the case of the human soul, the effects should be so entirely, often so piteously, diverse! So it is; and it is well, only too well, that we should take warning that to consort with a Saint gives no security.

'Vainly before the shrine he bends,
Who knows not the true pilgrim's part;
The martyr's cell no safety lends
To him who wants the martyr's heart.'

On the other hand, what a blessing waits on a true follower such as was Luke, the beloved physician, not only to the body but to the soul, delighting (as we are reminded in the note) to bring home to the contrite heart such messages of mercy as the parables of forgiveness! Like St. Luke, who treasured up for us the Song of the Angels and the Canticles of the Church, such a faithful spirit is verily worthy of entering into the gleam 'that round the martyr's death-bed plays;' and thus, while the world leads away its frail votaries, the true fond nurslings of the Church cling but the closer to their Lord and to her.

Next we have the bright sweet poem on 'Lessons and Accomplishments,' addressed to the Church—

'Mother of Christ's children dear,
Teacher true of loving fear.'

The dedication of our talents is the subject. Observe the two clauses, each connected with the Saint, as painter and writer. Like him, who, as tradition tells, with pencil as well as with pen,

'drew
Christ's own holy Mother true,'

may our dreams and fancies of artistic beauty be pure, and to the praise of God.

And again, even as St. Luke recorded the most Holy Life, and handed down to us the history of the foundation of the Church, and the doings of the Saints, so when

'o'er our childish trance
History bids her visions glance;
Wonders wild in airy measures,
Records grave from memory's treasures;
Guide thou well the heart-winning line,
May our love and hate be thine.'

This is a very notable sentence, and one that it would be well to carry with us in our judgements and predilections as we read. This is the way to find the true scale, and keep our mind from being warped by admiration of unhallowed genius, successful ambition, or that more specious liberality which is really want of faith.

It is curious that, on the fact that St. Luke was a physician, there should be no clause in the poem for the consecration of science, except so far as it is included in the title, 'Lessons and Accomplishments.' In truth, matters relating to physical or mathematical science never did seem to come much before the poet's mind: I can only recollect one saying of his that had any relation to either. This was in a sermon, where he brought in the text from the first chapter of Ecclesiastes—'That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered,' applying it as a token that Solomon had come to the points that have baffled all ever since his time—the squaring the circle, and exact division of certain numbers by certain numbers, (*e.g.* those that result in circulating decimals.)

In this poem—evidently, from its structure, just like that of 'May Garlands,' written more *for* than about children—he was placing himself in the child's point of view, and thinking of the actual lessons of our early days, rather than specifying the heads of the entire range of human study.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

THE opening of to-day's poem is one of the difficulties that is apt first to strike students of The Christian Year, and in effect it requires to be understood that the Blessed Virgin Mother is regarded as in some measure a type or emblem of the Church, so that what is said of the one applies to the other. The word type hardly expresses our meaning; but we know that whereas our Blessed Lord was 'incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary,' so the new birth of the Christian member of Christ's Body is through the Holy Spirit and the Church. Thus in the Apocalypse, the woman clothed with the sun and with the moon under her feet, who received wings to fly into the wilderness to save her child from the dragon, resembles the Israelite congregation at first, the holy Virgin next, and most fully and entirely the Church, the mother ever bearing children, whom the dragon is ever waiting to devour.

With a mind thoroughly imbued with this accordance, the poet sees in the Mater Dolorosa, 'the Cross in sight, but JESUS gone,' a type of the mourning Church, when the bridegroom is taken away, and especially in time of coldness of faith and suffering. Then as the beloved disciple took the holy mother to his own home, to tend and cherish, so the faithful few, in the time of distress, guard the Church and shelter her in the 'genial isle' of their own households, where the Spirit of the dying Son is present. From such shelter new vigour springs forth. I think there must be some connecting thought here, the clue of which is lost. The verses look very much as if they had been suggested by some instance of a persecuted father of the Church being sheltered by some faithful friend to whom he formed a great contrast, through some evil times—say Bishop Ken at Longleat, or the like, and on such a loving union and tendance between different characters; the poem then proceeds to describe the beauty of the 'two and two,' when 'fervent old age and youth serene' join in praise, or when the high clear intellect is in close contact with the lowly and untaught; or again when the sorrowful and afflicted is cheered by

'Some spirit full of glee, yet taught
To bear the sight of dull decay,
  And nurse it with all-pitying thought.

Cheerful as soaring lark, and mild
  As evening blackbird's full-ton'd lay,
When the relenting sun has smil'd
  Bright through a whole December day.'

Such responsive notes come to cheer the 'lonely watcher of the fold.' Or his comrade's song of faith—the greeting from distant parish, or maybe the trumpet note of some more distant missionary—come floating on the air full of encouragement,

'And bids thee yet be bold and strong,
  Fancy may die, but faith is there!'

The 'two and two' of this day gave it the above poem; its Collect gave it what is one of the most beautiful of all the author's compositions—the similitude of the Church to the waterfall. It is simple, while so full of grandeur, that we dare not attempt prose paraphrase or even comment, for every stanza is clear, even to the wonderful climax—

'Scorn not one drop; of drops the shower
Is made, of showers the waterfall,
Of children's souls the Power
Doomed to be Queen o'er all.'

(*To be continued.*)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. X.—THE MEASURE OF LOVE.

'What is the Breadth, and Length, and Depth, and Height.'—*Ephesians*, iii. 18.

(*Tune*, Preston.)

LORD JESUS, Who didst freely give
Thyself to death that I might live,
O let that love, in fullness shown
To Thine elect, by me be known—
The Love eternal, infinite,
The Breadth, and Length, and Depth, and Height.

'Tis writ upon the Tree that stands
With arms outstretched o'er all the lands,
Deep-rooted in the lowest gloom
Of fallen Adam's sin and doom,
Yet pointing where in beauty lies
A new creation's Paradise.

O Breadth of Love! o'er all the world
Its blessed banner is unfurled,
From north to south is heard the fame
Of the Adorable One Name,
From east to west the tidings spread;
Ye lost, come home! arise, ye dead!

O Love, that wrought for sinful man
Ere man was made and sin began,

Whose work of grace can comprehend
The timeless age beyond the End:
O Length of Love, Eternity!
It ever was, shall ever be!

O Depth of Love! none lie so low
In earth's abyss of sin and woe,
But the pure rays can reach the gloom,
The tender voice reverse the doom:
No heart so poor, no soul so vile,
But there His mercy waits to smile.

But now, with vision rapt above,
Adore, my soul, the Height of Love:
Beyond where angels' feet have trod,
Before the great White Throne of God;
And doubt no more, no more despair,
The Height of Love can set thee there.

O measure of the grace unpriced!
Thy marks of Love, Lord Jesu Christ!
O grant that this, in fullness shown
To Thine elect, by me be known,
The Love eternal, infinite,
The Breadth, and Length, and Depth, and Height.
Amen.

THE SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN.

O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:—

God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good;[1] therefore let all His works praise Him, and His saints give thanks unto Him.[2]

Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:—

Ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil His commandments, and hearken unto the voice of His words;[1] ye angels, whose sweeping garments and waving robes are seen in every breath of air and ray of light, and every beautiful prospect;[2] Ye angels, praise Him, whose faces see God in Heaven;

Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

[1] Genesis, i. 31.
[2] Psalm cxlv. 10.

[1] Psalm ciii. 20.
[2] Newman, vol. ii. Sermon xxix.

O ye Heavens, bless ye the LORD:—

Ye heavens, the work of His fingers;[1] ye heavens, which He bowed when He came down[2] into the tabernacle of Mary; ye heavens, which hid your faces from the sixth to the ninth hour of His awful Passion;

Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

[1] Psalm viii. 3.

[2] Psalm xviii. 9.

O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the LORD:—

O sea of glass like unto crystal before the throne,[1] praise Him that sitteth thereon, Who liveth for ever and ever.

O voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters;[2] ye choirs of the Lamb, which follow Him whithersoever He goeth, as ye sing your new song, bless ye the Lord.

O pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb,[3] make glad with the rivers of thy flood the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest; and

Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

[1] Rev. iv. 6.

[2] Rev. xiv. 2.

[3] Rev. xxii. 1.

O all ye Powers of the LORD,—

Created by Him and for Him;[1] ye powers, also, and principalities of Satan,[2] of which He made a show openly, triumphing over them in His Cross. Ye powers of Heaven, which shall be shaken[3] when the Son of Man ariseth to shake terribly the earth;

Bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

[1] Col. i. 16.

[2] Col. ii. 15.

[3] St. Mark, xiii. 25.

O ye Sun and Moon,—

Thou Sun, arising as a bridegroom from Thy chamber, rejoicing as a giant to run Thy course.[1] Thou Sun of Righteousness, arising with healing in Thy wings;[2] before whose brightness the beasts get them away together, and lay them down in their dens;[3]

Thou Moon, in whose reign shall be abundance of peace;[4] appointed for certain seasons,[5] steadfast for ever in heaven.[6]

Thou Sun to rule the day triumphant,
Thou Moon to rule the night militant.[7]

Bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

[1] Psalm xix. 5.

[2] Malachi, iv. 2.

[3] Psalm civ. 22.

[4] Psalm lxxii. 7.

[5] Psalm civ. 19.

[6] Ps. lxxxix. 37.

[7] Genesis, i. 16.

O ye Stars of Heaven,—

Ye who, having turned many to righteousness, shine as the stars for ever and ever;[1] ye stars, who in your courses fight against Sisera;[2] ye morning stars, sing together unto God.[3] Praise Him, all ye stars and light.[4]

[1] Daniel, xii. 3.
[2] Judges, v. 20.
[3] Job, xxxviii. 7.
[4] Psalm cxlviii. 3.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Showers and Dew,—

Prayers of the saints, whose doctrine droppeth as the rain, whose speech distilleth as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, as showers upon the grass.[1]

[1] Deut. xxxii. 2.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Winds of God,—

Powers of the most Holy Spirit. Wind blowing where it listeth, of which we cannot tell the sound, whence it cometh, or whither it goeth;[1]

Sound as of a sudden rushing mighty wind, filling all this house in which we are sitting.[2] Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south! blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out.[3]

[1] St. John, iii. 8.
[2] Acts, ii. 2.
[3] Canticles, iv. 16.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Fire and Heat,—

Love of Jesus, ever burning, ever bright; coal from the mystic altar, laid upon my lips, purging me from all iniquity and sin.[1]

O Fire ever burning, ever bright, make Thou our hearts to burn within us, while Thou talkest with us by the way.[2]

[1] Isaiah, vi. 6, 7.
[2] St. Luke, xxiv. 32.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Winter and Summer,—

Adversity and prosperity. In both seasons, yea, in all times of our tribulation, in all times of our wealth,[1] shall living waters go out of Jerusalem, in summer and in winter

[1] Litany of English Church.

shall it be.[2] The Cross of Christ is my Nicopolis,[3] I have determined there to winter.[4]

I will go to the altar of God,[5] for there is my wine and my summer fruits;[6] therefore

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

[2] Zech. xiv. 8.
[3] City of Victory.
[4] Titus, iii. 12.
[5] Psalm xliii. 4.
[6] Jer. xl. 10.

O ye Dews and Frosts,—

Gifts of the Most Holy Spirit, in the heart of sinners, distilling as the dew upon the tender grass,[1] quenched and dried up in the icy chillness.

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

[1] Deut. xxxii. 2.

O ye Frost and Cold,—

Heart, as of Pharaoh, hardened yet more by the gifts of God,[1] cold in thy contempt, knowing not the Lord, neither letting Israel go. Perverted grace-abandoned heart, let God's power be shewn in thee, and His Name be declared in the earth.[2]

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

[1] Ex. ix. 34, 35.
[2] Rom. ix. 17, &c.

O ye Ice and Snow,—

Desolation and anguish coming from the Lord. He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who is able to abide His frosts?[1] We are leprous in Thy sight, white as snow.[2] Yet in the day of affliction shall we be remembered. Heat shall consume our snow-waters,[3] and our ice shall melt away in the fair warm weather.[4] Therefore,

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

[1] Psalm cxlvii. 17.
[2] Num. xii. 10.
[3] Job, xxiv. 19.
[4] Ecclus. iii. 15.

O ye Nights and Days,—

Sorrow and joy. Heaviness enduring for a night, joy coming in the morning.[1] One day tell another, yea, one night certify another.[2]

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

[1] Psalm xxx. 5.
[2] Psalm xix. 2.

O ye Light and Darkness,—

Good and evil. Divided for ever by a perpetual decree.[1] O darkness and light, both alike to God,[2]

[1] Genesis, i. 4.
[2] Ps. cxxxix. 11.

Bless ye the LORD : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds,—

Preachers of holiness, Apostles of Christ; ye lightnings giving shine unto the world;[1] ye clouds His chariot,[2] compassing us about with witnesses,[3] descending in gracious rain upon the earth, from which ye were drawn up on high by the Sun of Righteousness;

[1] Ps. lxxvii. 18.
[2] Psalm civ. 3.
[3] Heb. xii. 1.

Bless ye the LORD : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O let the Earth bless the LORD :—

For the earth[a] is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.[1] Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?[2] As for the earth, out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire. The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold.[3] Shall indeed the dust give thanks unto Thee, or shall it declare Thy truth?[4] Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it;[5]

[1] Psalm xxiv. 1.
[2] Num. xxiii. 10.
[3] Job, xxviii. 6.
[4] Psalm xxx. 10.
[5] Psalm xcvi. 12.

Yea, let it praise Him, and magnify Him for
ever.

O ye Mountains and Hills,—

Visible Churches of the saints, scattered and rare, but high, vast, and deeply rooted.[1] Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth.[2] For the mountains also shall bring peace, and the little hills righteousness unto the people.[3] Therefore

[1] Newman's Sermons, vol. iv. 178.
[2] Micah, vi. 2.
[3] Psalm lxxii. 3.

Bless ye the LORD : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth,—

Ye righteous, which flourish like a palm-tree, which spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus;[1] as the valleys are ye spread

[1] Psalm xcii. 11.

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[a] i. e. the multitude of the faithful who are awaiting in the earth Christ's second coming.—See Dr. Neale on Psalm xxiv. 1.

forth, as gardens by the river side, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters.[2]

[2] Num. xxiv. 6.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Wells,—

Sacraments of the Church. With joy will we draw water out of the wells of salvation;[1] for with Thee is the well of life; and in Thy light shall we see light.[2]

[1] Isaiah, xii. 3.
[2] Psalm xxxvi. 9.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Seas and Floods,—

Trials and temptations of this troublesome world. Surely He hath founded it upon the seas, and prepared it upon the floods.[1] The sorrows of death compassed me, the overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid.[2] The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.[3]

[1] Psalm xxiv. 2.
[2] Psalm xviii. 3.
[3] Psalm xciii. 4.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters,—

Ye great ones of this world, who make a path to shine after you, one would think the deep to be hoary.[1] It is the Lord that commandeth the waters.[2] He breaketh the heads of Leviathan in pieces.[3] Therefore let heaven and earth praise Him; the sea, and all that moveth therein.[4]

[1] Job, xli. 32.
[2] Psalm xxix. 3.
[3] Psalm lxxiv. 14.
[4] Psalm lxix. 35.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O all ye Fowls of the Air,—

Saints which fly towards Heaven. Mounting up with wings as the eagles,[1] but by the Cross alone. Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?[2]

[1] Isaiah, xl. 31.
[2] Isaiah, lx. 8.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle,—

Crooked and perverse generations of wicked men. The ungodly, which is a sword of Thine.[1]

Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.[2]

[1] Psalm xvii. 13.
[2] Job, xii. 7.

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Children of Men,—

Man, made in the image and likeness of God.[1] The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.[2] The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.[3]

[1] Genesis, i. 26.
[2] Jer. x. 23.
[3] Psalm cxlv. 15.

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O let Israel bless the Lord:—

Church of Christ. His holy nation, His peculiar people.[1] How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel![2] He that keepeth thee will not sleep; behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.[3] Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him; let the children of Zion be joyful in their king.[4]

[1] 1 St. Peter, ii. 9.
[2] Num. xxiv. 5.
[3] Psalm cxxi. 3, 4.
[4] Psalm cxlix. 2.

Praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Priests of the Lord,—

Priests of His Church; stewards of His bounties. The priest's lips should keep knowledge; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts.[1] Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and Thy saints sing with joyfulness.[2]

[1] Malachi, ii. 7, 8.
[2] Ps. cxxxii. 9.

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Servants of the Lord,—

Deacons and ministers of the Church. O praise the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye servants of His that do His pleasure.[1] His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His Face; and His Name shall be in their foreheads.[2] Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.[3]

[1] Psalm ciii. 21.
[2] Rev. xxii. 3, 4.
[3] Isaiah, lii. 11.

Bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous,—

Souls of the faithful, by the mercy of God resting in peace. Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath rewarded thee.[1] The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.[2]

[1] Psalm cxvi. 7.
[2] Wisdom, iii. 1.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart,—

Childlike saints of God. Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the strong.[1] For God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.[2]

[1] Prov. xvi. 19.
[2] St. James, iv. 6.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael,—

Noble army of martyrs. Of whom the world was not worthy.[1] Gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.[2] I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined.[3]

[1] Heb. xi. 38.
[2] Ecclus. ii. 5.
[3] Zech. xiii. 9.

Bless ye the Lord : praise Him, and magnify
Him for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

E. C. W.

THE FOUR GIANT PLANETS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

AUTHOR OF 'OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS,' &c.

It is impossible for anyone who has formed a clear conception of the Solar System—who has its characteristics distinctly present before his mind's eye—to contemplate without a sense of wonder, the contrast between the two families into which the planetary scheme is divided. The relation is one which has been discussed over and over again; Humboldt has exhibited it in a very striking manner; Sir John

Herschel has dwelt very forcibly on its character; and yet—to me, at least—it always presents fresh points of interest the more it is contemplated. It is one of those striking features which impress one at once as significant of some important law. Let us briefly inquire into the nature of this difference between the minor and the major planets of the Solar System, as a preliminary to the consideration of the family of giant planets.

In the first place, I must point out that no work on astronomy with which I am acquainted gives an adequate *picture* of the Solar System. I have often read with wonder that passage in Whewell's 'Bridgewater Treatise,' in which he remarks that 'all who have opened a book of astronomy know' what are the characteristics of the Solar System, as respects the shape and position of the planets' paths. I have opened many books of astronomy; I have seen many in which pictures are introduced which profess to exhibit the relations of the planetary orbits: yet if I trusted to those pictures to give me ideas respecting the planets' paths, I should remain very ill-informed indeed on the subject. One wonders therefore where the books of astronomy are to be met with in which Whewell found the satisfactory pictures he refers to.

There is, indeed, a difficulty in representing the whole planetary scheme in a single picture, and the difficulty is one very intimately associated with the subject I am upon. The distances between the paths of the outer planets are enormously greater than those which separate the paths of the inner planets. From the Sun to Mercury's path is but 35,000,000 miles; thence to Venus's, 31,000,000 miles; thence to the Earth's, 25,000,000 miles; and thence to the path of Mars 48,000,000 miles. All these distances added together make but 139,000,000 miles, while no less than 422,000,000 miles separate the path of Jupiter from that of his next neighbour, Saturn; 914,000,000 miles separating Saturn's path from that of Uranus; and 992,000,000 miles intervening between the paths of Uranus and Neptune. It will be seen at once, then, that any picture which presents satisfactorily the relations between the paths of the four inner planets, would become far too large for any ordinary book if the paths of the outer planets were introduced. On the other hand, a picture including the paths of the outer planets would present the paths of the inner planets on so minute a scale that it would be difficult to make out their relations.

On this account it is preferable (as in my charts of the planetary orbits) to make a separate chart for each family. This points to the first and one of the most characteristic distinctions between the minor and the major planets.

Taking next the question of size, it is impossible not to feel that there is something very significant in the great difference between even the least of the family of larger planets and the greatest of the family of smaller planets. Uranus, according to the best modern measurements, is the least among the giant planets; our Earth the greatest of the four inner planets. Now, Uranus is no less than seventy-four times as large as the Earth. But it is perhaps when we add together the volumes of the members composing each family, and compare the result, that we see the really wonderful nature of the disproportion between the giant planets and the family of which our Earth is the chief member. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, taken together, exceed in bulk the combined volume of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, somewhat more than one thousand times!

Then there is that very strange relation which characterizes the density of the giant planets. All the four inner planets have a mean density very similar to the Earth's. The reader is aware that the mean density of the Earth is about five and a half times that of water; in other words, that the Earth weighs about as much as five and a half globes of water, each equal in size to herself. Now Mars, whose substance is lighter than that of any other of the lesser planets, has yet a density four times as great as that of water. But when we turn to the giant planets, we find a totally different state of things. Jupiter alone has a density exceeding that of water, and that only by one-third; so that it would take three globes as large as Mars, fashioned out of the substance of Jupiter, to weigh as much as Mars does. Neptune and Uranus weigh about as much as globes of water of equal size; while Saturn has a mean density only three-fourths the density of water.

So that when we come to add the masses of the smaller and of the larger families as we before added their volumes, instead of finding the combined mass of the giant planets exceeding one thousand times the mass of the smaller family, we find that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, together, exceed but about two hundred times the combined mass of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars. The disproportion is still wonderful, but how wonderfully it has been reduced.

Then there is another surprising distinction. Among all the four members of the inner family, we find but one—the Earth—which has an attendant orb. Only one moon as compared with four planets. But the giant planets are far exceeded in number by their satellites. Jupiter has four, Saturn eight, Uranus four at least,* and Neptune one at least;

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* The Savilian Professor of Astronomy has taken me to task in no measured terms for expressing my belief that Uranus has more than four moons. He asks how I can venture to set my opinion against the observations of Mr. Lassell, the President of the Astronomical Society, who, with his splendid reflector, four feet in aperture, has been unable, after repeated search, to discover more. As a matter of fact, however, I have set the observations of Sir W. Herschel against the opinion of Mr. Lassell. We know quite certainly that Herschel watched six minute points of light with *his* four-feet reflector, and that only two of these have since been identified. Positive observations, made by such an astronomer as Herschel, cannot be fairly opposed by any amount of negative evidence; but we happen to have reason to *expect* that Mr. Lassell would fail to find the faintest of these twinklers, for Herschel could not see them when his telescope was used as Lassell's has been, (as a Newtonian,) but only by the method called front vision, which Lassell has not yet tried.

so that there are seventeen moons at least as compared with four planets. Saturn's wonderful ring-system is unique in the whole planetary scheme; but still may be regarded as evidencing the greater tendency to richness of structure in the outer family of planets.

Lastly—though we might extend these preliminary remarks to many other points of distinction—it is very remarkable indeed that the four inner and smaller planets all rotate on their axes in about the period of our terrestrial day, while the rotation-periods of the outer planets, so far as they have been determined, (that is, in the case of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus,) amount to about ten hours only. It is amazing indeed to consider that the giant bulk of Jupiter, more than one thousand two hundred and thirty times larger than our Earth, is whirled round upon its axis in a period considerably less than half the time in which the Earth rotates!

It seems almost incredible that two systems of orbs, so distinct from each other in all the chief features of planetary character, should so long have been classed together by astronomers. It is not that the distinctions above pointed out have not been all along fully recognized; but that, being recognized, the idea should not have been suggested that there is no more real resemblance between the members of the two families, than between primary planets and satellites, or even than there is between the planets and *their* primary, the Sun.

And yet so thoroughly had the idea been accepted that the eight primary planets should be regarded as in general respects forming a similar family, that the view I have recently put forward in 'Other Worlds than Ours,' that the outer planets and inner planets are in a wholly different condition, has been received as something startling, if not incredible. Indeed, the Rev. Professor Pritchard, Vice-president of the Royal Astronomical Society, has been so staggered by the novel notion as to have been led to assert in one and the same sentence that he can neither understand nor accept the theory. The readers of this magazine may be interested to hear a few arguments in favour of a theory, which though novel is perfectly simple, and respecting which the greatest astronomer living has written to me that though it startled him at first sight, he finds it to be supported by evidence which cannot safely be neglected. I have now some yet unnoticed arguments to adduce.

We examine Jupiter under much more favourable circumstances than any of the other giant planets, for the simple reason that he is very much nearer to us. Saturn, which comes next, is more than twice as far off, (comparing the distances when each planet is in the most favourable position for observation.) So that we must turn to Jupiter for the most reliable information we can obtain respecting the constitution of the outer family of planets.

The first telescopic view of the planet, under adequate powers, exhibits a feature which characterizes none of the minor planets. I refer to the planet's *belts*. These deserve a more careful and thoughtful study than astronomers have yet accorded to them. There is usually a great equatorial bright belt, bounded on each side by two dark belts, then bright and dark belts alternately, to the ashen grey poles of the planet. Sometimes the total number of belts is small, sometimes considerable, so that there would appear to be no permanence in the conditions under which these belts are formed. This is further shewn by the rapid changes to which they are sometimes seen to be subject, an hour or two sufficing for the disappearance of a belt several thousands of miles in width—a belt, that is, which exceeds our Earth *many times* in surface!

Now, the usual explanation of these belts associates them with the trade-wind regions and the equatorial calm belt on our own Earth. We are told that the enormously rapid rotation of Jupiter would cause such regions to be much more marked than on our own Earth, because the contrast between the slower motion in high latitudes, and the rapid motion at the equator, must be so much greater.

It appears to me that this explanation is altogether inadequate.

In the first place, it is perfectly certain that there are no belts of cloud completely encircling our Earth, as those of Jupiter (supposing them to be cloud-belts) encircle that planet. If the Earth were so placed as to present to an observer a disc as large as Jupiter, it is quite certain, (from what physical geography teaches us,) that she would present an appearance wholly unlike that of the giant planet. It is doubtful whether any *signs* of true belts would be ordinarily visible: certainly no complete belts would be seen. And it would be possible, by comparing one set of observations with another, to shew that the fragments of belts belonged to definite regions of the Earth—to the ocean-regions in fact. Now, in the case of Jupiter, no such relation can for a moment be supposed to exist. The belts go quite round the planet; they are seen in both hemispheres; and there is absolutely no part of the planet, not even excepting the equatorial zone, of which it can be said that it is always occupied by a belt of a particular character.

And there is one peculiarity which has never yet, so far as I am aware, been considered in the way I am now to point out. We know that the equatorial cloud-range on our own Earth is a mid-day phenomenon. 'The sun almost always rises in a clear sky,' says the eminent meteorologist Kämtz, referring to the equatorial rains; 'towards mid-day, isolated clouds appear, which pour out prodigious quantities of rain. These showers are accompanied with violent gales. Towards evening the clouds dissipate, and when the sun sets the sky is perfectly clear.' It is therefore quite obvious that to anyone regarding the Earth's illuminated face, there would be seen a broken range of clouds, well marked across the central part of the Earth's disc, and not reaching the edge of the disc. For the middle of a planet so seen is the part where the sun is overhead to the people on the planet, the edge being the part where the sun is upon the horizon; and we have just seen that the sun rises and sets in a clear sky at the equator. Now, the belts of Jupiter extend right across his disc; or so nearly to the edge as by no means to correspond to such a state of things as I have described above. Nor do astronomers believe that the belts are really wanting close to the edge of the disc; but only that foreshortening renders them less distinct. That excellent observer, the Rev. Mr. Webb, speaking of the aspect of Jupiter, as seen last winter in his fine Browning-With reflector nine inches in aperture, remarks, 'I have not been able to corroborate the general assertion that the grey belts become much lighter towards their ends. I have repeatedly remarked that they faded but little; and in a fine observation on November 17, I noted that I hardly thought the difference would have struck me if I had not looked for it: the principal belt could then be followed quite to the limb, as in De La Rue's magnificent engraving.'

Now this is something very remarkable. It is no new discovery; but it is one of many features of the Solar System which have not received all the attention they merit. When we see a bright belt (in reality a cloud-belt) extending right across Jupiter's disc, it really tells us that from morning to night in that particular latitude on the giant planet the sky is cloud-covered. And when, as in the case of the great equatorial bright belt, such an appearance is observed year after year, (in such sort that when, as lately, it is interrupted, the change attracts the attention of the whole astronomical world,) we can arrive at no other conclusion than that day after day for years in succession, the sky of the Jovian people, in those latitudes, is cloud-covered. And not only day after day, but night after night; for it would be absurd to suppose that the clouds vanish regularly after sunset and re-appear before sunrise. The first relation would be conceivable, but the regular formation of clouds before sunrise would be wholly incomprehensible.

We have then this very perplexing circumstance, that certain Jovian cloud-belts which the Sun is supposed to have raised as he does our own clouds, continue for days, and sometimes even for years in succession wholly unaffected apparently by the Sun's action. And we have this further perplexity, that the only cloud-region which can be regarded as a permanent feature of our Earth's economy, bears no resemblance whatever in its primary characteristics to the imagined cloud-regions of the planet Jupiter.

But there is a yet stranger circumstance to be noticed, and one which is to my mind wholly inexplicable according to the received interpretation of the cloud-belts of the major planets. To exhibit the argument I am now to deal with, we must turn to the planet Saturn; for the argument is founded on an effect due to the inclination of the Earth's axis, and Saturn, unlike Jupiter, is inclined at a considerable angle to his orbit.

The region of greatest heat upon the Earth, or that upon which the Sun shines vertically at mid-day, passes north of the equator during our summer, and south of the equator during the summer of the southern hemisphere. Accordingly, the tropical calm region travels backwards and forwards across the equator, being considerably north of it in July and considerably south in January. 'The region of calms,' says Buchan in his excellent Hand-book of Meteorology, 'is a belt of about four or five degrees in breadth, stretching across the Atlantic and the Pacific, generally parallel to the equator. It is marked by a lower atmospheric pressure than obtains to the north and to the south of it, in the regions traversed by the trade-winds. It is also characterized by the daily occurrence of heavy rains and severe thunder-storms. The position of the calms varies with the Sun, reaching its most northerly limit (latitude twenty-five degrees north) in July, and its most southerly (the corresponding southern latitude) in January.'

So that if anyone were to watch our Earth as we watch Saturn, he would see the fragmentary cloud-zone shifting in position from north to south and back again, in each year. Now, in the case of Saturn's equatorial bright belt, no such change of position is noted. Throughout the whole course of the Saturnian year this belt remains persistently equatorial. And yet Saturn's equator is inclined more than twenty-six degrees to the plane in which the planet travels; so that if the belt were really caused by solar action, it should shift backwards and forwards over a range of more than fifty degrees of Saturnian latitude. Does it not appear to follow inevitably that the belt is due to some action within the planet itself?

Jupiter's inclination is but little more than three degrees, so that it would be very difficult to detect any motion of the equatorial belt of Jupiter, and therefore equally difficult to draw any certain conclusion from the fact that no such motion has been detected. But it is worth mentioning that Mr. Webb noticed last year that the equatorial belt seemed to be not quite central, and that on his mentioning to me the amount of the discrepancy, I found it corresponded quite closely with the effect due to the inclination of the planet, on the assumption that the centre of the belt was really equatorial. In other words, the planet was slightly tilted as respects the Sun, and the belt had followed the tilt, instead of following the Sun as it should have done if its clouds are raised by his action.

But, important as these considerations are, there is another circumstance which seems to afford yet stronger evidence against the theory that the cloud-belts of Jupiter and Saturn are sun-raised. When we remember the enormous distance which separates Jupiter from the Sun—a distance so enormous that the Sun can exert but one-twenty-eighth part of the *direct* heating effect which he exerts at the Earth's distance, it seems incredible that the idea should ever have been entertained that the Sun raises such clouds as ours in the atmosphere of Jupiter. Of course, if we imagine the clouds to be wholly different from ours, and the atmosphere also wholly different in constitution, *this* difficulty is removed, though the two former ones (which are, I take it, individually sufficient to prove that the cause of the belts is within

Jupiter's mass) remain unaffected. But a theory which gives Jupiter an elementary constitution wholly different from that of the Earth, is not by any means rendered inviting by its simplicity; and in the face of what we now know respecting the constitution of the Sun and of meteors, can hardly be regarded as admissible.

The three independent reasons above adduced seem, whether regarded severally or in combination, to force upon us the conclusion that the processes to which the belts of the giant planets are due, take place within the substance of those planets themselves. Forces of tremendous energy would seem to be at work, by which enormous cloud-masses are continually thrown into the atmospheres of these planets. Accustomed as we are to regard *heat* as the special form of force which acts in this way, we seem led to the conclusion that the substance of the giant planets is intensely heated. I would invite special attention to the fact, that we have been led to this conclusion by the consideration of the observed peculiarities of Jupiter at the present time. I can see no escape, I will not say from the conclusion itself, but from this result—that the conclusion affords the most natural and obvious interpretation of observed facts. It *does* happen that those who have speculated as to the origin of the Solar System, (of whom I am one,) have been led to regard it as highly probable that Jupiter was not only far hotter when first formed than any of the other planets, but would also retain his internal heat much longer than smaller planets. But this method of arriving at the conclusion that Jupiter is still intensely heated is merely speculative, however probable it may appear; the other is much more reliable.

The theory that Jupiter and Saturn, and therefore their companion giants, Uranus and Neptune, are in an intensely heated condition, is so surprising and so novel, that, as I have already remarked, it has been received by many with incredulity. Yet we have seen that very sober reasoning on observed appearances leads us almost irresistibly to the conclusion that the theory is true. I have now to touch upon evidence, which, while confirming the supposition that Jupiter is thus heated, seems to exhibit some of the effects of his heat in so amazing a light, that I shall not wonder if many among my readers are disposed rather to disbelieve the evidence altogether than to accept the results which flow inevitably from it.

Let me give the evidence in the words of one of those who observed the fact referred to—the late Admiral Smyth, one of the most practised and skilful observers of modern times: 'On Thursday, the 26th of June, 1828,' he writes, 'the moon being nearly full, and the evening extremely fine, I was watching the second satellite of Jupiter as it gradually approached to transit the disc of the planet. My instrument was an excellent refractor of three and three-quarters inches aperture, and five feet focal length, with a power of one hundred. The satellite appeared in contact at about half-past ten, (by inference,) and for some minutes remained on the edge of the limb, presenting an appearance not unlike that of the lunar mountains which come into view during the first quarter of the moon, until it finally disappeared on the body of the planet.' It is important to notice this description carefully, because it shews that the satellite had really begun in the usual way its passage across the face of the planet. 'At least twelve or thirteen minutes must have elapsed, when, accidentally turning to Jupiter again, to my astonishment I perceived the same satellite *outside the disc.* It was in the same position, as to being above a line with the lower belt, where it remained distinctly visible for at least four minutes, and then suddenly vanished.' Admiral Smyth gives three drawings of Jupiter in illustration of this remarkable observation. In the first we see the satellite outside the disc, in the second the satellite is on the disc, and in the third it is as in the first!

Now, if there were no further evidence, we could not reject such evidence as this. Practised observers, like Admiral Smyth, do not fancy they see things which never really happened; they know how to distinguish between real and optical peculiarities; in fine, when they tell us they saw such and such an event, we may conclude most confidently that that event did actually occur. But we have further evidence. Admiral Smyth proceeds thus: 'As I had observed the phenomena of Jupiter and his satellites for many years without noticing any remarkable irregularities, I could not but imagine that some optical or other error prevailed, especially as the satellite was on this side of the planet. But a few days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. Maclear, of Biggleswade, informing me that he had also observed the same phenomenon, but that he had considered it a "Kitchener's wonder;" and about the same time, Dr. Pearson having favoured me with a visit, asked me whether I had noticed anything remarkable on the 26th, for that he had, in accidentally looking at Jupiter, *seen the second satellite re-appear!* Here then were three observers, at different stations, with telescopes of different size, all positive as to the extraordinary deviation from rule.'

The Rev. Mr. Webb, particularly cautious in receiving evidence, remarks, that 'the authority of Smyth alone would have established the wonderful fact.' He presently adds, 'Explanation is here set at defiance; demonstrably neither in the atmosphere of the Earth or of Jupiter, where and what could have been the cause? At present, we can get no answer.'

But I would venture to submit that the apparent paradoxes of nature are never really inexplicable. They require only to be dealt with patiently and thoughtfully, to be made to reveal their interpretation. That interpretation may be, and ordinarily is, surprising, but the surprising nature of the evidence is in itself the means of rendering our acceptance of the legitimate inference the more confident.

Let us look this observation in the face.

Here is a planet around which a satellite is circling; and so far as appearances go the satellite stopped suddenly on its course, and even retraced a portion of its career. But the laws of nature forbid us to suppose that this really happened—save by a miracle, (an interpretation which we are free to dismiss in this case.) If anything could happen to stop one of Jupiter's moons, and to force that moon back along its course, it is absolutely certain that from that time forth the satellite would travel backwards; unless we suppose that some new force set it on its course again with exactly its former speed. But even then it would be some twenty minutes or so, thenceforth, behind its true place—for Smyth tells us it re-appeared twelve or thirteen minutes after disappearing, and continued visible several minutes. Now, each moon of Jupiter is far too carefully watched for such a discrepancy in its future motions to remain undetected; even if the stoppage and re-starting of the satellite could be admitted as a possible explanation.

Can we suppose, however, that the planet itself had moved from its place? The idea, it need hardly be said, is utterly untenable. We have only to turn to the pages of Tyndall's Treatise on Heat, to learn that if any force could stop Jupiter on his course, the planet would be vaporized by the enormous heat which would be generated in the tremendous conflict.

We have seen how Mr. Webb has remarked that any effects produced by our own atmosphere are quite unavailable to cause so remarkable a phenomenon. Every observer knows that when the air is in a disturbed state a satellite close by Jupiter might seem to vanish for a few moments, because at such times (when the air seems to boil as it were) the outline of a planet seems to ripple, and the ripples might for a time obliterate the satellite. But no observer ever saw a satellite steadily approach Jupiter, under such circumstances, then remain for a quarter of an hour or so invisible and then re-appear, to be again steadily visible for several minutes. Everyone, in fact, who is at all familiar with the telescopic aspect of Jupiter, will agree with Mr. Webb that no peculiarities of our atmosphere can explain the strange phenomenon we are now dealing with.

But there must be *some* explanation; nor can we fail to be led, by the very difficulties we have just been considering, to the true explanation.

Knowing that the satellite continued its course as usual, while Jupiter's mass remained unchanged in its position as the centre of the satellite's motion, there yet remains for us the fact that the outline of Jupiter's disc, which at one moment had appeared *outside* the satellite, afterwards appeared *within*. This outline, then, must have shifted in position, without any corresponding change in the position of Jupiter. There is absolutely no resisting this conclusion. It only remains that we should inquire how this change of outline can be accounted for.

Can we suppose that under the influence of some tremendous internal forces the crust of Jupiter could be raised so enormously that its sudden subsidence would account for the re-appearance of the satellite? It seems to me that such an upheaval is altogether too gigantic for us to suppose it possible.

But there is another way in which the apparent outline of Jupiter might change very rapidly. Supposing that the intense internal heat of the planet causes a very deep atmosphere to be generally more or less cloud-laden, it is quite possible that a very elevated layer of clouds might be very rapidly dissipated by a warm atmospheric current. If this took place at a part which happened to lie on the edge of the disc as seen by us, the figure of Jupiter's outline would be suddenly changed at this particular part of the disc. It is true that for the change to be rendered sensible to us, so many millions of miles away, the supposed layer of clouds must be several hundred miles above the surface of Jupiter—in other words, the atmosphere of Jupiter must be of enormous extent compared with ours, and probably wholly different in constitution. But there is nothing in this which need surprise us, considering what we have already learned respecting the total difference of character between the major and the minor planets. At any rate, we obtain in this way a possible (though startling) explanation, of a phenomenon of a most amazing character, which was yet undoubtedly observed.

But it is worthy of notice that the astronomer Schröter was led, on more than one occasion, to believe that the figure of Jupiter was not so regular as it ordinarily appears. It seemed flattened in places, an appearance which would correspond exactly with the results due to such processes of change as I have imagined.

Saturn is so much farther off than Jupiter, that it might seem hopeless to turn to the ringed planet for information such as that just considered. Yet, strangely enough, we have clearer and more complete information respecting changes of figure in the case of Saturn, than in that of Jupiter. Many of my readers are doubtless familiar with the fact that Sir William Herschel at times thought the disc of Saturn to be, not as usual elliptical, but irregular in shape—resembling an oblong with rounded corners. It is almost impossible that so practised and skilful an observer as the elder Herschel should have been mistaken on such a subject; but it may be as well to notice that other observers also have noticed this peculiar appearance, which has been somewhat quaintly entitled the 'square-shouldered aspect.' Regarding such peculiarities as due to the same cause as the corresponding changes of outline observed in Jupiter, we should be forced to regard Saturn as the scene of yet more surprising processes of change. One can hardly form any adequate conception of the heat requisite to raise cloud-layers to so enormous a height in the Saturnian atmosphere, that they would appreciably affect the apparent figure of the planet.

But only a few months since, a change was observed in the aspect of Jupiter, which was perhaps quite as suggestive of the action of violent heat as even the phenomena just considered.

Mr. Browning, the most original optician of the day, and also one of our most skilful observers, surprised astronomers last winter by announcing that the bright white belt which usually surrounds the equatorial parts of Jupiter, had become darker than neighbouring parts, and was also singularly coloured. In the course of a few months' observation, this zone was observed to change in colour from yellow lake to ruddy brown, to orange-yellow, to Roman ochre, and to other varieties of red and yellow tint; and when the planet passed out of view, on approaching conjunction with the Sun, these processes of change were still going on.

To form an adequate conception of the wonderful character of these changes, the actual extent of this belt must be remembered. The best estimates of the average width of the belt would give to the zone an extent exceeding some twelve or fourteen times the whole surface of this Earth. Over the whole of this enormous extent the processes of change, whatever they may have been, which caused the apparent change of colour, were taking place on a scale which sufficed to render the change readily perceptible to us at a distance of more than four hundred millions of miles from the planet.

It appears to me impossible, in the face of such evidence, to regard the condition of Jupiter as in any sense resembling that of the Earth, or the three other planets which circle within the zone of asteroids. The giant planet seems as distinct from the four minor planets as the Sun himself is. Processes of the most amazing character are taking place beneath that cloudy envelope which forms the visible surface of the planet as seen by the terrestrial observer. The real globe of the planet would seem to be intensely heated, perhaps molten through the fierceness of the heat which pervades it. Masses of vapour streaming continually upwards from the surface of this fiery globe would be gathered at once into zones, because of their rapid change of distance from the centre. That which is wholly unintelligible when we regard the surface of Jupiter as swept like our Earth's by polar and equatorial winds, is readily interpreted when we recognize the existence of rapidly uprushing streams of vapour. It is easy to shew that the difference in the two cases is striking. Our trade-winds, we know, are caused by the steady indraught of air from cooler to warmer regions. Now, if the Earth were as large as Jupiter, but in other respects unaltered, the indraught would be enormously diminished; because the distance separating two places unequally warmed, would be increased more than tenfold, and so the variation of atmospheric pressure would be proportionately more gradual. As it is, the trade-winds are gently blowing winds—were such a change to take place they would be scarcely perceptible. Nor would a further change to the rapid rate of rotation observed in the case of Jupiter make up for the effect of increase of dimensions. For the increase of dimensions is in the proportion of no less than ten to one, whereas the rate of rotation is increased but in the proportion of five to two. But now let it be noticed that the winds blowing towards the equator only result in the easting of the trade-winds in so far as they carry the air farther away from the Earth's axis, and (in the latitudes where they blow) a very considerable motion towards the equator would only produce a relatively small increase of distance from the axis. But an air-current blowing vertically upwards, instead of horizontally towards the equator, would carry its particles much faster away from the axis. They would seem therefore to lag more obviously against the direction of rotation.

So that if we suppose currents of vapour to be continually forcing their way upwards from the heated and probably fluid mass of Jupiter, we can readily understand that as they ascended they would seem to lag eastwards in a much more marked manner than our trade-winds do, and that therefore the resulting cloud zones would be much better defined, and altogether more remarkable in character. That a change of level rather than of latitude is concerned in the formation of the Jovian belts, is confirmed by an observation made by the eminent astronomer Schmidt, that the rotation-period of Jupiter has a different value according as it is determined from light spots or from dark spots on the planet—that is, from spots at high or low levels in the atmosphere of Jupiter.

I have taken Jupiter as affording the best means available to us for the determination of the general characteristics of the major planets. The evidence derived from observations of Saturn is not dissimilar, but Saturn is so much farther off, that that evidence is less distinct and decisive. As for Uranus and Neptune, it may be regarded as hopeless to look for any satisfactory information respecting the physical habitudes of these planets, from observations made with any telescopes at present constructed. It must suffice to remark that no evidence has been obtained which tends to negative any of the conclusions pointed to by the above considerations.

We have reason to conclude that the four planets which resemble each other so closely in their general attributes, all vast in bulk, all of low specific gravity, all rapidly rotating, all satellite-attended, all so markedly unlike the minor planets, Venus, Mercury, the Earth, and Mars, are not orbs depending upon the Sun for their supply of heat. Rather, it would seem as though at present the heat which pervades the substance of these monster planets were too great to permit any life to exist upon their wide surfaces. At least, no such forms of life as we are familiar with could exist where from depths of several hundred miles heated vapour-currents are propelled to the upper regions of an extensive atmosphere. We may reasonably question whether the existence of life upon these noble orbs must not be referred to the future rather than to the present time. Jupiter, with his singularly symmetrical satellite-system; Saturn, girt about by his mighty rings, and circled by as many moons as there are primary planets in the Solar System; Uranus and Neptune, little known to us, but surpassing all the minor planets together both in bulk and weight;—surely these four giant planets must have been fashioned by the Almighty's hand to be the abode of life. But there would be nothing contrary to what we already know of the workings of the Creator, if for many long cycles of years the processes of preparation should continue, before any forms of life are to appear upon these mighty orbs. To Him in Whose eyes 'a thousand years are but as yesterday,' these cycles involve no real waste, whether of time or of space. He 'hasteth not;' but when the fullness of time shall have come, the noblest orbs within the Solar System will be put to their destined use, as certainly as with next year's summer the fields will ripen towards harvest.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAMILY COBWEB ON THE MOVE.

'Oh! the auld house, the auld house,
What though the rooms were wee;
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies full of glee.'
Lady Nairn.

EVERYONE except Edgar would, it was hoped, stay at home till after the Epiphany, that most marked anniversary of birth and death.

Clement at first declared it impossible, for St. Matthew's could not dispense with him on the great day; and Fulbert grinned, and nudged Lance at his crest-fallen looks, when he received full leave of absence for the next three weeks.

But Lance was bursting with reverse troubles. The same post had brought him a note from his organist; and that 'stupid old Dean,' as he irreverently called him, had maliciously demanded 'How beautiful are the feet,' with the chorus following, and nobody in the choir was available to execute the solo but Lance. He had sung it once or twice before; and if he had the music, and would practise at home, he need only come up by the earliest train on the Epiphany morning; if not, he must arrive in time for a practice on the 5th; he would be wanted at both the festival services, but might return as early as he pleased on Monday the 9th.

Lance did not receive the summons in an exemplary spirit. It is not certain that he did not bite it. He rolled on the floor, and contorted himself in convulsions of vexation; he 'bothered' the Dean, he 'bothered' the Precentor, he 'bothered' the Organist, he 'bothered' Shapcote's sore throat, he 'bothered' Harewood's wool-gathering wits, he 'bothered' his own voice, and thereby caused Clement to rebuke him for foolish murmurs instead of joy in his gift.

'A fine gift to rejoice in, to make one be whipped off by an old fogey, when one most wants to be at home! I thank my stars I can't sing!' said Fulbert.

'I should thank mine if Bill Harewood had any sense,' said Lance, sitting up in a heap on the floor. 'He can go quite high enough when he pleases; only, unluckily, a goose of a jack-daw must needs get into the cathedral just as Bill had got to sing the solo in "As pants the hart;" and there he stood staring with his mouth wide open—and no wonder, for it was sitting on the old stone-king's head! Wasn't Miles in a rage; and didn't he vow he'd never trust a solo to Harewood again if he knew it! Oh, I say, Wilmet—Fee, I know! Do let me bring Bill back with me on Monday morning; and he could go by the six o'clock train. Oh, jolly!'

'But is he really a nice boy, Lance?' asked Wilmet, doubtfully.

'Oh, isn't he just? You'll see! His father is a Vicar-choral, you know, lives in our precincts; his private door just opposite ours, and 'tis the most delicious house you ever saw! You may make as much row as you please, and nobody minds!'

'I know who Mr. Harewood is. Librarian too, is he not?' said Felix. 'I have heard people laughing about his good-natured wife.'

'Aren't they the people who were so kind to you last year, Lance,' asked Cherry, 'when you could not come home because of the measles?'

'Of course. Do let me bring him, Fee,' entreated Lance; 'he is no end of a chap—captain of our form almost always—and such a brick at cricket! I told him I'd shew him the potteries, and your press, and our organ, and everything—and it is such a chance when we are all at home! I shall get the fellows to believe now that my sisters beat all theirs to shivers.'

'Can you withstand that flattering compliment, Wilmet?' said Felix, laughing. 'I can't!'

'He is very welcome,' said Wilmet; 'only, Lance, he must not stay the night, for there really is not room for another mouse.'

The little girls had heard so much about Bill Harewood, that they were much excited; but their sympathy kindly compensated for the lack of that of the elder brothers. Fulbert pronounced that a cathedral chorister could never be any great shakes; and Clement could not forgive one who had been frivolous enough to be distracted by a jack-daw; but Lance, trusting to his friend's personal attractions to overcome all prejudice, trotted blithely off to the organist-schoolmaster, to beg the loan of the music, and received a promise of a practice in church in the evening. Meantime, he begged Clement to play the accompaniment for him on the old piano. Neither boy knew that it had been scarcely opened since their father's hand had last lingered fondly upon it. Music had been found to excite their mother to tears; Geraldine resembled Fulbert in unmusicalness, and Wilmet had depended on school, the brothers on their choir-practice, so that the sound was like a new thing in the house; nor was anyone prepared either for the superiority of Clement's playing, or for the exceeding beauty and sweetness of Lance's singing. No one who appreciated the rare quality of his high notes wondered that he was indispensable; Geraldine could hardly believe that the clear exquisite proclamation, that came floating as from an angel voice, could really come from the little, slight, grubby, dusty urchin, who stood with clasped hands and uplifted face; and Clement himself—though deferring the communication till Lance was absent, lest it should make him vain—confided to Wilmet that they had no such voice at St. Matthew's, and it was a shame to waste him on Anglicans.

Wilmet hardly entered into this enormity. She had made a discovery which interested her infinitely more. Little Theodore, hitherto so inanimate, had sat up, listened, looked with a dawning of expression in the eyes that had hitherto been clear and meaningless as blue porcelain, and as the music ceased, his inarticulate hummings continued the same tune. Could it be that the key to the dormant senses was found? His eyes turned to the piano, and his finger pointed to it as soon as he found himself in the room with it, and the airs he heard were continually reproduced in his murmuring sounds; that 'How beautiful!' which had first awakened the gleam—his own birth-day anthem—being sure to recur at sight of Lance; while a doleful Irish croon, Sibby's regular lullaby, always served for her, and the 'Hardy Norseman' for Felix, who had sometimes whistled it to him. Wilmet spent every available moment in awaking the smile on the little waxen face that had never responded before; it seemed to be just the cheering hope she needed to revive her spirits, only she was almost ready to renounce her journey with Alda for the sake of cultivating the new-found faculty.

No one would permit this; and indeed, so far from waiting to be exhibited to Lance's friend, the two sisters received their *billet de route* on the very day he was expected; and there was no appeal, since a housekeeper was to travel from Centry, who would take charge of them to London, whence they would go down with Mr. Underwood. Poor Wilmet was much dismayed at leaving Geraldine to what they both regarded as the unprecedented invasion of a strange boy; indeed, the whole charge made Cherry's heart quail, though she said little of her fears, knowing the importance of Wilmet's having, and enjoying, her holiday; and Mr. Audley promised extra aid in keeping order among the boys.

But as they came in that evening from the practice at the church, to which Clement had insisted on their coming to hear Lance, Mr. Audley beckoned Felix to his room with the words, 'There's a thing I want to talk over with you.'

Felix recollected those ominous words to Mr. Underwood, and stood warming his hands in dread of what might be coming. It was all he feared.

'I wanted to say—I wanted to tell you—' began Mr. Audley. 'I would not have chosen this time, but that I think it may save Wilmet something to be able to tell her friends that the present arrangement is to cease.'

'Wilmet!' exclaimed Felix; then bethinking himself. 'Was *that* what Tom Underwood meant? But you will not trouble yourself about such rubbish.'

'Well, you see,' began the Curate, with heightening colour, 'it can't be denied that your sister *has* grown up, and that things are changed.'

'Mrs. Froggatt *did* ask me if you were going on here,' said Felix, still unconvinced; 'but can't we leave people to be *stoopid* without interfering with us?'

'Felix, you ought to be a better protector to your sisters. You would not like to have my Lady remonstrating—nay, maybe writing to my mother: she is quite capable of it.'

Felix's cheeks were in a flame. 'If people would mind their own business,' he said; 'but if they *will* have it so—'

'They are right, Felix,' said the Curate quietly; 'appearances must be carefully heeded, and by you almost more than by anyone. Your slowness to understand me makes me almost doubtful about my further design.'

'Not going away altogether!'

'Not immediately; but things stand thus—Dr. White, my old tutor, you know, and Fernan's, is nearly sure of the new Bishopric in Australia, and he wants me.'

Felix hardly repressed a groan.

'Any way, I should not go immediately; but when your father spoke to me about the guardianship, he made me promise not to let it stand in the way of any other call. I fancied he had mission work in his mind, and it disposes me the more to think I ought not to hold back; but while your dear mother lived, I would not have gone.'

'Yes, you have been very good to us,' was all Felix could say. 'But when?'

'Not for some time; but I am not going this moment. Three months notice Mr. Bevan must have, and if he requires it, six; I must spend some time at home, and very like shall not be off till you are of age—certainly not if I find there is any difficulty in handing the management of things over to you. How long I remain with you must depend on circumstances. How much notice must you give before leaving this house?'

'I do not know—half a year, I fancy. You think we ought to give it up? I suppose it is too large for us now.'

'And you could take no lodger but one of the old-lady type.'

'Horrid!' said Felix. 'Well, we will see; but it will be a great stroke on poor Cherry—she can remember nothing before this house.'

'It will be very good for her to have no old associations to sit brooding over.'

'My poor little Cherry! If I saw how to cheer up her life; but without your lessons it will be more dreary for her than ever!'

'Give her all you can to do, and do not be over-careful to keep your anxieties from her knowledge. She is very much of a woman, and if you leave her too much to herself, she will grow more introspective.'

'Wilmet and I have always wanted to shelter her; she never seems fit for trouble, and she is so young!'

'Compared with you two venerable people!' said Mr. Audley, smiling. 'But her mind is not young, and to treat her as a child is the way to make her prey upon herself. I wish her talent could be more cultivated; but meantime nothing is better for her than the care of Bernard and Stella. I hope you will not be in a hurry to promote them out of her hands.'

'Very well; but she will miss you sorely.'

'I hope to see her brightened before I am really gone; and I am not going to decamp from this house till some natural break comes. To do that would be absurd!'

There was a silence; and then Felix said with a sigh, 'Yes, a smaller house, and one servant. I will speak to Wilmet.

'Perhaps you had better, so that she may have an answer in case she is attacked.'

Wilmet was aghast at first, but a hint from Alda made her acquiesce, not with blushing consciousness, but with the perception that the way of the world was against the retention of the lodger; and sorry as she was to lose Mr. Audley, her housewifely mind was not consoled, but distracted by calculations on the difference of expenditure. Again she tried to beg herself off from her visit, in the dread that Felix would go and take some impracticable house in her absence—some place with thin walls, no cupboards, and no coal-hole; and she was only pacified by his solemn promise to decide on no house without her. She went away in an avalanche of kisses and tears, leaving Geraldine with a basket full of written instructions for every possible contingency, at which the anxious maiden sat gazing anxiously, trying to store her mind with its onerous directions.

'Shall I give you a piece of advice, Cherry?' said the Curate, as he saw the dark eye-brows drawn together.

'Oh, do!' she earnestly said.

'Put all that in the fire!'

'Mr. Audley!'

'And go by the light of nature! You have just as many senses as Wilmet, and almost as much experience; and as to oppressing yourself with the determination to do the *very* thing she would have done under all circumstances, it is a delusion. People must act according to their own nature, not someone else's.'

'Certainly,' said Geraldine, smiling. 'I could never walk stately in and say, "Now, boys!"—and much they would care for it if I did.'

'It seems to be a case for "Now, boys!" at this moment,' said Mr. Audley; 'what can all that row be?'

'Oh, it must be that dreadful strange boy, Lance's friend,' sighed Geraldine, almost turning pale. Then trying to cheer up, 'But it is only for the day, and Lance wished it so much.'

As she spoke, the shout of 'Cherry, here's Bill!' came nearer, and the whole of the younger half of the family tumbled promiscuously into the room, introducing the visitor in the midst of them. To the elders, 'no end of a chap' appeared, as Mr. Audley said, to mean all ends of shock hair, and freckles up to the eyes; but when Fulbert and Lance had whirled him out again to see the lions of Bexley, Robina and Angela were overheard respectfully pronouncing that he was nice and spotty, like the dear little frogs in the strawberry-beds at Catsacre, and that his hair was just the colour Cherry painted that of all the very best people in her 'holy pictures.'

The object of their admiration was seen no more till the middle of dinner, when all three appeared, immoderately dusty; and no wonder, for the organist had employed them to climb, sweep fashion, into the biggest organ-pipe, to investigate the cause of a bronchial affection of long standing, which turned out to be a dead bat caught in a tenacious cobweb.

Shortly after, the guest was found assisting Angela in a tableau, where a pen-wiper doll in nun's costume was enacting the exorcism of the said bat, in a cave built of wooden bricks.

Clement was undecided whether to condemn or admire; and Geraldine, to whom Edgar had lent some volumes of Ruskin, meditated on the grotesque.

Before there had been time for the fanciful sport to become rough comedy, Lance had called off his friend to see the potteries; and to poor Cherry's horror, she found that Robina had been swept off in the torrent of boyhood. Clement, pitying her despair and self-reproach, magnanimously offered to follow, and either bring the little maid back, or keep her out of harm's way; and for some time Cherry reposed in the conviction that 'Tina was as good as a girl any day.'

But at about a quarter to six, a little tap came to Mr. Audley's door, and Angela stood there, saying with a most serious face, 'Please, Mr. Audley, Cherry wants to know whether you don't think something must have happened?' And going up-stairs, he found the poor young deputy in a nervous agony of despair at the non-return of any of the party, quite certain that some catastrophe had befallen them, and divided between self-reproach and dread of the consequences.

'The very first day Wilmet had gone!' as she said.

It was almost time for Harewood's train, which made it all the more strange. Mr. Audley tried to reassure her by the probability that the whole party were convoying him to the station, and would appear when he was gone; but time confuted this pleasing hypothesis, and Cherry's misery was renewed. She even almost hinted a wish that Mr. Audley would go out and look for them.

'And then,' he said, smiling, 'in an hour's time you would be sending Felix to look for me. No, no, Cherry, these waiting times are often hard, no doubt; but as I fear you are one of those destined to "abide by the tents" instead of going out to battle, you had better learn to do your watching composedly.'

'O Mr. Audley! how can I? I know it must be very wrong, but how can I not care?' And verily the nervous sensitive girl was quivering with suspense.

'"He will not be afraid for any evil tidings, for his heart standeth fast and believeth in the Lord,"' answered Mr. Audley. 'I see that does not tell you *how* not to be afraid; but I imagine that a few trusting ejaculations in the heart, and then resolute attention to something else, may be found a help.'

Cherry would have sighed that attention was the most impossible thing in the world; but before she had time to do so, Mr. Audley had begun to expound to her his Australian scheme. It excited her extremely; and as a year and a half seemed an immense period of time to her imagination, the dread of losing him was not so immediate as to damp her enthusiasm. They had discussed his plans for nearly an hour before Cherry started at the sound of the door, and then it was only Felix who entered. He was irate, but not at all alarmed; and presently the welcome clatter of steps approached, and in dashed the whole crew, mired up to the eyes, but in as towering spirits as ever.

Their delay had, it appeared, been caused by a long walk that ensued upon the visit to the potteries, and a wild venture of Will Harewood upon impracticable ice, which had made him acquainted with the depths of a horse-pond. There was none of the dignity of danger, for the depths were shallows, and the water only rose to his waist; but the mud was above his ancles, and he had floundered out with some difficulty. He wanted to walk back with no more ceremony than a water-dog; but the Underwoods had made common cause against him, and had dragged him to a cottage, where he had the pleasing alternative of an old woman's blankets and petticoats while his garments were drying. He was as nearly angry as a Harewood could be, Lance observed, declaring that they should never have got him into the cottage without fighting him, if Tina had not been so tall, and if Robin had not nearly cried; while he, throwing off all responsibility, ascribed all his lateness to his friend's 'maggots.' No more trains stopped at Bexley till after midnight; but as to his absence causing any uneasiness at home, he laughed at the notion, and was corroborated by Lance in averring that they had too much sense; listening with undisguised amazement to the elaborate explanations and apologies about Robina, which Clement was scrupulously pouring forth to his brother and sister, saying that he would have brought her home at once, but that he really did not like to trust those boys alone.

Whereat Lance held up his hands with a dumb show of amazement that convulsed Fulbert, Bill Harewood, and Robina herself, with agonies of half-suppressed merriment. The boy had come in, prepared to be grave and quiet, as knowing how lately affliction had come to the family, and having been warned by Lance, that 'as to going on as we do in the precincts, why, it would make Cherry jump out of her skin.'

But by some extraordinary influence—whether it were the oddity of William Harewood's face, or the novelty of his perfect insouciance in the household whither care had come only too early—some infection seized on the young Underwoods, and before the end of the evening meal, if the 'goings on' were not equal to those in the precincts, they were at any rate not far short of it.

Lance presently incited his friend to shew 'how he had mesmerized Lucy.' Clement made a horrified protest; and Geraldine looked alarmed at her eldest brother, who began, 'Indeed, Lance, we can have nothing of that sort here.'

'But, Felix, I do assure you there is no harm.'

'Upon my word and honour, there's not a spice of anything the Archbishop of Canterbury could stick at,' added Will Harewood.

'It is impossible there should not be harm,' interposed Clement; but the boys, including Fulbert, were in such fits of laughter, that Felix began to suspect the seriousness of the performance; and when Lance sprang at him, exclaiming, 'I'll go to Mr. Audley! Fee—Cherry—will you be satisfied if Mr. Audley says we may?' Felix and Cherry both consented; and Lance rushed off to make the appeal, and returned not only with full sanction, but with Mr. Audley himself, come to see the operation. This perfectly satisfied Felix, who even consented on the entreaty of his brothers to become the first subject; and Cherry knew that where the Curate and Felix had no scruples, she need have none; but for all that, she was more than half frightened and uncomfortable—above all, when Clement, amid shouts of mirth from the three schoolboys, indignantly marched away to shut himself up in his cold bed-room.

By-and-by, after some unseen preparation—all the more mystifying because carried on in the kitchen, where Sibby always used to keep Theodore in a cradle till Felix was ready for him—Will Harewood caused Felix to stand exactly opposite to him and to the spectators, with a dinner-plate in his hand, and under injunctions to imitate the operator exactly. Armed with another plate, William rubbed his own finger first on the under side of the plate, and then, after some passes and flourishes, on his own forehead, entirely without effect so far as he himself was concerned; but his victim, standing meekly good-natured and unconscious, was seen by the ecstatic audience to be, at each pass, painting his own face with the soot from a flame over which his plate had been previously held. The shrieks of amusement redoubled at the perplexity they occasioned him, till they penetrated the upper rooms; and suddenly a cry of horror made all turn to the door, and see a little white bare-footed figure standing there, transfixed with fright, which increased tenfold when Felix hurried towards it, not yet aware of the condition of his visage, until a universal shout warned him of it; while Lance, darting in pursuit, picked up Bernard, and by his wonderful caressing arts, and partly by his special gifts of coaxing, partly as the object of the little fellow's most fervent adoration, made the scattered senses take in that it was 'all play,' and even carried back the little white bundle, heart throbbing and eyes staring, but still secure in his arms, to admire Felix all black, and then to be further relieved by beholding the restoration of the natural hue at the pump below stairs.

Then amid Sibby's scoldings and assurances that the child would catch his death of cold, Bernard was borne up-stairs again by Felix, who found Clement in the nursery comforting the little girls, and prevented them from following the example of their valiant pioneer. Felix, now thoroughly entering into the spirit of the joke, entertained for a moment the hope of entrapping Clement; but of course Bernard could not be silenced from his bold, and rather doubtful, proclamation, that 'The funny boy made Felix black his own face, and I wasn't afraid.'

'Naughty boy!' commented Stella. 'Poor Fee!'—and she reared up to kiss him, and stroke the cheeks that had suffered such an indignity.

'What! it was only a trick?' said Clement slowly, as if half mystified.

'Of course,' said Felix; 'could not you trust to that?'

'I don't know. Cathedrals are very lax, and it had a questionable name.'

'O Clem! if it had not been in you before, I should wish you had never gone to St. Matthew's. Come down now, don't let us disturb the little ones any longer.—Good-night, Angel; good-night, little Star; we'll not make a row to wake you again.'

(To be continued.)

BYGONES.

BY A. MILUKOFF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS BY H. C. ROMANOFF.)

CHAPTER II. (*continued.*)

MY CHILDHOOD.

At Troitzky we remained two days, stopping at the house of a townsman. We occupied one small room, the walls of which were pasted all over with prints, among which one in particular, representing the Monastery with S. Sergius in the clouds above it, and another, illustrative of the Mice burying the Cat, attracted the eye of the beholder. There was very little furniture—merely a table and three wooden stools;

and at night they used to bring us an enormous sack filled with hay to repose on. From early morning we were at the Monastery, wandering from one church to another. My mother stood out the whole of Matins and Mass, and left me with Bitka in the yard, but the pilgrim did not seem to care much for this deprivation; and I conjecture that the love of pilgrimaging in this good woman was not so much the result of piety, as the habit of leading a desultory and wandering life. She ran races with me in the broad avenues of the Monastery, took me to the shops where the pictures of S. Sergius were sold, to the studios where they are painted, to the sacristy, and to the pancake bakery near the walls of the Monastery. And on my childish mind a strange but characteristic picture imprinted itself, in which there were churches, glittering with gold and in the light of tapers, the perfume of incense, black rows of singing monks, the sacristy with its garments shining with precious stones, the crowd of wretched beggars and shocking cripples at the gates, and the booth outside the walls where dirty women bake pancakes amid eternal screams and scoldings. Riches and poverty, solemn singing and loud scolding, are inseparably connected with my recollections of Troitzky.

Bitka led me into Church merely to hear the reading of the Gospel or the singing of the Cherubim's Hymn. During the latter on one occasion a circumstance occurred which made a great impression on me. At the sound of the first words of the Hymn, we heard a wild howl, mingled with sobs and frantic cries, in which might be distinguished the barking of a dog and the crowing of a cock, and terrible heart-rending groans. All eyes were turned towards the direction from whence these sounds proceeded; and soon a woman, struggling in such strong convulsions that several men could scarcely support her, was borne past us.

'What is the matter?' I asked of my mother, trembling from fright.

'A screamer,'* she whispered.

'A what? a screamer?'

'Say your prayers, my friend,' whispered my mother.

When Bitka and I left the church, I began to question her about the woman, and what made her struggle and scream so.

'Poor dear! she is spoiled!'† was the answer.

'Who spoiled her? How was she spoiled?'

'Bad people. She was spoiled according to the rules of the Black Books.'

'What Black Books?'

'Certain books that are kept in the Soukharéff tower; bricked up in the walls, they say.'

Although my father and mother subsequently endeavoured to assure me that the woman was ill, I could not forget the horrible 'screamer,' and each time I thought of her it was with a shudder; and whenever I passed by the tower I always wondered whereabouts the mysterious Black Books were concealed in its walls.

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* A person who is either really afflicted with a peculiar form of epilepsy, or who for her own ends pretends to be possessed of an evil spirit. (*Trans.*)

† Bewitched. (*Trans.*)

We bade good-bye to Bitka at Troitzky. A fellow-pilgrim turned up there, and they arranged to go together to Rostòff, and I and my mother returned to Moscow. Our journey home was less prolonged than the first, for we went by coach this time. Long, long after that, when I lay awake in my little bed, I brought to mind our pleasant walk to Troitzky, and thought with envy of Bitka, who wandered all the summer from monastery to monastery, with a long long road before her, endless fields, fresh verdure, and gay flowers.

My pilgrimage to Troitzky did not save me from the melancholy predictions of Ivan Yakovlivitch. Some months later I fell seriously ill; it was at the time of the thaw; my father was at the counting-house, and my mother had gone to see a relative, while I had obtained permission to play in the yard. It was a warm sunshiny day; the snow had disappeared, but there was no verdure to be seen, except here and there little reddish-green tufts of newly springing nettles. The sparrows chirped on the walls and fences, and on the little balcony the pigeons were cooing in company with their meek little spouses. I sat a little while with Maria Ivanovna, climbed up twice into the pigeon-house with Luke Lukitch, and all the remaining time played in the yard.

When they put me to bed in the evening I turned from side to side, and could not get to sleep till morning dawned; and although they gave me warm drinks and kept me at home, I was seized with ague the following night, and it continued until the summer without intermission. Now I lay in fearful heat, now shivered beneath two quilted counterpanes. At first they treated me with 'domestic means' from Maria Ivanovna's medicine-chest, and put a written charm against the twelve Sisters-Ague, daughters of King Herod, under my pillow. But I derived no benefit from either. Then my father took me to the Sheremetieff Hospital for advice, but the medicines prescribed for me did me no good, and in fact I became worse and worse. My mother pledged her best winter cloak, and sent for a doctor. His visits continued until all the money thus raised was gone, and in the meantime the ague shook me more fiercely than ever. A circumstance at last occurred which rendered this illness for ever memorable to me.

A relation of ours came to see us—the very person whom my mother went to visit on the day I caught cold.

'Do you know, Lizavetta Ivanovna,' said she to my mother, 'I have come here to speak to you about your Sáscha.* I am sorry to see the child suffer so long. I was telling a friend about him the other day, and she recommended me a woman who undertakes to cure him, and does not expect any remuneration beforehand.'

'Who is she?'

'An old woman from the Andronieff Monastery.'

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* Dim. of Alexander or Alexandra, (Sáschinka—Saschóura.)

'And how does she cure people?'

'Well, don't be frightened, but the fact is that she uses poison, I am told; but she gives it in proportion to the age and state of the patient. She cures nothing but ague.'

'It is awful!' said my mother.

'Well, as you please, of course. But my friend absolutely swore that this woman has placed such patients on their feet, as even the very German doctors had given up. My advice is to try your luck—look what the child is reduced to!'

My mother spoke to my father on the subject, and after a consultation they decided to send for the wonderful wise woman. The next day she came. She was a tall thin old woman in a dark nankeen dress, and with a handkerchief on her head, the ends of which hung down behind. In her hand she carried a little bundle. When she entered the room she began to cross herself and to bow low, not before the picture, but before the open window, making immense signs with two fingers only,* and then made a respectful obeisance to my parents. Having heard the particulars of the commencement of my illness, and its subsequent development; and having inquired also about my habits and tastes, she begged to see me, and was introduced into my sick room, where I lay covered with a warm quilt and my father's fur pelisse into the bargain. She sat down by my bed-side, put her long hand on my head, and did not stir for a long time, only whispering occasionally with a deep sigh, 'O Lord Jesu Christ, have mercy on us, sinners!' At last she broke silence and spake, informing us that the disease, though very obstinate, was curable.

'What do you use for curing it?' asked my father.

'Excuse me, Sir, but that is my business!' answered the old woman dryly. 'What my Saviour-God has revealed to me, I use to help good people.'

'And there is nothing in it dangerous for the child?'

'If you fear anything I had better leave it alone altogether; just as you please; I do not force myself upon anybody. If you trust me I am ready to assist you; and if you do not—why, it is your own choice.'

But my father and mother decided to place me under the old woman's care. She began by saying her prayers for at least a quarter of an hour before the window, with frequent prostrations, and then desired that some black bread and pounded sugar might be brought, and took out of her bundle a little linen bag. To a dessert-spoonful of sugar she added a small pinch of a white shining powder, and stirred them together for a long time on a saucer; then sprinkled it all on a slice of black bread, and desired me to eat it and not to leave a single crumb. She prepared a similar portion for me to take the next day. The first doses of this medicine had no effect whatever on me, except producing a slight degree of nausea.

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* All signs of her being one of the 'Old Faith' sect.

In a day or two she came again, sat down by my bed-side and sighed a long time, whispering her usual ejaculations. She then prepared a dose for me in the same manner as before, but with a larger portion of the white powder. In like manner her visits were repeated for about three weeks, and each time the salutary powder was added to the sugar in larger and larger quantities, but I no longer felt the slightest nausea from it. The ague was gradually leaving me; the paroxysms became less and less frequent. My mother did not know how to make enough of my leech.

It happened just at this time that Luke Lukitch, when in a great bustle to send out his decoy-pigeons to entice a stray bird as quickly as possible, fell from the balcony, and injured his head so seriously that they were obliged to send for a doctor immediately. Maria Ivanovna, who had all along taken a lively interest in me and all that concerned me, spoke to him about me and my illness, and hinted that a suspicious sort of person was treating me with a suspicious sort of medicine. The doctor, by her request, came to our apartments, and it happened that at that very moment I was eating the medicated bread. He tasted it, and was horror-struck!

'How long have you been feeding him in this way?' he asked at length.

'Three weeks,' answered my father.

'Is it possible? And every day with this mixture?'

'Yes, with a powder, the quantity of which was increased at each dose.'

'What are you all thinking of? Why, it is arsenic!'

My mother clasped her hands.

'At any rate, he is better,' remarked my father; 'the ague is leaving him.'

'That proves that the little boy has a very fine constitution. He has become accustomed to the poison. But such a portion as you have just given him is sufficient to kill a grown person. Who attends him?'

'An old woman.'

'Who is she, and where does she live?'

'Why do you want to know?' asked my father in his turn.

'I am bound to give information of such proceedings to the authorities, because such a woman is nothing more or less than a poisoner!'

'Be so good as to excuse me,' said my father firmly. 'My boy was ill three months; several doctors prescribed for him and did him no good whatever, while this good woman put him on his legs again. And you want me to become informer against her, and to repay her with ingratitude for the recovery of my son? God forbid! For no considerations on earth will I betray the poor woman! on the contrary, I will do all in my power to prevent your injuring her.'

The doctor persuaded, threatened, and argued for a long time in the endeavour to prove that our leech might do other people harm; but this had no effect whatever, for my father would not communicate her name or address to him. He even went to the old woman to warn her; and after that she always used to come to our house when the greater part of the family were still asleep, early in the morning. I continued to take my arsenic for a week longer, and at last the ague completely left me.

'Well, rodiminkoy!'* she said on taking leave of me, 'you will be well now, and the ague will never bother you any more.'

And it is a fact that I have never had it since. A medical man told my mother afterwards, that this copious use of poison had been of infinite benefit to me; but however that may be, it was ever after the firm conviction of our family, that my deliverer, as far as the treatment of ague was concerned, beat all the faculty of Moscow hollow.

After my illness I got more intimate than ever with Maria Ivanovna, and she used to call me in still more frequently, always treating me to preserves. When my mother left home I used to pass whole days with her, and frequently finished them by falling asleep on her bed; but she did not allow me to lie down on it when it was covered with the patchwork quilt, which in general lay in the lowest drawer of her commode. I soon observed that it was not spread on the bed on high days and holidays, but on certain particular dates, the signification of which was known to no one but the Capitansha; not even Luke Lukitch knew.

This quilt, the very first time I saw it, attracted my attention. It was arranged, after the manner of a chess-board, out of innumerable square scraps of all possible stuffs and colours. Such quilts I afterwards frequently saw in the families of merchants of low degree, and in other not very well-to-do houses. But Maria Ivanovna's was distinguished by the pieces being arranged without the slightest approach to, or attempt at, symmetry, and of the most various and dissimilar materials. In all probability it was not put together all at once, but little by little, in the course of many years; for on one side the scraps were old-fashioned, faded, and even worn; while the nearer they approached the other side the fresher they became, and terminated in materials and patterns of the present day. The last row, of quite new bits, was not entirely finished, and in one corner, in the place of a check, only a portion of dark lining was to be seen.

Maria Ivanovna did not like anyone to come into her bed-room when it was spread on the bed, and even grumbled at Luke Lukitch if he peeped in on such days. If she were questioned why it was still unfinished, she would knit her brows and reply that there was no stuff to her taste for it.

I alone enjoyed the privilege of entering the bed-room on such occasions. She was not cross to me when I examined the different bits, and would even ask me which square I liked in particular. When I did not see it for a long time, and inquired the reason, the Capitansha sometimes replied merely with a sigh, and at others said, 'It is not a holiday for it to-day, my pigeon.' I of course understood nothing whatever by such explications; and I did not feel particularly interested in them; but in course of time I was initiated into the history of this mysterious quilt.

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* A term of endearment, from the word *rodnóy*—kindred, relative.

And this is how it was. Ten years had passed since we left St. Saviour's parish; Luke Lukitch had long since died of an apoplectic fit, but his widow still lived in the house and let part of it to a lady lodger. My mother had by no means given up the acquaintance of her old landlady, and we frequently went to see her. I was about eighteen years old, when one day my mother sent me to her for a domestic receipt, and the old lady received me in her bed-room, where she was sitting before a little table near the old commode with the brass lions' heads, threading dried white mushrooms on a string. She was much aged, though her face was as prepossessing as ever.

On the bed lay the well-known quilt; it seemed also to have grown old with its mistress, but still it was not completed. I examined it with curiosity, as an object connected with some of my most pleasant recollections. Maria Ivanovna observed this, and said to me, 'You recognize the old counterpane, my pigeon.'

'Of course, Maria Ivanovna! I can remember it ever since I was quite a little fellow.'

'Thank you,' said she affectionately.

'I always fancied that it was particularly dear to you?'

'Very dear, little friend!' said the Capitansha thoughtfully, almost in a whisper.

'On account of its associations, doubtless?'

'Yes. Of course the scraps themselves are of no value. I might have found many much prettier. Do you remember how you used to ask me questions about it, and why I got it out on certain days?'

'It is a secret, I suppose, Maria Ivanovna?'

'Well, something like it, but not an old woman's caprice. Listen to what I shall tell you, my pigeon, and don't think that I have grown *quite* a chatterbox; no, I know what I am talking about. It is not to many people that I have told the history of that quilt, but I should like to tell you, and I am in the humour for a chat to-day. What is it that the young ladies now-a-days keep? A book, you know, with drawings and verses. What do they call it? Have you ever seen one?'

'An album?'

'Yes, yes; an album. Well, then, little friend; in those albums you gentlemen certainly do scrawl all sorts of—that is, perhaps there may be a page or two which are not passed by with indifference; but for the greater part it is all collected because it is the fashion—words and ink! My quilt is my album, but not like those of your friends the young ladies: there is not one check in it that my heart, as well as my eyes, does not recognize. I tell you this because you are a good lad, and will not laugh at the old woman.'

'Can one find it in one's heart to laugh at such things, Maria Ivanovna?'

'Yes, one can. Young people, in their intercourse with the aged, forget that some time or another they also will be old. And a good thing too, that they forget it; there is a time for everything. Only one thing I must say: God grant everybody plenty of happy recollections of their youth! plenty to laugh and to weep over. And my youth, thank God, has a store of them.'

The Capitansha's face brightened up with a smile that shone from her kind eyes.

'I am quite sure of that, Maria Ivanovna. You are a beauty still!' I exclaimed enthusiastically. 'I dare say many a conquest is inscribed on that quilt?'

'A little of everything, friend; conquests and losses. Man's life is as checquered as that quilt; it has its dark and its bright spots; only one ought to know how to live. I dare say you imagine that I passed all my life over preserves and mushrooms? No, pigeon of mine, it did not quite pass so. I declare I don't know whether I am doing quite right to chatter so to you, but I want to talk; and I am somehow so fond of you!'

'Thank you for your confidence.'

'Don't mention it! it is mere selfishness on my part. Then I'll tell you about the quilt. All my life is threaded there, just like beads. I began to collect those scraps when I was a girl, and I never dreamed that it would be a sort of album to me. Do you see that bit of white muslin there—at the pillow—on a pink lining? It belonged to the dress that was made for me on my leaving school. I was a pretty little fool then, white and pink, like my gown.'

'I suppose you went to your first ball in it.'

'No, my dear; first of all my father took me to church to say my prayers. He liked, the deceased, for people to go to church in their best clothes. We went also to the Tversky Chapel,* and could hardly reach it, for at the Voskresensky Gates there was a crowd of people, and a troop of horsemen were cantering from the Boulevard, the horses in ostrich feathers, and all the cavaliers in velvet and gold. The soldiers that stood on guard at the guard-house beat their drums; the people cried, 'The Emperor! the Emperor! Pavel Petrovitch! † (He was expected just then to the Coronation.) And it turned out that they were only some equestrian performers who had come to Moscow on the occasion of the Coronation, to play in the circus. The Emperor heard of this, and was very angry, and reduced the officer of the guard to the ranks with his own hands. But where have I got to?'

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* Dedicated to our Lady of Tver. (*Trans.*)

† The Emperor Paul, grandfather of the present Emperor. Began to reign 1796, died 1801. (*Trans.*)

'And what green stuff is this by the side of the white gown?'

'That is a dress also. It was made for my name's-day. There was a gentleman at dinner that day—Nedilinsky-Melitzky, a poet; and he composed some congratulatory couplets to me, in which he compared me to a wild violet, (or a spring violet?) I was in that same dress too, when a certain person came who played on the harpsichord. Oh, oh, oh! I was just seventeen! That was the man who made me feel that I had a beating heart! till then I was not aware of it; I frolicked and giggled from morning till night.'

'Was it Luke Lukitch?'

'What are you thinking of, my pigeon? Are you joking? Don't you know that Luke Lukitch was my second husband? Do you see that levantine, blue with the white spots? My recollections of Luke Lukitch begin with it, and look how many stripes there are before we get to it! Only don't think that all those dresses were worn on occasions of heart affairs! There is plenty of the agreeable there, but scarcely less of the sad. Look at that dark merino, the end bit in the fourth row; that was a gown of my mother's, made not long before her death. She was buried in it. And the blue bit near it was from my sister Katinka; when she came out for the first time she danced an ecossaise in that dress at the Assembly Ball. The Emperor, His Imperial Majesty, the deceased Alexander Pavlovitch, was at that ball, and he was pleased to inquire who she was. That yellow gros-de-Tours by its side was a present from my first husband, when he was betrothed to me.'

'Tell me, Maria Ivanovna, which stripe contains the sweetest remembrances?'

'Well, you *are* curious, my pigeon!' said the old lady, smiling. 'Look in the second stripe—a lilac cotton print with grey spots; a very simple pattern, yet what do you think it represents? my first kiss! Okh! what am I talking about? I really ought not. Well, never mind; you will not judge me too harshly. That scrap is a great pet of mine, although it is faded now. We lived at Sokolniky,* and an aide-de-camp used to visit us. It was a summer's evening, warm, with little lilac clouds, and a smell of apples from the garden, and we were sitting on the balcony. Oh, life, life! Well, that'll do about him. Further we shall have other recollections.'

'Of Luke Lukitch?'

'How you do bother about Luke Lukitch! Did not I tell you that he begins at the seventh stripe? First of all we have my first husband, and then my widowhood. You know I was a widow three years?'

'But is there anything more like the lilac print?'

'Sweets, do you mean? Certainly there are, a little. I was a kind-hearted fool, and believed what the men said. But why need I talk about that? there are many bright colours, it is true, but there are darker shades also, perhaps more than the bright ones. For instance, that cherry-coloured muslin; it was a high-bodied dress of mine when we ran away from Moscow to Vladimir in the year '12. A wretched Frenchman was quartered on us, an officer taken prisoner. He was very fond of paying court to young ladies, and I liked to listen to his nonsense, and the rascal wheedled me into giving him a handsome ring—which he went and sold! Once he wanted to take a new pair of ear-rings out of my very ears! my husband had only just made me a present of them.'

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* One of the suburbs of Moscow.

'Answer me one question, my kindest Maria Ivanovna?'

'What question?'

'Are there no more bits like the lilac cotton?'

'If you know too much, my friend, you will soon grow old! * I dare say you pay attentions to some girl, don't you! and perhaps even dream of marrying the angel? Wait a bit; your heart has a long service before it. Yes—about Luke Lukitch? I have not forgotten him; he was a very good man. But I have talked too much already. Enough for to-day! In the last stripes the colours, you see, get darker and darker. Just as it is in life. You know I did not invent the history of my quilt; time did it for me. But I have not added a scrap for three years. I have nothing to lose or to gain now. All that remains is to make mourning for my own self, and thus finish the last square.'

'But on what particular days do you lay it on your bed?'

'On those that the scraps have rendered memorable.'

'And to-day? Which one is it?'

'The checked gros-de-Naples in the tenth row, violet and black.'

'And what does it signify?'

'My last conquest!' said the old lady, with a hardly perceptible sigh; 'but it was one of those conquests which cost the conqueror very dear. God forbid the making of them!'

Maria Ivanovna sighed again, more deeply than before; and rose to look for the receipt in the middle drawer of her commode.

(*To be continued.*)

NUNN'S COURT.

CHAPTER IV.

'Love is life's only sign!'

When John Treville was making out what he termed a 'grand programme' for his birth-day, he commenced with the exclamation, 'No study on that day, if I know it!' Accordingly, he awoke on that morning with the full conviction of its being a holiday in the fullest sense. 'Creation's wondrous choir' was chanting forth its early matin song, as he opened the window to let in the dewy air of an unclouded August morning. It seemed such a melodious burst, that his music-loving soul would have been content to stay and learn its melody, 'all true, all faultless, all in tune,' by heart, but Edwin Mortimer soon came to remind him that they should be late for the holy-day's feast.

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* A proverb used to silence the inquiries of inquisitive people. (*Trans.*)

The echo of that lay of nature's, though, still remained with him, as he knelt at the foot of the altar, and seemed to represent the worship of the whole earth.

As the two friends walked back after the service, they talked together of the blessed saint, sought and found under the fig tree's shade, and who for his very guilelessness was chosen to be a pillar in that most glorious and costly edifice, whose pinnacles ascend up into Heaven, and whose breadth stretches out into all the corners of the earth.

John sprang up the stone steps on arriving at home, for his grandmother was standing in the doorway.

'May God bless you, my own boy,' was all the old lady could say; and she took his arm, and let him lead her into the breakfast-room.

'Johnny,' she said, just as they were finishing their breakfast, 'you will see my present to you before the day is over.'

There was an air of mystery about her, which was fully explained when her grandson led her two hours later into the chapel belonging to Nunn's Court. As they entered, Dr. Murray and Mr. Mortimer, surpliced, issued from the little room which served as a vestry, followed by the little choir chanting the Benedictus as they went to their seats at the eastern end of the building, where James Giles was playing on a harmonium, the gift of Mrs. Treville. The little chapel was full enough now, and radiant with nature's gifts.

It needed no other assurance than the bright glance of love which beamed in John's eyes, to satisfy Mrs. Treville that her present was fully appreciated; yet when the service was over, and the last note of the receding choir had died away, and they were standing together listening to James's voluntary, the words, 'The very thing I had been wishing for, Granny!' were not unwelcome.

'You will despise my flute, Sir, after this,' James said, as they were leaving the chapel.

'We must not despise old friends,' Mrs. Treville remarked.

'*I* do not, Ma'am,' he answered; 'nor shall I forget that my flute was the means of bringing Mr. Treville to our court first.'

James went on, and Mrs. Treville asked John what he thought of Agnes's pupil.

'Did she really do all! That March from Athalie was capital.'

'Here she comes!' said Mrs. Treville, as two young ladies advanced to meet them.

'We have been wondering what could have become of the Frau Grossmutter,' Grace Allyn said, throwing her arms round her neck, and kissing her warmly.

'Oh! I am always safe with Johnny, you know, Grace,' Mrs. Treville replied.

John in the meantime, after shaking hands with Agnes, tendered his thanks to her for the pains she had bestowed upon the choir.

'It is quite a new thing, John, for you to thank me,' she observed, with a slight intonation of vexation.

'For that reason I feel I ought to do so to-day,' he answered.

'I would rather have it like old times;' then thinking she had been too abrupt, she added, 'Please don't thank me any more; I liked the work.'

'Pretend I haven't thanked you, then,' he said, and laughed; but his laugh was not natural, and it made his grandmother turn from Grace and ask if anything was the matter.

Agnes said no. Mrs. Treville was not satisfied, and remarked that she looked tired.

'Aggie works too hard,' said Grace caressingly. 'I never wished to be a more useful being so much as I have lately done, since I find how incapable I am of helping her.'

'And teaching that choir, too,' remarked John.

'Oh, it is not that,' Agnes exclaimed, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

'The heat is trying, and she is not strong,' said Grace, interrupting the uncomfortable silence that ensued, 'so we will leave her to come on slowly with "the Grandmother," and you and I, Mr. Treville, will go on to the court to hear old Ben's instructions on kiteology to Mr. Mortimer; "he don't know nothing o' kite-flying,"' she added, mimicking the old man's tone. John went on with her. Before they entered the court, she dropped her bantering tone, and said,

'Mr. Treville, you must excuse my dictating to you, but teaching these children does Agnes no harm; it is a wholesome recreation, and takes her mind from home cares. The singing lessons were the first things to rouse her after dear Mrs. Murray's death—she was my godmother, you know!' There was a slight trembling of the lip; but they were in the court now, and all her mirth returned.

Birth-day congratulations now greeted John on all sides, and the little ones gave him three cheers at old Ben's instigation; but the slightest speck of a cloud had arisen to obscure the birth-day brightness. Wherefore, and whence its origin, he could not tell. He was too thoroughly practical, however, and too much accustomed to dealing honestly with himself, to remain long in doubt. He found himself standing close to Agnes not long after, and was just going to ask her if she felt better, when instead he was prompted to say, 'You never misunderstood me before, Agnes!'

Their eyes met, and involuntarily both looked down. Only for one moment though, for he almost immediately said, looking straight at her, 'My grandmother thinks you do more than you are able, and I only wanted to ease you.'

'If Mrs. Treville thinks so; I think I had better give up the choir then, John.'

'Not if you regret it, Agnes.'

'I suppose I ought not to regret it, if I have only done it for the work's sake, as I said not long ago.'

Here Mrs. Treville interrupted them, saying, 'Do look at Grace!'

Both did as directed; and it served to remind them that there was no more time for private conferences, and John rushed off to join the cricketers, who were in readiness to start for the ground. Old Ben's patience had received a complete and final trial, and he unhesitatingly declared that it wanted some 'sprightly person' to know how to handle a kite.

'So it does, Ben,' said Grace sympathizingly; 'and Mr. Mortimer is decidedly not sprightly. We think very highly of Mr. Mortimer, but he is not sprightly; in fact, he is too much of a gentleman, isn't he, Ben?'

'Master Treville is sprightly enough; and I never seed a gentleman if he ain't one,' returned the old man testily.

'Yes, Ben,' Grace continued, 'Master Treville is a gentleman and sprightly too; you are quite right. But now, do you think I am sprightly enough to be allowed to carry this monster kite to the field and to take care of it until you arrive there? Mrs. Treville's chaise is coming for you almost directly, and we ought to be going on. And, Ben,' she added, 'I will take such care of it, and will only let Mr. Mortimer carry the tail.'

Edwin Mortimer laughed so much at this speech, that Ben was softened enough to say, 'Ah, Miss Grace, you know how to come over us all!'

And it was Grace bearing the kite in her arms that drew forth Mrs. Treville's exclamation.

As John passed her, he remarked that she would tire herself; but she laughingly answered that it was all along of Mr. Mortimer's not being sprightly.

Agnes's task was to drive Mrs. Treville and Ben to the field where the sports were to be held; afterwards to set some of the elder girls from the court to play at croquet; then to find up her father and take him with her to see what Grace was doing.

The kite was up to Ben's satisfaction, and the little ones admiringly watching its ascent, and Grace was endeavouring to initiate Mr. Mortimer in the use of a battledore.

'Well, mad-cap,' said the Doctor, 'what can you make of our most learned student?'

'Positively nothing!' she answered, stamping her foot. 'My patience is gone quite. Now you dear darling Doctor, just take his battledore and let us have a game together.'

Dr. Murray was about to comply, when Agnes exclaimed,

'Papa, there's Mr. Yardley and his daughters!'

'So there is, I declare, with an extra amount of starch in his white cravat, in honour of the occasion,' said Grace.

Dr. Murray threw down his battledore, and advanced to greet the fresh arrivals.

'Who are they?' asked Mortimer.

'He of the white cravat,' answered Grace, 'is the Vicar, a very good man, and therefore he don't approve of me,' she added demurely.

'Oh, Gracie dear, you should not say that!' said Agnes. 'You know it was a mutual misunderstanding.'

'It was nothing of the kind, Agnes; it was simply this—he desired to know if I were at the top of the tree, and I told him I was but slowly ascending it. "Then, my dear Miss Allyn, you are not safe," he immediately remarked; and the intelligent shake of the head which followed, and in which his white cravat most obediently sympathized, deprived me of all chance of misunderstanding him.'

'But, Grace dear, you were not vexed at being told that you were not safe?'

'Not vexed at that, Agnes,' she said with downcast eyes; 'but I know he thinks I have not even a safe footing.'

'*You* do not doubt that, Grace, I am sure,' said Agnes softly, and taking up the cross which hung round Grace's neck.

A look was answer enough; and those eye-lids again raised their dark lashes, and the smiles, that were so seldom absent from those ruby lips, were again in full play.

'I will run and ask Mr. Yardley to play at battledore with me!' she exclaimed; but was stopped by Agnes, who suggested that old Ben looked tired, and must be led into the tent to rest. Grace immediately went to him, and Mortimer asked Agnes what he could do.

'I think,' she answered, 'we must get the kite down now, and you can assist in drawing in the string. I am sorry to trouble you, but all the other gentlemen are with the cricketers.'

Old Ben was glad to rest in the tent, but fatigue and heat had made him cross, and he would not confess to being glad of anything; moreover, he was averse to letting Mortimer draw down the kite. Agnes and Grace did what they could to soothe him, but in vain; and it was quite a relief to both when they had at last got him into the easy-chair provided for him, and resting his head on a cushion, he fell asleep. Dr. Murray and Mr. Yardley offered to keep a watch over him; while the two girls, taking the Miss Yardleys with them, went in search of Mrs. Treville.

'How beautiful is the contrast between old age and youth!' remarked Mr. Yardley, as his eye rested upon the old man. 'Your daughter, Doctor, seems to have made him her especial charge.'

'Not quite,' said the Doctor; 'Grace does almost as much for him as Aggie does.'

'Does she really!' returned Mr. Yardley; 'I was agreeably surprised to see how gently she aided in getting him into the tent, for I confess I had thought it impossible to control her volatile movements.'

'Not volatile!' the Doctor said curtly.

'The mirth of an unsubdued nature cannot fail to be volatile.'

'Yardley,' said the Doctor gravely, 'let us not mar this bright day by any controversial argument! Grace Allyn is my godchild; I have watched over her from the font, and you may believe me that I have never regretted the promises I made in her name.'

'Your watch, too, would be a vigilant one, I know; and your standard is a high one,' Mr. Yardley observed musingly.

'Christ's standard is His own Cross, and I have none other,' answered the Doctor.

'Strange is it, that standing on the same Rock, we should yet be at issue on so many points!'

'And those points we will let rest, at least for to-day, content in knowing that we are both striving to labour for the same Master.'

'Yet not resting upon that labour!' was the anxious rejoinder.

'Resting upon nothing short of the Cross,' the Doctor answered.

'I mean, we do not trust to the merit of anything we do.'

'God forbid that we should place any merit in such sin-stained labour as ours,' said the Doctor, reverently uncovering his head, and ejaculating in an under-tone, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!'

Mr. Yardley paused, awed by the Doctor's manner, and seeing Mrs. Treville coming towards him, he advanced to meet her.

The Grandmother, as Grace Allyn was wont to call her, always brought to Dr. Murray's mind the sainted Anna; 'Erect in heart,' like that 'meek widow,' not intent on earthly joy, she found 'Heaven on earth, and Christ in His Israel.' Mr. Yardley's propensity to argue was always overcome in her presence, and he felt flattered now at the evident pleasure she manifested in her reception of him.

'The cricket match will not be ended yet; may I request you to take my grandson's place, and lead me to the dinner-table?' she said, with quiet dignity.

The table was prepared in an open tent in another part of the field, and was found to be well laden with provisions. The people were summoned to it by the ringing of a bell, and glad enough were they of the summons. Dr. Murray brought in the eldest Miss Yardley, and Mortimer her sister. Agnes and Grace were too busy to be brought in by anyone; and when all were seated they came in with old Ben, and devoted themselves entirely to him. Beef and mutton, plum-puddings and fruit-pies, in turn disappeared, and then Dr. Murray rose to propose the health of John Treville. In his absence, the Doctor could dwell on the grand purpose he had in view, of restoring to the Church its lawful property, and of counteracting in the meantime, as far as in him lay, the evil consequences of the sequestration.

'This godly resolution,' continued the Doctor, 'was formed in his early boyhood; and it was for that reason that he determined to labour principally for the young; and for their happiness and good neither time nor money has been spared. Children, pray for him! for I feel that

"We must not mar with earthly praise
What God's approving word hath sealed."'

The sound of cheering was arrested, and a stillness fell upon all, as old Ben rose slowly from his chair, and stood with one hand resting on Agnes's shoulder. His voice was feeble but distinct; and the halo of old age cast a quieting influence on all around him.

'Ladies and Gentlemen, when the young master spreads out his table again, old Ben may be sleeping in the dust. And I ask your pardon, and beg you to bear with a feeble old man, while I tell these children what I know the young master would like them to know, even if he did not like to tell them hisself. Children, I did not always love you, as I love you at this day—big and little, I love you all. I loved you first, because Master Treville did. I love you now, because Jesus does. Children, I once said to Master Treville, when I had no hope, no love, nor nothing, "Sir, what first made you think of these things? when I was young, I thought only old people cared about going to church and things like that!" His eyes lighted up, and he said, with such a beautiful look, says he, "Ben, it was my grandmother!" And I think and know, that nothing could please him more than that at the first dinner he has given us, and more 'cause it is his birth-day, we should just drink the health of the dear lady who has helped to make him what he is. And I think, too, that he will like to remember that it was old Ben who proposed it.'

His voice faltered at the end, and a tear rolled down his wrinkled cheek. Dr. Murray blew his nose vehemently, but the sound was stifled in the tremendous hurrah which followed.

There was a strong arm round the Grandmother's neck at the end. John Treville had run up from the cricket-field to see how the dinner was progressing, and had arrived just as old Ben was concluding his speech.

'Just in time to return thanks, Granny; and what a speech I shall make!' he said in a low tone. But Mrs. Treville was too much overcome to raise her eyes.

As the sounds of the cheering died away, John said, in his usually monotonous tone, 'Ben, I shall never forget the honour that you and all have done my dear grandmother.'

There was a dead pause, as if everybody expected something more. Dr. Murray said testily to himself, 'How I wish that boy could speak out!' Mortimer looked up in surprise, and wondered there had been no preparation made beforehand. And Mr. Yardley was amazed. 'No intellect; decidedly no intellect! A morbid imagination had perhaps exaggerated his conscientiousness, and led him into this work;

how would it end?' The Grandmother's secret ejaculation was, however, 'So like Johnny!'

He led her from the table, and then, leaving her with Dr. Murray and Mr. Yardley, went to old Ben.

'You would like to get home now, Ben,' he said. 'I will go and order the pony-chaise; and Agnes, will you drive him?'

'Let me go and see about the chaise; for you must be tired enough, Treville,' said Mortimer.

John laughed an assent, saying that he should soon believe the whole world was made to wait on him.

As soon as Ben was off, John ran back to the cricket; and those left behind gave themselves up to the amusement of the children, who at five o'clock had tea, and then departed quietly with the young ladies. Mrs. Treville waited to see the cricketers sit down to a cold collation, and soon after was driven home. Not even Mrs. Treville's persuasions could induce Mr. Yardley to join the party in the evening.

John fulfilled his promise, and thoroughly enjoyed the dancing, drawing from Dr. Murray the exclamation, that 'that boy could do anything but speak out!'

The remark was made to Mortimer; but Grace Allyn, who was standing by, said, 'But, Doctor dear, if he cannot speak, he can at least *do* a great deal more than some people; and at any rate, he can fly a kite.'

'And what does that mean to insinuate?' asked the Doctor.

'Miss Allyn evidently thinks that kite-flying is an indisputable essential,' Mortimer observed.

'I think,' said Grace, dropping her eyes, 'that if we were all as practical as Mr. Treville, we could well afford to speak as little.'

'You are indeed right, Miss Allyn; and sometimes I think that if we could give him the gift of eloquence, we should rob his practical nature of half its beauty,' said Mortimer.

'Perhaps we should,' the Doctor remarked. 'I am proud of the boy; but it provokes me that strangers cannot know what he is.'

'The white cravat, I know, was a waving acknowledgement of his inability to speak,' remarked Grace; 'I marked how obediently it reciprocated the disdain of its wearer.'

The two gentlemen tried to repress a smile, but an arm unexpectedly thrown round her waist made her start and exclaim, 'Oh, Aggie dear, have you heard my naughty speech?'

Agnes's reproof was set aside by John coming to claim her as a partner for a polka. The Grandmother, however, was his supper partner; and the birth-day festivities ended with a few more dances. John's last words were, 'Oh, Granny, this has been a jolly day!'

(*To be continued.*)

THE TWO LAST SUNDAYS AT AMMERGAU.

My dear C——,

So much has been told already about Ober Ammergau, that I am half inclined to give up my purpose of writing you an account of our visit there, and leave you to picture us to yourself, taking part in the scenes which have been so vividly described by Mr. McColl and others. But perhaps this would be hardly fair after promising you a letter, and you may care to hear something of our own personal experiences.

I am afraid it must be rather a long story, and as there was nothing of special interest about our journey, I will not take up time and paper with it, but begin from the moment when we found ourselves at our journey's end, and actually in the picturesque street of Ober Ammergau, which it had seemed so like a dream to think of.

It was a quarter to nine, and nearly dark, on the evening of Thursday the 14th of July. I had written about three weeks before, to beg Frau Veit to keep some rooms for us, and had found her answer at Lindau, promising them, so we drove very confidently up to her house. By this time it was nine o'clock, and most of the inhabitants of the village seemed to have retired for the night, amongst them Madame Veit herself, for it was some time before she made her appearance; when she came, she explained with much graciousness of manner, that it was impossible for her to receive us into her own house, as her rooms had been all bespoke long before she had had my letter, but she had secured lodgings for us at her next door neighbour's, Herr Hochenleitter's, with which she hoped we should be pleased.

So there we went, but found the people entirely unprepared to receive us, having quite given us up, owing to the late hour and the heavy rain. However, they shewed us the rooms, and were most kind in setting to work to make them ready and comfortable for us. They also made us some coffee, and provided some bread and butter and eggs and beer, which were all very acceptable after our weary journey.

After a good deal of time, and bustling about, the beds and all were said to be quite ready, and our good-natured cheery hosts departed, and left us for the night. The rooms were beautifully clean; well-scoured floors of very broad deal planks, walls and ceiling tastefully coloured in distemper; the nice white muslin window curtains, which are universal on the continent, and which always look as if they had just been put up clean for your special visit, and in every room a large Crucifix. The one in my room reached nearly from the floor to the ceiling.

We were somewhat startled, however, to find no bed-clothes whatever provided for the beds, which consisted of a spring mattrass only, (no second mattrass over it) covered with a thin sheet of calico, or almost muslin; there was the usual wedge to raise the head and shoulders, two very soft pillows or rather loose bags of down, and a large duvet by way of bed-clothes. This was rather alarming, but we knew we were not in an inn, but in the private house of very small tradespeople, who were putting themselves to no end of inconvenience in order to accommodate us, so we resolved to say nothing of any deficiencies, but to make the best of everything. To use the duvet for a covering, as was evidently intended, was, in such warm weather, quite impossible; but we had shawls and dressing-gowns, and by the time our happy Ammergau visit was half over, we had become so used to making ourselves comfortable without bed-clothes, that we almost felt inclined to look upon them as superfluous luxuries.

Late sleeping was, however, out of the question: we were close to the church, and the bells began to ring, and footsteps to go by, at four o'clock; then between five and six, a herd of many hundred goats came down the street, and passed under our windows, every one with a little bell round its neck, making such a tinkling; and half-an-hour later, a number of cows, with larger bells. The goats, we were told afterwards, were going out to the mountains to feed, and come home in the evening: the cows go out at night and come back in the morning, to avoid the great heat.

I was up and out early, for it was a bright morning after the rain, and I was eager to see more of the village than one could make out the night before.

I went first to church, where one is sure to find Service going on any time after four, though the Parish Mass called distinctively 'Gottesdienst' at which the parish school, and choir, and the largest congregation, attend, is not until eight o'clock.

The church is large and well cared for; a good deal decorated inside, though not in the best taste, but very ugly outside, with one of those bulbous spires, if spire it can be called, which prevail in that part of the world.

The village is rather straggling, each house standing apart, and generally with a bit of garden or orchard round it, making a pleasant mixture of green throughout. The houses have a very alpine look, from the wide-spreading roofs of wood shingle, weighted with stones, which are so familiar to us in Swiss scenery. They are very large, but then you must remember that only about one-third of the space covered by each roof is the dwelling-house; the other two-thirds are occupied by the stables and cattle stalls below, and the great hay barn above. The gables of the houses are almost invariably surmounted by a Cross, and there is generally a good deal of outside ornamentation; sometimes of carved wood-work, sometimes fresco-painting, of a rather coarse kind, but not without artistic skill and power, and always of sacred subjects.

It was a strange dream-like feeling, to stroll about this quiet village, looking in outward respects so like any of the other villages of the Bavarian Highlands, and to think of the wonderful performance, which the inhabitants bound upon themselves by solemn vow about two hundred and fifty years ago, and which has been so faithfully kept, and so marvellously fulfilled, that every tenth year as it comes round, thousands of visitors (I might rather say pilgrims, for with the country people at least, it is truly in the spirit of a religious pilgrimage that they come) are drawn here, at great cost of toil, trouble, inconvenience, and self-denial, to be present at the Sacred Drama of the Passion of our Lord.

It was a strange feeling, as one watched the smith at work at his forge, or the hay-makers busy in the meadows, or the children playing in the street, to remember that on Sunday, these very men, women, and children, would be engaged in so solemn, almost awful a representation.

A large portion of the inhabitants, about five hundred in all, take part in the performance; the greater number have, of course, only subordinate parts, and there is nothing at all to distinguish them from other peasants of their country; those who take the principal characters may generally be guessed at by the long flowing hair which they wear; and so completely do they identify themselves with the characters assigned them, that they seem familiarly to go by *their* names in the village. People hardly seemed to understand if we spoke about Maier, he is simply 'Christus;' and the same with the rest. Joseph of Arimathea meets us in the street, and we see S. Peter standing at his house door.

At first it gives one a kind of shock to hear Christus familiarly spoken of; but there is not the slightest irreverence in their way of doing it, and the person who bears that sacred Name is of a grave sad countenance, very pale, and judging by the few times that we have seen him, silent and reserved. We never heard his voice in the street, or saw him join in the talk or merriment going on around. His manner is calm and dignified, but without any sign of self-consciousness; it is as if he had so meditated and dwelt upon the Holy Image which it is his part to set forth, that unconsciously he bore some traces of it about him, even in common daily life. He is a wood-carver, and thereby perhaps the fitter representative of 'The Carpenter:' certainly nothing ever brought before one so vividly the human life of our Lord for those eighteen years in the retired village of Nazareth.

On Friday afternoon we engaged a little carriage to drive to Ettal, formerly a large Benedictine monastery, but now a brewery, beautifully situated higher up the valley, about two miles and a half from the village. There was some difficulty about getting a carriage, all being so busy bringing strangers in from all parts around; and as I cannot walk far, I asked whether there was such a thing to be had in the village as a donkey to ride. The answer was, 'Certainly there is *one ass* in the village,' but it was clearly implied that it was not for common use.

On Saturday we did nothing (after attending the eight o'clock service in church) but sit about on benches, which are generally to be found outside all the houses, watching the influx of people of all ranks and degrees and conditions, and of all nations and languages, and in all conceivable conveyances, from the well-appointed private carriage with handsome horses and livery servants, to the common hay-cart or farm waggon of the country, some of which carried as many as twenty or twenty-one peasants. Where they all bestowed themselves for the night it is hard to imagine—many, I should think, must have spent it on the sweet new hay; for as this takes place only once in ten years, it would of course be vain to build monster hotels, which would be utterly useless for nine years and a half. There are apparently three or four village inns, and every house takes in as many lodgers as possible. Every room, and loft, and bed, is given up to the strangers; the greater the concourse, the better pleased are the Ammergau folk, for the honour done to the Holy Mystery which it is their life's object to set forth. Every face is radiant with good-humour; the kindliest greetings are heard on all sides; not one cross word did we hear, not one angry face did we see, nor (plentiful as the supply of beer is on the occasion) was there any symptom of excess or intemperance.

At six o'clock on Saturday evening, there was a full choral service in church, consisting of German litanies and hymns, ending with Benediction. The church was thronged. About seven the firing of cannon, followed by a procession of the band through the street, playing a spirited march, gave notice that the Festival had begun.

The early part of the night was very quiet; it is a rule that all the performers should retire at nine o'clock, and the strangers, many of whom had had a long and weary journey, were probably glad to seek an early rest also. But it was not for long. Between two and three the church-bells rang out loudly, and we heard incessant footsteps passing under our windows to and from the church.

Alas, there were other sounds too; a little before three, a clap of thunder set all the mountains round echoing in grumbling tones, and soon heavy rain began to fall. High Mass was to be at six o'clock, and fearing that the church would be very full, I went at half-past five. It was crowded, many standing for want of room. Masses were being celebrated, one priest succeeding another without intermission, at all the five altars in the church, and by waiting till the attendants upon one of these Services began to move, I found a place.

The Service was very hearty and congregational—much more 'in the vulgar tongue' than one commonly hears. For instance, the first words of the Gloria in Excelsis, the Creed, and the Sanctus, were intoned by the Celebrant, and then, instead of being taken up and continued by the choir as usual, a metrical German hymn was sung, in which the people joined, in a way that proved they were familiar both with the words and music. There was no time for a Sermon, nor was there any need, for the most striking and impressive of sermons was going to occupy the rest of the day.

A little before seven we left the church, and returned to our lodgings, where our good landlady had some coffee ready for us, and at half-past seven we went to the theatre. By this time the rain had quite ceased, and there seemed good hope of a fine day; a matter of great importance, as the stage and by far the largest part of the seats for the audience is without any protection from the weather. The reserved seats at the back are sheltered by a kind of shed or roof of planking.

By the time we got there the theatre was nearly full; the uncovered part was one mass of heads, and before eight, every seat was occupied. We were fortunate enough to have very good places in the covered part, exactly facing the middle of the stage, and in the fourth row from the front.

At eight o'clock the sound of a cannon announced that the performance was to begin, and the band played a short overture. At its close the chorus of twenty figures in their beautiful classical dress advanced from either side, and there was perfect stillness while the Choragus, or leader, pronounced or rather sang the Prologue in a musical recitative, and with such a magnificent voice, that every syllable was perfectly audible to us, and I should imagine must have been so to every one of the audience.

So many descriptions have already been given of this most wonderful Mystery, that I shall not attempt to give you any regular account of it, but only to mention anything that struck me particularly.

It seemed to me that as a work of art, the Tableaux, representing without word or action typical scenes from the Old Testament, were a very remarkable part of the performance. I did not expect to care much for them, but there was such extreme beauty about some of them, and such wonderful perfection in their execution, that one was fairly carried away by them. How the tiny children who bear part in them are trained to such perfect self-command, and motionless stillness, often in very difficult postures, is a mystery. But the perfection of training goes beyond even the little children; for in one of the tableaux, which represents Tobias parting from his parents to perform his father's message, a dog is introduced; I examined the dog as carefully as I could, with a good opera-glass, and came to the conclusion that it must be stuffed, so absolutely still and motionless it was; but when the curtain was falling, just before it was quite down, the dog jumped up and ran away; his self-control gave way a few seconds too soon, and this was the only thing which disturbed the gravity and perfect decorum of the congregation; a murmur of amusement could not quite be suppressed.

These tableaux are far from being all equal; the most beautiful, to my mind, were, the driving of Adam and Eve out of Paradise; the children kneeling round the Cross, (an exquisitely beautiful picture;) the leave-taking of Tobias from his parents; Adam tilling the ground after the curse, in the sweat of his brow; the death of Abel; the sale of Joseph; the sacrifice of Isaac. Some of the very crowded ones I could not much enjoy; but as the subjects of the Tableaux are not of the same unapproachable nature as the acted part, any imperfections in them are less felt. The only one of them which does come at all near to the same deep sacredness, *viz.*, the Bride of the Canticles bewailing the loss of the Bridegroom, was, I thought, a failure.

And so in the Play itself, the highest perfection, it seemed to me, was reached, when the principal person had no longer to act—to act, that is, the part of a living man, for his representation of death was, I suppose, very perfect acting. The reverent taking down from the Cross, the tender and loving composing of the apparently lifeless and sacred limbs, certainly surpassed, to my mind, everything else in the drama.

A German writer says, there are three things which never disappoint the expectations formed of them—The Cathedral of Cologne, the Sea, and the Ober Ammergau Passion Play. With respect to the last, I think almost everyone would agree with him.

We saw it under very unfavourable circumstances; for in about two hours after it began, the clouds which had been hanging about, and never properly rolled themselves up from the mountain sides, began to thicken, and rain came on, at first slight, but after awhile becoming very heavy.

It was wonderful to see how patiently those thousands of people sat on, without any shelter whatever, the men uncovered as in church. Now and then there was an attempt made to put up an umbrella, but it was not allowed, as of course it would hinder the view of those behind.

Presently the Choragus came forward, and said that the pause which is usually made from twelve to one, for rest and refreshment of actors and spectators, would take place at once, (this was twenty minutes before eleven) in hopes that the weather might clear later in the day; and that a gun would be fired when the performance was about to be resumed.

The rain was now so heavy that very few of those who were fortunate enough to be in covered seats ventured to leave the theatre; a good many of the others did, and those who remained were free to put up their umbrellas. Some had baskets of provisions with them, and for those who had not, people came round with cakes, wine, and beer. Some refreshment was needful, and it helped to pass the time of waiting.

Very anxiously we watched the clouds for any token of improvement; at last they began to disperse, and something almost approaching to a gleam of sunshine lighted up the village of Unter Ammergau, which lay before us, about two miles off in the valley. At last, after a pause of two long hours, the rain stopped, and just twenty minutes before one, the welcome cannon-shot was heard. It was greeted with cheers; people quickly got into their places again; the stately chorus advanced from either side of the stage, and the Play went on.

Unhappily the fine weather did not last; before long the rain came on again, and continued without intermission till the end of the day. But there was no further interruption; the drenched actors performed their parts, and the patient spectators sat on to the end, under such rain as must have soaked their clothes through and through—and as the peasant folk, whose arrivals we had watched on Saturday, certainly did not seem to be encumbered with any baggage, I should fear that few, if any, were provided with a change of clothing. But their patience and good-humour were unfailing, as was also the reverent attention with which they listened till the end. The stillness of such a vast throng was at times quite remarkable—no sound was heard except now and then a suppressed sob, and other unmistakeable tokens of emotion.

The pause of two hours instead of one, made the performance rather longer than usual, and it was half-past five before we left the theatre, just ten hours from the time we had taken our places there in the morning. Ten hours which I would not have missed for anything; ten hours which I hope never to forget.

It ought, I think, to be a help to one all one's life in trying to realize the Gospel history of the Passion of our Blessed Lord. Not the actual bodily suffering: nothing that we saw could be more than the faintest shadow of what one tries to bring before one's mind in meditation upon that—but the indignities, the mockings, the rude cruelty of the soldiers, the weary dragging hither and thither, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, then back to Pilate, and His meek obedience and submission, His patient dignity, and His silence under all, came before one with a power and reality, that nothing else (as it seems to me) could have given them.

The intense malice and envy of the Chief Priests, and the miserable infatuation of the Barabbas choice, were also brought out with wonderful force.

We were the more glad to have accomplished our purpose of being present at the Mystery on this Sunday, because there had arisen a fear that it might be the last representation for this year. The news of the declaration of war between France and Prussia reached Ober Ammergau on Saturday evening, and by Sunday it was known that twenty-eight of the young men of the village must go to join their regiments, as by the German Bund or League, Bavaria is bound, in case of war, to take part with Prussia, and supply a certain contingent to the army.

Amongst those thus summoned was Joseph Maier; or as the people of the place expressed it, some with tears in their eyes, 'Der Christus muss auch fort.' It was a touching thought, that the man who so wonderfully personated our Blessed Lord, must now go forth to take up his own cross, (a very heavy one, for he leaves a wife and two little children,) and perhaps to die upon it. Even supposing that he is spared to return in peace to his home, one can hardly bear to think of the trial it must be to him to turn from the holy images with which his mind must have been so long filled, to meet all the roughness, not to say all the horrors of a soldier's life, in the camp and in the field.

On Monday we wandered about the village, bought some photographs, and some of Maier's wood-carvings, and made acquaintance with the clergyman of the parish. From him we learned that the final arrangement of the different parts took place in December, about six months before the Play was to begin. There was first a special Service in church, and a sermon in which he tried to impress upon his people the serious nature of what they were about to undertake, and exhorted them to the right dispositions of heart for such a work; and then the characters were assigned to the various actors. The high honour of taking the principal part is sometimes sought by more than one. On this occasion three candidates offered themselves, and the choice was made by the votes of a sort of committee of management.

When the parts have all been assigned, much remains to be done, and there is full occupation for the winter evenings in practising and rehearsing, as the music of the band and the chorus has to be studied as well as the acted parts. The good people of Ober Ammergau spare neither time nor pains to make their performance as worthy as possible, and the Priest said the actors were instructed to make preparation for it the special intention of their Easter Communion.

Nor does the clergyman's supervision of the matter end here: every Sunday that the Play is performed he is behind the scenes, suggesting, helping, and superintending. He seemed quite aware of the risk and danger there is in it, but said that on the whole he was satisfied that the effect upon his people was good. He also told us that it was so prized by the poor people of the country round, that not unfrequently they will beg their way on foot for fifty or sixty miles to be present at it.

This was quite borne out by our own observation. We left Ammergau on Tuesday, and made our mid-day halt at the pretty village of Garmisch; I do not know the distance exactly, but it was a three hours drive, and part of it tremendously steep. While our horses were resting, we had some talk with an old woman, who told us she had walked to Ammergau and back on Sunday, starting at three o'clock in the morning and not getting home till nine at night. 'I *was* tired,' she added, 'but it was *so* beautiful.'

Wherever we went in that part of Bavaria and Tyrol, the Passion Play was evidently the great object of interest—almost the first question we were asked when we stopped at an inn, was, whether we had been 'to *the Passion?*' whether it was true that 'der Christus' was gone? was there to be no more? &c., &c. This went on even when we were two or three days journey from the place.

Before we left Ammergau, it had been decided that a deputation from the village should accompany Maier to Munich, with an earnest representation of the case to the Government, and a petition that he might be exempt from military service, at least till the season for the performance of the Mystery was over. But in consideration of the numbers of strangers who had engaged lodgings, and were known to be coming, for the next Sunday, it was thought that under any circumstances the representation must take place, and in the event of the petition being refused, Joseph of Arimathea, who had been one of the candidates for it, must act the principal part.

And so with this sad cloud of anxiety and sorrow hanging over it, we left dear Ammergau, little thinking we should ever see it again, and made our way by a very beautiful and unfrequented line of country to Innsbruck, intending to spend the following Sunday there, and then go up the valley of the Inn to St. Moritz in the Engadine.

When we left the theatre on Sunday evening, we had a strong feeling against seeing the Mystery a second time. But as the week wore on, this changed, and day by day as we thought it all over, the wish grew stronger that we could be present once more; and at last, on Friday afternoon, we determined to give up the Engadine, and go back next day to Ammergau, in the hope that Maier might have been allowed to return.

It was a long journey to take, on such an uncertainty; we started soon after six, and all along the road it was, as before, the great subject of interest and of conversation. We heard nothing encouraging; no one seemed to have any certain knowledge as to the success of the deputation, but the prevailing opinion was, that there was no hope of the return of 'der Christus,' and that if the Play was performed at all, his part must be taken by Joseph of Arimathea. If this should prove correct, our journey would be in vain, for we had quite resolved not to see the Mystery again, if that part was taken by a different actor.

At about five o'clock we reached the foot of the Ettal mountain, which is so steep that additional horses are always necessary. I think there must have been as many as ten or twelve pair of strong horses, standing ready harnessed at the foot of the mountain, waiting the arrival of carriages; and others were to be seen coming leisurely down, after having helped some earlier travellers to make the ascent.

Here, to our great joy, we learned that Maier had certainly returned, and would act his part next day; but at the same time we were told that he must join his regiment again as soon as the representation was over; and that it was now quite settled that this should be the last performance.

How glad we were that we had ventured. We were now in the full stream of Saturday evening arrivals, and as we had of course done nothing about engaging rooms, visions presented themselves to our minds, of the possibility of having to sleep in a barn, or (by no means an uncommon resource) in our travelling-carriage. But we drove to the door of our former lodging, and were received with the most cordial of welcomes. It is not at all a usual thing, for visitors who have taken their leave, apparently for good, to return the same season; and I believe it was looked upon as a great tribute to the Mystery. Everything in the house was at our disposal at once; it dropped out, however, that the good people of the house were expecting friends of their own to occupy their rooms. On hearing this we said we could not interfere with them, and proposed to go at once and look for rooms elsewhere. But this they would not hear of; their friends would be taken care of somewhere else—we must not go. 'Stay with us—stay with us—you *must* stay with us.' There was no resisting such kind pressing, and indeed it was very pleasant to feel so much at home.

Our next care was about tickets for the theatre. We spoke to our host, and said he must get us tickets for the best seats. We had had very good places before, but we wanted still better ones now. We had come all this way back, could not he get us into the foremost seats?

He lifted up his hands and said, 'Ach! if I had but known!' However, he promised to do his best, and a very good best it turned out; for he did succeed in getting us two chairs in the front row.

Whether it was being that much nearer to the stage, or the more favourable state of the atmosphere, (for the weather was perfect,) or our greater familiarity with the subject, I do not know, but we certainly heard very much more distinctly than we had the Sunday before. Probably all these causes combined; and another week's practice of German, hearing and speaking, may have helped also.

Of the play itself I can only say that it lost nothing by repetition; our admiration and wonder only increased. The effect upon one's own mind was in no way lessened or impaired—rather, I should say, deepened and confirmed; and never for one moment did we regret having given up our tour in the Engadine for the sake of assisting once more at the Ober Ammergau Passion Play.

M. W.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

[We give the original of this now famous song, with a translation, as a contribution to the literature of the War.]

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall;
Zum Rhein! zum deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
Lieb, Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

A CRY is heard as thunder deep,
As clash of swords, as torrent's sweep:
On to the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who will its faithful guardians be?
Rest, Fatherland! brave sons are thine,
Firmly to keep the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

Durch Hunderttausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller augen blitzen hell:
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.
Lieb, Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

Millions of voices far and near
Ring out; while eyes are flashing clear.
The German true, his country's friend,
Stands forth her boundaries to defend.
Rest, Fatherland! his heart is thine;
Still will he keep the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

Und ob mein Herz im Tode bricht
Wirst du noch drum ein Wälscher nicht

Reich wie an Wasser deine Fluth
Ist Deutschland ja an Helden blut.
Lieb, Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

Auf blickt er in des Himmels Blau'n
Wo todte Helden niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust

Du Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!
Lieb, Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Find dir deinen Strand!
Lieb, Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind.
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!
Lieb, Vaterland, magst ruhig sein;
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

C. Wilhelm W. Müller.

What though his heart in death may fail,
Ne'er shalt thou 'neath the Frenchman quail;

Rich as in water is thy flood,
Art thou in generous heroes' blood.
Rest, Fatherland! his strength is thine,
Still will he keep the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

To the blue heaven he lifts his head,
And spirits of the noble dead
Hear the proud oath, which strength imparts,

'The German Rhine, for German hearts!'

Rest, Fatherland! brave sons are thine,
They firmly keep the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

Whilst yet one drop of life-blood flows,
The sword shall never know repose;
Whilst yet one arm the shot can pour,
The foe shall never touch thy shore.
Rest, Fatherland! for sons of thine
Shall steadfast keep the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

The cry speeds on, the storm sweeps past,
War's banners waving in the blast.
On to the Rhine! the German Rhine!

We all its guardians true will be.
Rest, Fatherland! brave sons of thine
For aye shall keep the 'Wacht am Rhein.'

Elizabeth M. Sewell.

Dresden, *August 8th*, 1870.

HOMBURG DURING THE WAR.

BY AUGUSTA FRERE.

On the evening of July 15, as we were coming out peacefully from an excellent concert in the Redoute at Spa, the news met us—'War is proclaimed!' It seemed inexplicable, as all the late intelligence had been reassuring. Surprise and grief had their expression, but we were too busy preparing for a start for Homburg to give much time to public matters, and it was not till we reached the station next morning that their influence on our individual destinies began to be felt. Panic was in the air. '*La ligne est coupée*,' first caught the ear of our maid, always prone to such infection; and I, slow to credit mere report, went off to the far end of the station, where the *chef de gare* might be asked what was really known of difficulties on the way. He, with abundant lifting of hands and shoulders, said 'he could tell nothing; since the declaration of war, orders had come to issue no tickets beyond the frontier.' 'And there?' '*Probably* we should go on; but he could not be responsible for anything.' 'Had we not better wait a day or two to learn more?' '*No*,' (very emphatically;) 'if you go, go at once; in a few days it will be *bien pire*.' Back I went. Consultations were held in the third class waiting-room, for all were too much excited to think of the proprieties. Our friends the E——s, travelling merely for pleasure, resolved to return to Spa, and await the course of events. *We* had come abroad expressly for a 'cure' at Homburg—our boxes, our letters, our money—all were gone thither. My sister was an invalid, myself far from strong; but we were by no means prepared to give up our whole plan without necessity; so I booked to Herbesthal, a small frontier town we had never heard of before, but were sure not to forget again, as on my proceeding to the luggage bureau, the clerk there reiterated his conviction that *beyond Herbesthal nobody could proceed*.

Our friends helped us off, with serio-comic prognostics, and a promise to get our rooms at the 'Orange' kept open till the afternoon, as a *retreat* in case of failure. Many intended travellers had returned to Spa, but quite enough went on to make the railway carriages, in intense heat, almost overpowering; and when we reached the Verviers station, the scramble at the buffet was a terrible aggravation to the necessity of changing francs into thalers, which I achieved under a sort of *pelt* of rolls and lumps of meat hacked off for eager comers. Here, however, we were assured the line *was* open for travellers; but we had to descend and re-book at the ominous Herbesthal, and then again at Aix, where only second class tickets for Cologne began to be issued. From the moment we entered Prussia, bands of soldiers in uniform, and recruits in blouses, had swarmed into the train amid loud cheering; and at Aix the press for tickets was so great, that I felt economy had been a mistake, and we had better have gone first class throughout. The 'ten minutes halt' melted away as the gangway slowly cleared of its occupants, and when I ventured to ask a civil lad in front of me to give me first turn on account of a '*kranke schwester*,' his reply was, 'But *I* am for the army, and *must* have a place.' At last, tickets in hand, I escaped, found my despairing wondering companions, and a refuge in a *Damen coupé*, which at least could not be invaded by the military swarm.

There was a certain peace in knowing ourselves off for Cologne; but heat and excitement had not mended the bad neuralgic head-ache with which I had started that morning, (how long it seemed ago!) and so entirely took away one's appetite that we looked ruefully at the huge Verviers sandwiches, on which several francs had been unprofitably expended. More and more soldiers poured in; carriages were added, and filled to overflowing. Just before we reached Cologne a violent storm of rain and thunder broke the sultry stillness; and as our train far over-lapped the long platform, it was a 'scud' to gain shelter from the deluge, amid the rush of shining helmets, eager faces, and long guns with their steel spikes slanted in alarming proximity to one's nose. It gave me another sort of shudder to think what work lay before them and their yet careless excited bearers; but as yet all was so sudden, war could scarcely be felt as more than a name. The peals of thunder reverberating in the domed roofs of the station, seemed in strange sympathy with the occasion.

After a long search for our luggage, involving sundry rushes through pouring rain over streaming pavement, we gained our haven of Sunday's rest, the Hôtel Bellevue on the other side the Rhine, where pleasant rooms and quiet revived us a little. The storm had passed off; and Cologne, with its many towers, lay spread before us, as placid, and more beautiful than a gentle old Dutch looking dame, who, with a sausage curl on each side of her fair round face, had slumbered serenely opposite to me through all the excitement of our journey.

The next day was a very unquiet Sunday. We had to 'master the situation,' to forecast our possibilities, and to glean from talk and papers the facts, so mysterious still, which had led up to the proclamation of war. That Prince Leopold had actually renounced the Spanish crown; that Napoleon had still urged on the quarrel; that two great countries, at least, were to undergo the horrors of warfare upon the mere shadow of an imagined grievance;—all this came forcibly and astoundingly before us, amid patriotic clamour, and the more selfish, but unavoidable, cogitations and distractions of English travellers rushing homeward in a turbulent stream, where luggage vanished in the whirlpool, to come up again precariously; and circular notes were said to be becoming almost waste paper; and even Napoleons, we were warned, (very erroneously as it proved,) had better be turned into Prussian money as quickly as possible. Our maid kept coming in with fresh reports from families who had quitted Homburg—that the place was deserted, the hotels would all be closed, the Kursaal was to be made a military hospital, there would be nothing left for the invalids to eat. Much of this rumour we treated as panic; but it was difficult, without knowing the channels it came through, to sift the true from the false. Our landlord encouraged us to proceed, considering Homburg certainly an unlikely place to be occupied by troops, and assuring us that the route into Switzerland would in any case remain open. So we decided to go on; but telegraphing was now impossible—the bureaux contained piles some feet high of paid but unsent messages; the friends we had left behind could only be advised by letter, and *this* should be posted as soon as written, on the chance of whatever train might carry a mail. I must say that this proved a more prompt and orderly channel than we were led to expect; and we were able to keep the E——s informed of our movements, as well as send speedy intelligence to wondering friends at home.

In the afternoon we went to our own service, and had a glimpse of the exquisitely beautiful cathedral, and two other churches, which, together with some fine choral music, heard at early morning from my bed, were all the Sunday element of the day. At night the popular excitement rose higher than ever—shouts and vehement speeches in a café close by gave no chance of rest till after midnight; and from 4 a.m. the harassed secretary stood at his desk, unable to snatch a mouthful of food, so clamorous were travellers to pay their bills and enter the vortex of the station.

We took the far quieter conveyance of the Rhine steamers, which up the stream were almost empty, and, if slow, seemed perhaps the more a paradise of peace and leisure. The beauty of the banks, too, struck me more than ever at my first sight, many years ago in early teens. The contrast of all their rich smiling loveliness with the thought of coming devastation was very painful; and between admiration, sorrow, and fits of intense drowsiness caused by sleepless nights, the hours passed strangely by as I lay on the deck dozing fitfully, and castle succeeded castle on the rocky shore. We 'slept' at Coblenz, where crowd and noise seemed to reach their height in the streets surrounding the 'Géant.' Our craving for quiet made us accept gladly some dark close rooms over a small stable yard, where we were assured we could 'dormir jusqu' à demain soir,' but in war-time the most anxious of landlords can answer for nothing; and all night the trampling of newly-arrived cavalry, clattering of harness, banging of doors, &c., went on under our windows, and towards morning the heat and odours became intolerable. In the dawning twilight an excellent likeness of 'the Duke' seemed to say as it looked out at me with grim pleasantry from the opposite wall, 'Well, Ma'am, we must grin and bear it!' During the night some *militaire* by mistake rushed into *my* room, of which the door had somehow remained unlocked; and outside it, in the morning, stood his boots, when soon after seven I could endure no more, and escaped to the airier regions below, where travellers were already struggling for breakfast and bill. Waiters did not seem to think it at all their vocation to attend to these commonplace needs; they, like all the population, were on the quays and squares, and hanging in doorways, recalled only by furious ringing to a momentary sense of their duty. My sister was sleeping on, as she happily could do of a morning if restless at night; so I occupied the interval with newspapers, the German ones breathing a fine spirit of unity and common national ardour which one rejoices to see this war call forth; while the comic *Kladderadatsch* had a picture of King William as a big school-boy shaking his fist at the bully Napoleon, skulking in the background—'Aha! so you want your nose broken again?' and a rhymed remonstrance addressed to Marshal Prim, on the unkindness of having chosen to single out a German prince for the ungracious post of king in Spain, 'where not to govern, but *be* governed, is all you ask; O Prim! could you not have found plenty of stupid youths at any corner fit for your purpose?' every verse ending with, '*Was hat Dir unser Leopold gethan?*'

As we steamed again up the Rhine, the boats came crowded down the stream; the mass of tourists must have almost overflowed every available conveyance, and a few days later all would be given up to troops, so it was well to get housed somewhere! Bingen, a flat dull-looking place, with good hotels unaccountably stuck down just out of all the surrounding loveliness, was at least a change from the region of excitement; it felt like 'Sleepy Hollow' in the American tale, and in spite of railway whistles at night, the effect if dismal was tolerably composing. Our start by train next morning was only a little delayed from military necessities; women waited on the platform with tearful parting looks as their young men went off, and more influx and delay at Mainz made a rush necessary at Frankfort for those who wished to catch the Homburg train. Thanks to an energetic railway official who took us and our loose parcels in tow, we succeeded; and about one, reached our destination, though all the luggage was left to come on by a later train.

After the vague uncanny rumours that had reached us on the road, it was a relief to feel 'Here we are, and now we shall know what sort of state Homburg is really in!' The Englischer Hof, where we had written for rooms, was certainly *alive*, and our arrival seemed rather an event, causing its active agitated landlord to bustle about in a manner presently explained by the fact that he and two small-boy waiters were now the entire staff of the hotel as to attendance. A cook also happily remained; and some delicate cutlets promptly served up, together with the possession of a pleasant set of bed-rooms, rich in sofas like most foreign ones—(would that *our* hotels would copy them!)—went far to create a sense of confidence in Homburg as at least a temporary refuge. A drive next day shewed us the beauties of its extensive park and charmingly laid-out gardens; an excellent lodging, recommended by Dr. M——, offered us the choice of all its suites of pleasant rooms, at a price unusually moderate; indeed, there was only *l'embarras du choix*, for 'apartments to let' abounded on all the cheerful pretty boulevards, gay with flowers and creepers, which a few days ago had been crowded with equally gay promenaders, now suddenly flown! We were told that the war telegram arrived during the usual evening concert in the Kurgarten, and like a thunder-clap it scattered all the company present. The military band went off to the camp; the guests rushed to pack their boxes for a hasty departure; instead of the brilliant illumination which was to have terminated that night's fête, darkness and confusion reigned in the gay precincts, and within a few hours hundreds of families had left Homburg, to the dismay and almost ruin of its inhabitants, who thus lost the annual harvest on which they depend. As the maid at our hotel dolefully said, 'We have only the Kurfremden, and they are all gone!' Our landlord, an energetic stout man, who talked English with his whole body, appeared half distracted with perplexity whether to keep his establishment open or not; a few stragglers were still there, forming the ghost of a table d'hôte, but the rest had cleared off one morning, after obliging him to sit up all night making out accounts; he would gladly have kept us on for a time at lowered prices, but the dreariness of an empty hotel is oppressive, and no newspaper was now to be seen there; a week ago, he emphatically stated, you had everything—Times, Independence Belge, Galignani, Saturday Review, &c., 'put I have put them all pack, *all*,' said he, beating the air protestingly with his large hands. He seemed to apprehend absolute ruin from a flight of journals that must be paid for!

On the strength of our conviction that a week's stay, at any rate, was absolutely needed to rest and recover our various effects, we moved into No. 7, Kisseleffstrasse, and felt so comfortable there, close to the pleasant walks, with music twice a day from a Homburg band that had *not* gone to the war—so like the Lotos-eaters, indeed, hardly able to contemplate another effort of planning and travelling—that the admonition we received from competent advisers, 'If you wish to go, go at once; or if not, stay on quietly and indefinitely,' was almost tacitly decided in the latter sense. British subjects would in any case be safe from ill-usage; and as the first panic subsided, it became evident that several English families, besides Americans, lingered on, pursuing the water treatment, which my sister had just begun with good prospect of benefit in due time. We could only be guided by what was for the moment obviously desirable, and trust to the future being made clear for us as it became necessary to look further. There had been many gloomy prognostics concerning certain trunks which had left Spa just as the war broke out, and seemed too likely to be lost in the vortex of the Rhine railways. I had more than once put my German to its utmost stretch in fruitless inquiries at the *bureau des vitesses*, where the whole story had to be told to an ill-boding official, who began by throwing up his hands with a strong exclamation at the apparent hopelessness of my cause. However, in a day or two the precious packages appeared, were almost embraced, and not very unwillingly paid for at an enhanced rate, since goods had ceased to be conveyed at all, and everything came on by passenger trains—lucky to arrive before these also were stopped! Our money and our letters also came to hand, producing a tolerably cheerful state of things just as the fence (cordon?) was drawn around Homburg which would, for some few weeks at least, cut off all facilities for leaving it. On the 24th of July the last train for general travellers went to Frankfort, of which our landlord and his wife took advantage, to visit their two young sons in business there, and leave them with good advice for their quiet behaviour, whatever might happen. The lines of communication with Bavaria and Wurtemberg would now be appropriated for the passage of troops, but would probably re-open later for conveyance towards Switzerland, as the destruction of the Baden railway rendered these now the only practicable routes. And at the worst, horses and diligences would be available, we were assured, and people would be no worse off than before railways existed. So we resigned ourselves to our lot, feeling how unspeakably graver and sadder was that of the population around us, already full of preparations for the coming horrors; and perhaps not as fully satisfied to give all for Prussia's quarrel as if they had been original Prussian subjects, instead of Hessians made such by the war of '66. Nevertheless a fine spirit seemed to animate all classes. The women, as they bade farewell to a body of soldiers, who, after marching round the town in procession, departed late on Sunday night (the 24th) for the camp, applied themselves to collecting linen for the wounds that must be; and soon an organized committee was sitting, all hands busily at work, a large barrack being prepared for an hospital. And here, as it were in a cleft of the rock, where the noise of the whirlwind only passed by, we waited for news from day to day. It was a strange lull after the excitement of the first alarm—more awful as it contained such vast possibilities, such vague, yet too certain, promise of calamity to come. Wednesday, July 27, was solemnly observed as a prayer day in all the German churches; and much weeping was heard there, as well as the voice of the preacher committing the result to God.

Up to the 4th of August little had occurred to break the monotony of our quiet life. There was a steady continuous current of preparation for what was to be the special function of Homburg—the care of sick and wounded soldiers. From the moment they had parted with their friends and relations, the good practical housewives had been looking up supplies of old linen from those wonderful presses, which every German bride has filled for her by her parents; a stock to last generally through life! Our landlady, Frau S——, with fourteen others, formed a committee for the best disposal of the material, and soon lint-making was seen going on all round—shop-girls in every interval of business (alas! now very slack) sat pulling out the threads of the coarser linen for the purpose, producing heaps of white fluff; English ladies, whose travelling wardrobe allowed only a few old cambric handkerchiefs for the cause, learned a method of honey-combing, with sharp scissors, small squares for the lint to rest on, which otherwise is troublesome to remove from a wound. This snipping could be done easily out of doors, and we usually practised it with a small knot of acquaintance in the Kurgarten, while listening to the pleasant music of a Homburg band, which happily for us was not required to help the fighting! It gave one a strange sad sensation, this combining of amusement and preparation for such dire distress; and thus it went on for a period—rumours of slight skirmishing on the frontier reaching us now and then, either utterly shapeless or subject to the morrow's contradiction. *Where* the armies were nobody seemed to know, nor when they were likely to meet; it was a pause of terrible suspense, for one knew the evil must come. Meantime, the large barrack on the outskirts of the town was being converted into an hospital, and the demand for 'hands' became great. *Dienstmann*, No. 19, of a corps of neatly-dressed commissionaires, in blue shirts, black belts, and red caps with 'Express' on the front, who had at first been engaged every morning to draw my sister's bath-chair to the Brunnen, became permanently taken up for public duty, and sent a No. 22 in his place, who, however, was occasionally also called on by the Burgomaster to aid in the hospital preparations, and we felt that minor claims must yield to greater! The able-bodied men of all ranks also were formed into a corps of 'helpers' for transporting the wounded to the hospital; and on Saturday, August 6th, the day after we had learnt the first Prussian success in the taking of Weissenburg, the sad work began in earnest. Early in the morning, just as we returned from our water drinking, a bugle was heard, up and down the street, summoning the *Verpflegungs-corps* to meet the coming train. Each member, however occupied, instantly bound a white band with a red cross on it round his left arm, and started for the station, whence an hour or so after a slow procession began to pass along the Ferdinands-Strasse, and up the Obere Promenade, on which our street abuts. From the balcony of a large salon adjoining our rooms, (and to which this exciting state of things gives us free access) we watched the poor soldiers pass; first those who could sit up, in carriages driven at a foot's pace; then the severely wounded, on stretchers carried by long poles: it was too far to see details, which were well spared to us, since mere horror can do nobody any good; but the maids of the house, who had gone close to the road, came back greatly moved by the shocking sight. There were heads and jaws, all one fearful gash—bodies transpierced by balls in several places—yet we were told the worst cases had been (as indeed was obviously needful) left at hospitals nearer to the field of battle; at mid-day a second convoy arrived; and a third was expected late at night, but only came in at two a. m., the delays on the road had been so great; and it was four by the time all were got under shelter. People had been waiting the whole time at the station, with hot coffee, &c., for their refreshment; this seems to be organized everywhere: and it is striking how calmly and quietly all this is done by Germans; there is no noise, no outward excitement, even when the people collect round the placards which tell of victory. A good hurrah would be more congenial to English feelings, but one must admire the concentrated character which talks little and *does* much. Colonel —— (an English officer) was greatly struck by this feature, at the departure of the 11th corps of Hessians, many of them Homburgers, who have since fought with tremendous ardour—mere shopkeepers and men of all peaceful trades and professions as most of them were. The 'reserves' lately called out in the Prussian army consist of those who, from nineteen years of age, have served one or three years in the ranks (those up to a certain mark in education are excused the longer term.) During this period everyone, noble or peasant, goes through the same training as a common soldier; even a prince has only the small privilege of being placed in some corps of Royal Guards, with a little more luxury; but the upper class may live with their families, instead of in barracks at their quarters for the time being. Afterwards they return to ordinary life, subject to serve on emergency, as now, when every reserve but the last has been called to fight. The discipline is terribly severe. Capital punishment is inflicted for small acts of disrespect or disobedience; and the other day, as the troops were coming on by railroad, the train was stopped, a soldier who had given an insolent answer to his commanding officer was taken out, tried on the spot, and actually shot by the side of the line! Thus works the wonderful Prussian machine, strong and inexorable as a steam-engine once wound up; and the Germans seem to feel its *force* against a common enemy atone for much of the wrong suffered by the smaller states now absorbed into its sphere of action.

Our morning promenade among the lovely groves and flower-beds to the different springs, is now a regular scene of news-telling and speculation. A stall with the *Daily Telegraph*, French *Figaro*, and an excellent Frankfort paper, attracts many buyers, in spite of its putting five or six times their price on the English sheets! Some days these are very scarce, and once a *Times* fetched a gulden—one shilling and eightpence! It is interesting to hear some comments from capable ex-military heads, as they pace the long avenue, or stand in a knot near the Elisabeth-brunnen; and then the band strikes up a lively waltz that drowns the voices, or an exquisite opera air that *must* be listened to; and so, in a curious alternation of feelings, one wonders and wonders, and deplores, and admires and enjoys, and goes home to breakfast and calm down one's excitements, and perhaps find letters from home, that throw one, for the time, into quite another atmosphere—when it seems strange again to recall that we are in Germany, in the midst of war!

Events now become so remarkable, that I must put down day by day what occurs.

August 7.—Before I left my room, sundry taps at the door betokened some important matter; I hurry a little, open, and see our maid in conference with Madame, both much excited. 'Such a glorious victory! Telegram just come—four thousand prisoners, thirty cannon taken; the great MacMahon himself—' 'Not *captured?*' 'No; but thoroughly defeated and driven back.' 'Thank God!' I say; 'for the Germans it is great news, and *I* am very glad they have won.' We stand in the salon; just then some gentlemen come up the street talking; I rush to one window, Frau S—— to the other, and listen. Yes, the same story—four thousand *Gefangene*, one hundred *offizier*, &c.; but what is that which sounds like *Mittagsessen?* Madame interprets—'It is de ting what the French kill so many men wiz,'—the terrific mitrailleuse, also captured in some number. An hour later comes up Emma, the housemaid, with the large rose-coloured placard, signed 'Wilhelm,' addressed to the Queen, giving the details of 'Fritz's victory' at Wörth, in black and white, with a puzzling intimation at the close—following 'inform the Queen-mother,'—that *Victoria* (who at first we supposed must be the Crown Princess) was to be *geschossen*. This, however, seems to have meant a salvo of artillery for *victory*. More exciting telegrams come in; alternate periods of war-discussion and quiet church-services make up the day. More trains bring wounded to the hospital-barrack; all last night, till four, the corps were on duty at the station. Such rapid in-pouring creates confusion in the Caserne; heaps of linen and all appliances are there, but can't be found when wanted. However, things will get into shape by degrees; and on Monday our 'Madame' achieves a thorough sorting and arrangement. This is another day of excitement, especially when a late telegram brings the account of panic at Paris, and the proclamation of the Empress, acknowledging defeat in plain terms one would scarcely have expected, after all the presumptuous boasting of the French papers. More capture of guns and prisoners near Saarbrück is reported before the day closes.

August 9.—Fragments of talk on the Brunnen Promenade.—'A Homburg officer just returned with slight wound, says the mitrailleuse is most *awful* in its action; a single one struck down an entire wing of his regiment!' English gentlemen passing: 'Oh, the Germans are only *too* good-natured; if *their* people get as well cared for in France as the French here—' English ladies passing: 'The doctor wanted something to wipe his lancet on, and she actually tore up a nice pillow-case—so reckless! like a wasteful cook.' German servant-girls, walking four together, with sad serious faces, one describing how a family of her friends are wounded: '*der Eine hat der Rücken durchgebohrn, und der Andere ist am Arm geschossen, und der Dritte*—' As I reach the Obere Promenade, a dull *thud* on the ground is heard, and the corps of helpers come along with their strong poles attached to pieces of canvas for litters, and the white badge with a red cross on the left arm, going to meet another train of wounded. Men, women, and children, follow with baskets on their arms. More than an hour after, I see soldiers pass our garden: Germans in fair condition, and looking cheery; French gloomy and vindictive in aspect, some sadly wounded; and the absolutely black Africans resembling marble statues, so stern and motionless! I was sorry the people laughed as they came by; it is an unlucky moment, just as France has been so worsted after all her boasting. In the afternoon I and C. went with Madame to the Caserne, now overflowing with the new arrivals, which it seems were sent on here under a mistake. Many were prisoners not requiring hospital treatment, but they had all to be fed, lodged temporarily, and their clothes renewed; and about a hundred were lying out in the court-yard, on beds which, as well as their bedding, belonged to the regular barrack store, and had been stowed away at the very top of the building. It had been a great business to get them down; but men and women who came only to *look* were made to help, and by this time all was in order. It was a singular scene, as we looked down from a window, this yard full of French and African soldiers, (the latter looking very wild and strange in their tattered oriental dresses,) some sitting up and staring around, with a dark blue burnous flung over their head; others, apparently exhausted, had crept completely under the bed-clothes; and some lay with pale sad faces, and eyes that seemed to wander in quest of some consolation. I could not but wish to go round and speak to these poor fellows, and carried my point through some opposition from Frau S—— and a lady in charge, (the wife of one of the surgeons,) both of whom seemed to think the 'black men' too horrible to be approached without necessity. They were indignant at the French Emperor's bringing such 'wild beasts' to fight civilized armies, and felt strongly impressed with the amount of washing they would require before they could enter the barrack. I had already been talking to one young Frenchman in a ward with some Germans, who seemed so pleased with notice, I could not bear to turn away from the rest; and at length C. and I got through the guard at the gate, with an injunction not to stay long, and *not to give anything;* this last was very peremptory and very provoking, as we had just seen a lady dispensing a large basket of fruit within, and were going to get some for the poor French—however, there was no help for it. We went round and spoke to such of the outside patients as were able to talk; C., with her honest English tongue, generally asking '*Est ce que donnez vous assez à manger?*' while I sometimes learned a little personal history of the men, and how they had fared since their wounds, some of which, alas! had been received three or four days before, and only now *properly* dressed. On every couch there was some bandaged painful limb, or a sufferer from fever, caused by the heavy rains they had passed through since the scorching heat of last week, which several described as terrible. They spoke well of the general treatment they had received in Germany. I did not like to ask much about the engagements where they had been captured; one man murmured, in speaking of Weissenburg, 'They were *too many* for us there, we had no chance!' and another, a very intelligent well-mannered Breton, said, 'It is hard for *us* to suffer, *l'ambition d'un seul cause la misère de tant d'autres!*' and whether he meant Napoleon or Count Bismark, I could but agree, and deplore with him the horrors of war. His time of service would be up, he said, in October; and then, if he escaped the risks of a further campaign, '*je ne serai plus soldat, à moins que je ne le fasse volontairement!*' It seemed very little one could do, but the men looked pleased to be spoken to in their own language; and I dare say it made a small variety in their monotonous suffering, which in some cases had found no rest day or night since the battle. Most had fought either at Weissenburg on Thursday, or in smaller actions in that district on Saturday. In one place the wounded lay on straw in the church till removed for transport hither. Fortunately this was a dry, cool, shady day, and lying quietly out in the air was a relief to the jaded bodies; but in the evening more than a hundred prisoners in tolerable condition were sent back to Frankfort, the bad cases all taken into the Caserne, and each man had received a new shirt to replace the horribly torn and soiled garments they came in. Madame was rather scandalized at our spending so much time among the French, and suspected me—quite erroneously—of a leaning to their cause; but since she has been attending them more herself, I think she is softened, and can better understand our feeling for them as prisoners. I am sure she would attend to their needs as well as to her countrymen's; but to go up and talk to them—*that* was what she could not bring herself to do. It is hard for us to put ourselves in the position of the Germans—we whose land has never been invaded by an enemy for so many centuries. However, there is no comparison between the genial hearty succours organized by the German people along the road, and the strangely chilling arbitrary system which in France actually *prohibits* all gathering at stations for the purpose. It may be only the carrying out of the usual stern French railway discipline, but at the present time it is somewhat suggestive of their notorious dread of popular manifestations.

Thursday, 11th.—Rain all yesterday, and no telegrams, caused a sort of dull feeling of disappointment; this morning talk revives on the promenade, French panic and the dubious state of Paris being uppermost. Colonel D—— observed a French lady in the reading-room yesterday evening, who looked much depressed; and when the band struck up 'God save the King,' (*our* air, which is the Prussian national anthem also) she quite broke down; the triumphant strain was evidently more than a Frenchwoman could bear. I hear since that a good many French residents are leaving Homburg—hotel waiters, &c.—from the feeling that they cannot stay to witness the rejoicings over their defeat.

Wednesday, 17th. A pause again, as regards any distinct news or remarkable events here. We have been several times to a *Damen-Verein*, held in some rooms at the old Schloss—formerly the Landgrave's palace, and occupied in the memory of many, by the English Princess Elizabeth. It stands at the *old* end of Homburg, looking west to a lovely prospect of hills and woods, and is a massive picturesque building, with a tall detached tower in the court we cross to go to the work-rooms. These are apparently offices, of a homely sort, but tidy enough for the purpose, with sufficient clean deal tables and straw chairs, and windows which *we* generally manage to get opened! There is a committee of ladies, who take charge, on fixed days, of the old linen, &c., that is sent in; Frau S—— is one, and on two of the other days the post is taken by a daughter of the late 'Mistress of the Robes' at the Homburg Court; so ranks are a good deal mixed. A few English ladies besides ourselves attend, but mostly Germans of course, among whom a good deal of chat goes on, and cheerful laughter too at times. The lady on duty portions out the work, much of which consists in mending and patching, and contriving how to make the best of ragged materials. The stock now comprises linen that has been in battle, has been taken off the wounded, and washed, and has to be repaired for further use. It often tells a fearful tale, where the clothes have been pierced by bullets, or hastily cut away by the surgeon for some operation or dressing! All these things seem to bring the war so *near*. Happily, the invalids here, aided by cool weather and excellent nursing, have mostly done well, and we now see convalescents often walking about the streets more or less bandaged, or enjoying music and cigars in the gardens. The French are not allowed to go out, I believe; we hear they are terribly dispirited; but some of them have quite won the hearts of the hospital attendants. The 'Turcos' were nearly all sent on to Mainz and other fortresses. They are very unsafe inmates, ready to rob and to stab at every opportunity; and I am told it is a fact that many of the corps are convicts, under a long sentence for some heinous crime, which has been remitted on consideration of their military service! Instances of their ferocity, when placed among the other sick and wounded, soon shewed it was necessary to put them under the strictest surveillance. For the rest, all seem amicable; French books and papers are supplied to those who can use them, and our landlord and others write letters home at their dictation. We have not been there again, for the number of visitors was found too exciting at one time, and none are now admitted without a special card for the day.

18th. Our soldier inmate, who has been billeted on this house for some ten days past, has this evening started for the army, burning to be in the thick of the French campaign. He had been sent back after Weissenburg, with only sore feet, and is a pleasant-looking, healthy young Westphalian, who served on the Prussian side in the war of 1866. We have had sundry chats in our pretty little garden, where he was wont to smoke and saunter, and one day lately exhibited to us all the action of his *zündnadel*, which he was polishing up for future use. Besides the long 'needle,' (which acts on the charge much as the spike of a patent pencil on the lead,) there is a 'secret chamber' between the powder and the ball, which is never opened, and wherein resides the special force of the invention. It can be loaded and fired ten times in a minute, and though inferior in range to the French *chassepot*, has the advantage of never spoiling through damp. We got admittance to the Caserne to-day, to carry some clothes for the soldiers, and a nice

Deaconess (of the Darmstadt Sisterhood) took us into three wards. Two were occupied entirely by French wounded; and we again spent, I must confess, chief of our time with them, greatly struck by the intelligence and refined manners of several. One man was amusing himself by composing and writing down music, and his talk shewed him to have cultivated it scientifically, as well as practically. He told us his parents had been professional musicians, but the Revolution of 1848 nearly ruined them, and he had to learn a trade, and only resumed his art as a *pleasure* some years after. He studied harmony, but the terms were all confusion and perplexity to his mind, till suddenly in singing the bass of a chorus the real relations of chords, &c., dawned upon him! but as he said, 'one would never have *done* with learning music all one's life, it goes so deep—*C'est singulier n'est-ce-pas, Madame?* only six and a half sounds and yet so much to be said by them: now *words* have twenty-six letters at any rate to be combined, and yet they don't express more!' I quoted to him Mendelssohn's saying, 'If I could only *play* it to you, instead of writing, which is so poor!'—All these men had written home, themselves or by deputy, some twelve days ago, and were anxiously awaiting answers, which seem strangely slow in coming. They had plenty of books and papers, and several lay reading quite comfortably; but no priest had ever been near them, though I had been told two Swiss ones had been sent for to attend the Roman Catholic patients. A 'pasteur' had given one of them a small French Gospel, of which I ventured to say *that* was good for us all, being God's Word, and a consolation for the sorrowful; and he seemed to have been reading it. The German Sœur attends these wards, and most of the men praised her kindness warmly, and said though they could not *speak* to each other they understood capitally. One or two seemed to feel it *triste* never to hear their own language, and have to use signs for what they wanted; but they agreed all the arrangements were most comfortable, and indeed the airiness and cleanliness throughout the hospital astonished us. No sick room in luxurious private houses was ever freer from smells, and I suspect the bare boards and absence of all needless furniture in the wards contribute to this result.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO HELP THE WOUNDED.

A SKETCH FOR THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

'It's very tiresome there should be nothing for us to do,' said Isabel Cochrane on one of these late August evenings, looking idly from the window at a shower of falling rain. A thick mist hid from view the highest peaks of the mountain range which fronted her, but it was partial, and left much of hill, loch, and woodland, with a foreground of golden harvest-fields, to be seen and eminently admired. Isabel Cochrane's home was a little house at the very edge of the Highland town of Inverfarie, and she was accustomed to a grand panorama of all that was most beautiful in nature from the back window of the drawing-room. It was not of this that she was thinking as she continued to gaze out with a most unusual air of discontent; and her sister Christine knew it was not, as she replied,

'Very; but Aunt Bella won't hear of our offering ourselves as nurses, and we are so out of the way here, that I am afraid we shall not be asked for any sort of help. I wish we had money to send the wounded—I wish we were like Miss Evelyn.'

The speakers were twins, fair-haired girls of nineteen, with faces that were ordinarily sweet and amiable in expression, and blue eyes melting at the present time in sympathy with the poor French and Prussian soldiers, now staining with their life-blood the battle-fields of France. All their generous feelings were enlisted in the cause, and they had gone to the aunt with whom they lived, and summoned all their moral courage to the task of begging and praying her to let them go out as nurses to the seat of war, and she had just made answer, 'No;' and as Christine said to Isabel, 'Wasn't it hard? They had nursed her through her latest attack of illness; and when Hector came home from Japan with an unclosed wound in his arm, had not they learned to dress it for him? and how then could it be said that they were without experience?'

But Mrs. Drummond considered herself responsible to this very brother Hector, again absent, for the well-being of his orphan sisters; and she felt that they were too young, and too ignorant, not merely of nursing, but also of most of the ways of the world, to be trusted alone among strangers. She had said, 'Nonsense,' and 'they were not to think of such a thing, there would be plenty volunteering without them;' and the twins were bitterly disappointed.

'Of what use is all the French and German that I learned with such pains?' exclaimed Isabel.

'And don't you remember, dear, how Dr. Macphail, when he was attending Hector, said my hand was so steady, and I should make a first-rate surgeon's assistant?' said Christine. 'Why should one be prevented whenever one wishes to do anything great or good? I am sure no one ever would have done anything out of the common, if they had been stopped with "Nonsense" at every turn. Where would France have been if Joan of Arc's relations had interfered with what she thought it right to do?' said Christine, with a leap of her ideas. 'And, O happy Miss Nightingale, that she was not under the dominion of an aunt!' then checking herself, for she was a good little girl in the main, Christine added, 'I am sure I didn't mean to say that, for Aunt Bella is very kind to us, so far as she thinks our good is concerned, only we never can persuade her to see with our eyes, never!'

No doubt it was very sad that sixty could not be persuaded to see with the foolish passionate generous eyes of nineteen; but tangled threads of this nature will run through the lives of the generality of mankind, and Isabel and Christine were not singular in their experiences.

'Come to tea, children,' called Mrs. Drummond, who had a provoking habit of forgetting that her charges had ever grown up.

'Tea!' repeated Christine in a low tone and with a tragic air, as she prepared to follow her sister into the dining-room. 'And our fellow-creatures are dying in thousands on the field of battle, with no one to give them water!' She looked down at her little hands, and felt how useful they could be; was not it a perversion of their natural powers that they should be simply employed in handing tea and buttering scones?

'My dear child,' said Mrs. Drummond presently, 'what are you sighing so loudly for?' and Christine, in the act of uttering one unusually portentous, caught herself up, colouring.

Isabel, however, took upon herself to interpret Christine's thoughts and her own. 'We were wishing, Aunt Bella, that we were like Miss Evelyn.'

'And why?' asked Mrs. Drummond.

'Because she is rich, and we fancy has her own way; and if she wants to do anything for the poor soldiers, I suppose she has only to say so.'

'You suppose? Pray do you fancy that if she wishes to go to the seat of war, she has only to say so, and Sir James and Lady Evelyn will at once give her leave?'

'I don't know; but—'

'My dears, take my advice, and try to help the soldiers at home, without wasting your time in envying those who, it may be, have more opportunities. There is one way, at least; and if you have not found it out before bed-time, you may come and ask me what it is.'

Both looked down; and Christine whispered softly, 'We have already tried that way, but it seemed doing so little.'

'Did it?' said Mrs. Drummond. 'Well, not till we reach the other world shall we learn the full value of intercessory prayer. Do not fancy, dear children, that I wish your hearts were less tender, or your sympathies less easily roused, only they must not be suffered to lead heads and wills astray.'

The girls felt the rebuke, and promised to try and forget, not the poor sufferers over the water, but all unsanctioned desires concerning their relief; and when the evening post came in, their longing to be of use took another direction, for their elder sister Margaret, who lived at Dover with an English aunt, wrote as follows:—'Nothing is talked of here so much as how to aid the wounded in this horrible war. There are Meetings and Ladies' Associations, which I have been invited to attend, but as I am not an influential person, I believe it would be waste of time for me to do so, and I sit at home and sew till my fingers are sore, at pillows, which I stuff with paper, and at hemming sheets. As I have no money, I am glad to give my work.' In another part of her letter she added, 'Women are not so much wanted as strong men to lift the wounded.'

'We have no money either,' said the sisters, looking at one another; 'but oh! how gladly would we give our time if anyone would but put us in the way of knowing what to do!'

Half an hour later, as they were together on the sofa, bending over the last *Illustrated London News*, and reading to one another, in soft girlish tones that trembled as they went on, the tale of suffering that we have all read for ourselves, Mrs. Drummond called them.

'I have found a little broth,' she said, 'for poor Bell Ferguson; which of you will take it to her before the evening closes in?'

Mrs. Drummond had a way of planning similar excursions for her nieces after the day's work was done; perhaps it was only then that she ascertained what was left from the servants' dinner, and how much of it could be spared; perhaps it was that she really had, as her *un*friends were in the habit of saying in expressive Scottish phraseology, a *through other* household, *i.e.* a household where nothing was in its place; certainly, arrangements that might quite as well have been made in the morning were often not made till the afternoon, and things that should have been done before sunset were deferred later. The girls took turns in executing these and other little commissions, which neither of them liked. It was tiresome, when they had thought themselves in for the day, to have to lace their boots afresh, and changing their nice evening skirts for rough apparel, to penetrate some unsavoury close of Inverfarie, a tin pannikin in their hands; and with a slight effort of memory, Aunt Bella might surely have recollected the broth earlier.

'It's my turn,' said Christine, by no means briskly.

Aunt Bella, all unconscious of anything except that she was giving employment to a rather idle girl, went on, 'And, my dear, just ask her how her leg is, will you? It is a long time since she had any liniment.'

'Oh! indeed, Aunt Bella,' remonstrated Christine, 'that's a subject I never mention to her. If I did, she would insist on shewing it to me; and it's quite a wound, and would make me sick.'

Mrs. Drummond did not stay to hear this; and Isabel, who could be sarcastic to others, was never so on the failings of her twin sister; so it was left to Christine's conscience to point out to her, as it did all in a moment, a piece of inconsistency which shocked her. 'Aunt Bella is quite right; I am not fit to gaze on battle-fields and nurse soldiers, while I shrink from a little piece of service near our own door. What must I do?' she thought, as she walked rapidly down the close; 'so many years of trying to be good and consistent, and I have not succeeded yet! Until I have conquered my dislike to going in and out at odd hours, and looking patiently at the sores these people are so fond of shewing, I must not say another word about my wish to go to France; and who knows if He sees me trying with my might to be kind to His sick members here, but He may let me have my heart's wish of being useful to the poor wounded in some shape or other?' For there was a great deal of sweetness in Christine, and a power, Christ-given, of turning the roughnesses and vexations of life into wholesome correctives and suggestions of amendment. So she stood by Bell Ferguson's bed-side, and meekly took her scanty thanks for the relief she brought; while Bell, far more intent upon her miseries and injuries than she was upon Christine's kindness, told her long and rather tedious history of how the *nigh*bours was *that* en*vi*ous of her presumed good fortune in having attracted the notice of Mrs. Drummond and her nieces, that they either *gave her her name*, *i.e.* scolded her, or else left her *her lone*, *i.e.* alone, in her trouble; and when the narrative diverged to her own sufferings from a gathered knee, bore patiently the illustration of them that followed, while Bell with much pain and difficulty, but obvious satisfaction, extracted sundry pins from the folds of flannel and calico, and laid her leg bare.

'Yes, it is indeed a sad place,' said Christine gently. 'My aunt wished me to ask if you did not want some more of that nice liniment?'

'Anything the honest lady pleased,' murmured Bell apathetically.

'But will you use it if she sends you a fresh bottle?' asked Christine, a little doubtful from her tone.

'Oh ay, if it would do me any good; the last was *wild* stuff, and made the knee burn;' and Christine, looking at the little low smoke-dried mantel-piece, discovered, among ancient family photographs, China goats, and fir-cones, the identical bottle of liniment which Mrs. Drummond had left there a fortnight before, and which had evidently been barely touched.

'O Bell, how naughty! Why didn't you tell us you weren't going to use it? How can you expect to get well if you won't take what Dr. Macneil orders?'

'Indeed, Ma'am, that's very true,' said Bell, apparently convinced of her folly.

'Then will you apply it regularly every night? and I will come in a day or two and see how the knee stands it,' said Christine, trying to preserve her temper for the sake of consistency.

'Oh, my darling! nobody else would do what you are doing. That's just what I was saying to Mr. Mackinnon. I said, "There are no such ladies in Inverfarie, so h*u*mble and good," and he said it was very true, and you was good angels.'

Was Christine gratified at hearing what the poor woman and the Presbyterian minister had been saying of her? Not particularly. In the first place, she thought it profane to liken her to anything so holy; in the second, she was uncertain whether Bell's Highland politeness was not causing her to invent this pretty bit of conversation for her pleasure, on the spur of the moment; and in the third, she was thinking how provoking it was of Bell not to use that liniment which everyone knew was the only thing to cure her knee. Instead, it was obvious that the foolish creature had applied to some quack, or 'wise woman,' and was suffering from the consequences. She quitted Bell at last, for it was growing late, and there was no certainty that she would keep a promise, even if under strong pressure she were induced to make it.

As Christine left the house, she found herself accosted by a poor old woman who was watching her progress with interest. 'Ah,' she said, 'it's bad news you have there, I'm thinking.'

'Very bad,' said the young lady, only remembering then that she carried in her hand the last *Illustrated*, which she was going to leave with a sick neighbour, and rightly interpreting the wistful glance of Maggie Forsyth's eyes, she unfolded it, to shew, under their heading of 'The Franco-Prussian War,' certain ghastly pictures of wounded and dying, who strewed like cut-down grain the awful harvest-fields of France, this eventful August of 1870.

'Look at this one, with his poor head raised as if for air; and this, with a face-cloth over his.'

Probably Maggie's sight was too dim to enable her to make out satisfactorily, without her glasses, the various objects; but nevertheless, she was gratified by Christine's kindness, and the sympathy she shewed to the poor inquirer, who might be as much interested as she, but had so few means of satisfying her curiosity.

When Christine entered the house, and found a fire lit, for the evenings were getting chilly in the Highlands; Aunt Bella serenely knitting two stockings at once, after a highly ingenious and rather complicated recipe, which could only fill her less accomplished nieces with distant admiration; Isabel playing old Gaelic airs, inexpressibly sweet, slow, and mournful, on the pianoforte; the kitten gambolling with a clew of yarn on the hearth, and its mother *gaging* in a corner for mice, she began to wonder what good she had ever done in the world, that so peaceful a home should be hers, while war and famine were rendering desolate so many in the sunny land she had often longed to visit.

'One lesson all this shall teach me, at any rate,' said Christine, as she removed her hat; 'if I cannot do as I wish, I will at least try and be very thankful for the blessings I have, and that will be some good gained.'

She went to bed in a contented frame of mind, and fortunately was able to infect Isabel with the same. Still their thoughts were at the war; and the last thing the one said to the other, before they dropped asleep, was, 'How nice it would be to know Miss Evelyn; she is English, and perhaps she could at least tell us how to make bandages, and what is the right way of getting at the Association for Aid to the Wounded; we live so very far north, we know nothing.' Their wish was not long in being realized.

Marcely Evelyn was an only child, and popularly supposed to have everything her own way, but was withal the sweetest natured only child that ever passed unspoiled through a life of prosperity. Her early years had not been marked by unusual holiness; and petted and shielded from rough words, and as far as possible from cross accidents, she might not unreasonably have been expected to develope into an overbearing and vain womanhood. Many predicted that she would, but these saw only the surface of things. Marcely was indeed in the enjoyment of every luxury that money could buy—her home was stately, her dress was perfect; she also had a great many blessings that money cannot buy—the use of all her senses, firm health, loving parents, real friends: and yet she had hardly begun to reflect, before she discovered that life for her was not to be all sunshine.

Sir James and Lady Evelyn had fallen between them into a sort of easy-going religion, which may be designated as belonging to no Church. No religious denomination appeared to them of primary authority, except as it was connected with the State. When in England, they were accustomed to drive in a pompous manner once a day to the village church, where they were the admired of all eyes, or the London chapel which already overflowed with their fashionable acquaintance; abroad, they frequently went nowhere, having a great horror of Romanists in proportion as they were lenient to every species of dissent. When in Scotland, they alternated their attendance between the parish church, (Presbyterian,) and the little unconsecrated chancelless building, pathetic from its poverty, which stood by the wayside, at the entrance of Inverfarie, and was yet deeply interesting to the thoughtful Churchman, as containing an altar, and being the representative of the cottage room of a hundred years ago, when, as Dr. Neale tells us, the clergy of the Scottish Church, at the peril of losing all they had, home, liberty, and means of living, assembled more than the four or five allowed by law, after the rising of '45, for ministering and partaking of the Sacraments, preaching, and hearing the Word of God, and praying for themselves and their brethren.

This indifference about the forms of religion, led as might be expected to a jealousy over the impressions which their daughter received; and when Sir James and Lady Evelyn saw by means of reverent gestures and expressions and earnest looks, that Marcely was differently minded from them, they withdrew the liberty they had begun by allowing her, took away the books which they had given her for elegant poems and pretty stories, but which they now saw had with all their elegance and prettiness, inculcated strict and stern principles unsuited to make the beautiful Miss Evelyn popular in society, and resisted all her efforts to lead the higher life, to which these called her. But in the Providence of God, the means which in some natures might have quenched the spark so newly lit, acted differently upon this one.

Marcely had lost 'The Earl's Daughter,' 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 'The Daisy Chain,' 'On the Banks of the Thorne,' Neale's 'Virgin Saints,' Lady Herbert of Lea's 'Three Phases of Christian Love,' and a small library of other volumes, on which at one time she had regularly spent all her pocket-money; but she had imbibed their teaching in the most impressible portion of her life, and thenceforward she could never again be as if she had not read them. Her shelves were carefully re-filled with books of travel and historical research, Mrs. Wood's and Miss Braddon's novels, with a volume of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, if she must have something for her serious moments; and she was taken to Killarney by way of a treat, Sir James and Lady Evelyn remarking to one another, and to her, that they were sure there never had been such indulgent parents; her every reasonable desire was anticipated!

But Marcely said to herself, 'I had after all no such desires. It had not come into my head yet to wish for Killarney; and though some of these books are nice, I am not sure that I shall like them all. My father and mother are very good to me about things with which they themselves sympathize, but they do not care for my poor little fancies.' It was very much under protest, however, that she admitted even thus much to herself, for her good books had taught her to look into the Bible, and the Bible said plainly, Honour thy father and thy mother; and she did honour them heartily, and tried to think them the models of perfection, which they appeared to her in the days when they changed the colour of her shoes from blue to red, to suit her infantile caprice.

So she read at all events some of the books they had chosen for her, and carried a bright spirit, and one determined to enjoy everything, to Killarney; made light of each little disagreeable of the journey, and thanked them warmly for taking her. But still there was something on her mind; she wanted to be confirmed; everybody was so that had arrived at years of discretion. 'That was true,' said Lady Evelyn; 'but there was no need to think about it yet. Eighteen would be quite time enough, and Marcely was quite a child, not fifteen; it was a mere matter of form, that could take place as well later as now.'

Marcely did not win her request till she was past seventeen, and then only after repeated and respectful urging; and this long interval of waiting taught her, as nothing else could have taught her, how to value the privileges she was seeking for, and led her to inquire the reason of the faith that was in her. The very difficulty that was made of her being allowed once a week to receive the visits of a clergyman, whose classes she was not permitted to attend, made her put an additional value upon the short dry instructions, which he, being what is called a clergyman of the old school, thought sufficient for one so well born, and it was to be presumed so thoroughly instructed in all her duties beforehand.

At Easter she had been admitted to the Blessed Sacrament, and although Lady Evelyn either could not or would not make it convenient to let her remain often, for there were always difficulties in either keeping the carriage for her, or allowing one so carefully tended to walk home from a distance—it is a cumbersome thing to be rich—by incessant watchfulness she had managed to find a few opportunities, and had thus been strengthened in her loving service.

This was the young lady whom Isabel and Christine Cochrane had been so inclined to envy. The flight of English to the Continent, having been stopped by this unhappy war, Sir James Evelyn had given up his intention of spending the autumn in Switzerland, and had taken shooting quarters at Renelg, about a mile from Inverfarie. Renelg was a most unusually lovely place, considering how near it was to a town of the importance of Inverfarie. The house, small, and rather inconvenient, decorated with pepper-box turrets after the style of the old Highland castles, stood at the entrance of a perfect little glen, through which meandered the river Farie, beside birch-clad and rocky banks.

On the day of which I have been speaking, Marcely was standing in the dining-room, picturesquely furnished, with a large wide hearth, decorated with stags' antlers, and twining long tendrils of deer-grass round some pictures of Prince Charles Edward and Flora Macdonald, that hung against the walls, when Lady Evelyn entered.

'My dear, have you chosen your dresses for the meeting? I am going to write to E—— about them to-day.'

Lady Evelyn referred to the northern meeting, held every September in Inverness. The entertainment consists of Highland games, prizes being bestowed on the successful competitors, and these wind up with two balls, at which all the proprietors and strangers in the country take care to put in an appearance, and introduce their daughters; and as the Highland gentlemen go for the most part in full dress, tartan kilts and hose, brogues with silver buckles, velvet doublets with flashing cairngorm buttons, and jewelled daggers, and the ladies wear all their diamonds, the scene is a brilliant one.

'O Mother, please—I don't want to go to the meeting!' exclaimed Marcely, looking up with a world of entreaty in her dark eyes. 'Oh, if you *please* not!'

'Not go to the meeting, Marcely? Why, everyone is going. Lady Alice Fraser asked me last night if I would join her party. She has been promised at least a dozen dancing men. And you need never sit down once. Auchnasheen, as Mr. Fraser chooses to be called, will introduce your father.'

'Of course, dear Mother, I will do as you please,' said Marcely gently; and recollecting herself, 'I am sure I should enjoy the pleasure very much if it were not for the thoughts of this dreadful war. I do wish we might all give it up for this one year, and not go dancing and amusing ourselves, while so many poor men are being mown down like sheep. And I fancy, dear Mother, it would be *such* a pleasure, if you would let me send the money my dresses would cost, to the poor wounded. Oh, I wonder if you would let me!'

Marcely was conscious that her dresses would be at least ten pounds apiece, and like a sensible girl, she grudged such a sum at the present crisis. Like a high-minded, pure, self-denying woman, her heart thrilled within her at the thought of the carnage and agony of the past few weeks; and she longed, even as Isabel and Christine had longed, to be of use in some way to the sufferers of either army.

Lady Evelyn looked annoyed. 'My dear, your father sent five pounds to Trafalgar Square the other day for their benefit, and that was very handsome from him. Mr. Fraser of Auchnasheen, and Lady Alice, only gave three pounds between them. With all our other claims, we can do no more, really. As for the meeting, you forgot, my short-sighted daughter, the loss it would be to trade if it and other festivities were given up. And we certainly cannot let you stay away from your first public appearance in society, too important a matter to be delayed; so consider it a settled thing, my dear, and talk no more nonsense about it, but tell me what you wish to be dressed in? White, I think it should be, but you may choose your own materials and trimmings. I have a fancy for lending you my gold butterfly the second night; everyone says that will be *the* ball, and it would look so pretty in your hair.'

This was all Marcely gained by her timid suggestion. Sir James and Lady Evelyn were set upon taking her to the meeting, and rooms for the two nights were already engaged at fabulous prices in Inverness; she must say no more therefore, but make up her mind to enjoy herself so as not to disappoint them; yet it was a little difficult, as day by day her heart grew sadder and heavier, while she thought of the dead, piled by seventies in their vast graves, and of the wounded sinking to their last sleep in the Church of Forbach, where the altar was removed to give them room, and the story of the Passion of Christ, painted on the walls, was spelt out to them by the feeble ray of the 'perpetual lamp.'

'What makes you so listless, Marcely dear?' asked her mother on the last day of August.

'Listless, Mother? surely not that!'

'Well, you did not look happy at Lady Alice's last night; and now I think of it, your father complains that he has not heard you laugh for days past.'

'Oh, I am sorry! I will try.'

'But, my dear, you were not used to *trying* to laugh. I am afraid you have got some nonsense into your head about the war,' said Lady Evelyn, patting her daughter's pretty hand. 'Speak out, dear, and tell me what it is that is on your mind?'

'It isn't much,' said Marcely, trying to summon her courage. 'Only I have been thinking that I should like to try and do something or other to help the wounded, if I only knew how. I have no money of my own, and you may not think it right to give me a large sum to spend myself, but if you would only let me join one of these associations for aid, I think I could sew for them.'

Lady Evelyn's sympathies were slow, and as yet the war had not seemed to come sufficiently near her to rouse them. She asked incredulously, 'And would that really make you happier? Why, at your age I was thinking of nothing but gaiety; and so long as my personal comfort was not affected, I believe I should have let all the nations in Europe exterminate one another without making myself unhappy. Selfish, I own; but one does not, I am afraid, expect young people to be much else.'

Marcely let her head sink lower, and a look came over her face which reminded her mother of a snowy spring day long ago, when her governess (Lady Evelyn somehow left those things to her governess) was impressing on Marcely's dawning intelligence the narrative of our Blessed Lord's Crucifixion. The child had shewed her quick apprehension in a most unexpected way, by bursting into agonized sobs; and the instructress was obliged to leave off, in order that she might console, which she did very tenderly, telling Marcely that all this had happened full eighteen hundred years before she was born, and that the Lord Jesus, Whose bitter sufferings were making her cry so sadly, had ever since enjoyed the bliss of Heaven with His Father. Lady Evelyn turned away from her study of her daughter's face, and the softening images it called up, feeling that, were she only to look a little longer, she might be tempted to let Marcely have all she wished, and ruin her prospects of a splendid marriage, by consenting to her shutting herself up, and giving away the plenty she seemed to despise.

But Marcely clung closer, feeling as if she must have sympathy. 'Mother, do you recollect taking me to the Academy last May?'

'Yes, of course I do, love, and Millais's picture, that so delighted you. The baby carried away by the inundation.'

'I was thinking of one of 'The Presentation in the Temple.' What a sweet face that Baby had, only not joyous like that of Millais's baby. I almost fancied I could see tears in the eyes. Do you remember Mrs. Browning's exquisite verses?

"This image of a Child,
Who never sinned or smiled,
* * * *
A Child without the heart for play."

And the end of such a childhood was not far to seek. We both stood gazing for ever so long at Gerome's "Jerusalem," with the miraculous darkness upon it, and in the foreground the shadows of the three crosses, each with a tortured form outstretched. Those pictures have taught me so many things.'

'What have they taught you?' Lady Evelyn was almost trembling; these thoughts so seldom troubled her, and breathed from such youthful lips they struck her with awe.

'They have taught me to think of His painful Life, so pathetic, so desolate, from His cradle; and if this had not been enough, you shewed me more during those few days we stayed in Edinburgh on our way here. Do you recollect a copy of Rubens in a small room in the National Gallery?'

'Oh, my dear, no! I have no memory for these things; what was it?'

'A "Crucifixion," my Mother dear; the most awful one I ever saw. I never realized it all so fully before, I never could. But this was of such large size, the colours so bright, the blood—His Blood—looked so freshly shed—and oh, to think it was for me! Mother, I will not do anything that displeases you, but I *must* give myself for Him. I say to myself every day, "I *must* see Him;" and this morning I dreamt that He was quite near in His human Form, and that I should see Him presently. I know that just now I must be content to recognize Him through His sick and poor, but even that is something.'

'My dear dear child, you are excited; I am afraid you are not well.'

'Indeed I think I am, Mother—very well; and so happy, because I fancy I see signs of yielding.'

Lady Evelyn was saved from replying by the announcement of a visitor, Mr. Austyn, the incumbent of Inverfarie. He was an old man, living alone in his tiny parsonage, and solacing himself for the want of clerical society and the separation from his English friends, by cultivating his garden, and writing a book, generally understood to be too clever and deep for any except very learned readers. His pastoral visits were few and far between, for he was a shy man, and one who came out more readily at the call of the poor than the rich. In his absence, the prosperous and wealthy among his flock were wont to boast that they could do anything they pleased with him; but they generally forgot this little figment when he was by, for his presence had the somewhat stately though unconscious repose of a scholar and a gentleman, and his character, with all its simplicity, was a firm one.

'I believe my visit, properly speaking, is to you, Miss Evelyn,' he said, when the first greetings had been interchanged. 'Are you inclined to exert yourself for the wounded?'

'Oh yes!' said Marcely eagerly. 'Tell me of anything I can do.'

'The Society for their aid has published directions for the making of charpie, bandages, &c.,' answered Mr. Austyn, laying 'The Penny Post' for September on the table. 'Do you think you could help me in begging for old linen, and making it up?'

For the benefit of anyone who may not yet have seen these rules, I take the liberty of extracting them from 'The Parish Magazine,' for Berkely, Dursley, Stinchcombe, and Uley.

1st. Money. Contributions of more than £5 to be sent by cheque or otherwise to MESSRS. COUTTS AND CO., Strand, London, W.C., to 'Aid to Sick and Wounded Fund.' Sums of less than £5 may be sent to CAPTAIN C. J. BURGESS, Secretary, 2, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.

2nd. Articles which require the manual labour of ladies and others to make them fit for use. The following specification is from the Society:—*Lint*, *(charpie,)* to be made as follows: Out of clean white soft linen, neither too fine nor coarse; cut the linen into pieces about four inches square, unravel it, and mix the threads up softly, avoiding all knots or hard threads. Different qualities of linen must not be mixed. If any of the linen is at all soiled, wash it carefully in boiling water and soap. Lint is only to be made with carefully washed and healthy hands. Any dirt, or soiling of the thread from sores, however slight, may be fatal to the wounded. *Small pieces of soft old linen*, free from seams or hems, not less than twelve inches square. *Bandages*, two to four inches broad, of stout old linen, or new unbleached shirting. (calico.) These must be cut or torn the selvage way of the thread. Those of three yards in length to be an inch and a half wide; four yards, an inch and three quarters; six yards, two inches; eight yards, two inches and a quarter; ten yards, two inches and a half. The bandages mostly required are those from six to ten yards in length. If not torn in one length, they may be joined with a strong flat herring-bone stitch. The edges and end must not be hemmed, nor any tapes added. Each bandage should be tightly and flatly rolled up, and secured with a strong pin: mark the length of each roll in ink on the outside.

Packages of any such articles may be sent by railway, directed thus:—

Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded,
Care of the Countess of Ducie,
Charfield Station,
Gloucestershire.

or,

The Storekeeper,
Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded,
2, St. Martin's Place,
Trafalgar Square,
London. W. C.

'Oh, I should like it of all things!' said Marcely. 'Thank you for asking me; but of whom should I beg?'

'I propose, and you must correct me if you see anything wrong in my proposition, that you canvass the town of Inverfarie, first calling on Mrs. Drummond, at Gowanfield Cottage; she has two nieces, very good little girls, either of whom, I am sure, will be only too glad to go with you, and supply you with the names of persons to be solicited.'

'Those nice Miss Cochranes, who sit on our side in church,' said Marcely. 'I was longing to know them; but I could only manage to get a bowing acquaintance with one who picked up my Prayer-book for me the other Sunday.'

'Well, then, you will not mind going to see them, and making them acquainted with your object. When you have collected all the linen you can, come to me, and I will see what I can find for you. And then you must have a "Bee;" invite all the young people you can get together to come to Renelg for a long day, and say you will teach them to make charpie and bandages, and see if they do not gladly respond.'

'May I, Mother dear—may I ask them here?' Marcely's face was radiant.

'Who is it you wish to ask, my dear?' asked Lady Evelyn, a little bewildered.

'The young ladies of Inverfarie, Mother. You know we are only a mile from them; it will not be very far for them, and they will like to do good as well as I.'

'Then if I indulge you in this, there must be no further talk of wishing to do more than you can,' said Lady Evelyn; and for the sake of this gain, and of the pleasure Marcely's bright face gave her, she made no opposition to Mr. Austyn's plan, while laying on it certain restrictions, to which Marcely opposed no word of remonstrance. One day only might she devote to calls, and one to making up the bandages, &c., with all the extraneous aid she could press into the service. After the 3rd of September, Lady Evelyn assured Mr. Austyn with some stiffness, friends were coming from England, and other duties would claim her daughter.

Marcely felt that she must make the most of the short time allotted her; and accordingly, before visiting hours on the 1st of September, the Miss Cochranes were surprised and pleased to see the Renelg pony-carriage drive up to their door, and Miss Evelyn, hitherto the object of their distant admiration, descend therefrom. She looked the picture of graceful youth and health; of careful dressing too, as they owned to one another, from the black velvet hat with its Indian feathers, to the preposterously high-heeled little boots peeping from under the short pale blue skirt.

'Oh! is not she sweet-looking?' said Christine to Isabel. 'That lovely fair hair, and the silk net matching it, and such a long delicate throat!'

Marcely came in, shy and gentle. 'Have I taken a liberty? You must tell me if I have. I am acting on a suggestion of Mr. Austyn's; he said you would help me about the wounded.'

'Oh yes; what is there that we can do? We were wishing that we knew you,' said Isabel diffidently. 'We were sure you could put us in the right way.'

'I don't know; I rather look to your directing me,' said Marcely, well pleased at so ready a response; and she explained Mr. Austyn's ideas: and Isabel and Christine, who knew most of the respectable people in Inverfarie, gladly undertook to introduce her. So they set off, making but slow progress through the street; there were so many doors to stop at. Marcely's plan, which was very well organized for one so inexperienced, was, not to remain more than ten minutes at each house, and without preamble to plunge boldly into the subject with, 'We ventured to come and ask your aid for the wounded; we are going to make some bandages, &c,' winding up with a cordial invitation to spend the following day in their manufacture at Renelg. She could not always adhere to her resolution, as in many instances her hostess, with true Highland politeness, branched out into questions about the health of her father and mother; how they liked Scotland, and Renelg in particular; whether Sir James found good sport on the moors, and several other fruitful themes, ending by producing cake and shortbread, and drinking Miss Evelyn's health.

However, she never lost sight of her object, and always returned to it after any temporary lapse, which was the best way of managing; and though they were not at all so enthusiastic as she was, they all agreed in thinking the war a very terrible calamity, and in pitying the poor soldiers, who had done nothing to bring it about, and yet were such sufferers from it; promising to look out their linen, at which talismanic word, however, more than one prudent housekeeper began to look as if Miss Evelyn had been asking for gold.

'There is so very little worn now,' they said; 'and what we have is so useful for ourselves, and the poor bodies, when they come to us with hurts and sores.'

Marcely hastened to deprecate the idea of robbing the poor; and when she assured them that old table-cloths were in great requisition, shewing them practically what small pieces would also be thankfully received, they agreed for the most part to do their best, and to send their daughters, scissors in hand, to lunch at Renelg next day. As the hours went on, she began to find several people absent from their homes: and learning that Mrs. E——, Mrs. C——, and Miss B——, three notable housekeepers, had gone to the railway station to see some of the royalties pass on their way to shooting quarters further north, she followed them there, and arrived in time to catch a glimpse of a grave shy-looking lady in a mauve veil and gipsy bonnet, a prince without the traditional star on his breast, and a sleepy sprig of nobility, nestled down among the cushions of a saloon carriage; after duly staring at which gay spectacle, she was introduced to those she had come to seek, and received their cordial promises of aid.

Marcely next drove to the shops, bought a quantity of shirting, to be cut into strips according to the printed directions; and deposited Isabel and Christine, whose happy tired faces it was a pleasure to see, at their own door.

'Good-bye, Miss Evelyn, how we do thank you; we were breaking our hearts all the week because there seemed nothing for us to do.'

'I assure you, you have been of great use to me,' said Marcely, with a smile, 'and I shall quite depend upon you for to-morrow.' She shook hands warmly with them, and drove on to the parsonage. The door was opened to her by the clergyman himself.

He led her into his study, where the MS. of *the* book lay upon the table, and asking how she had sped in her errand, he unlocked a tall cupboard, and shewed her two white surplices, very fine and old. I thought one of these would have been my shroud,' he said, with a look she had never seen on his face before, it was so sweet and strange; 'but it will not matter in that day what it is that covers my body, if I only have the robe of His Righteousness. And the vestments I have so often worn at His Altar cannot in their old age find a fitter use than this of binding up the wounds of His suffering members. Shall you mind taking them, as you are in your pony-carriage, Miss Evelyn? And will you come and see me sometimes, for I shall not be here long, and there is a blessing on the old and on the dead.'

He handed her out, and laid the white garments on her knee, under the scarlet-lined tiger-skin, and watching her drive homeward, thought how she would be pursuing her career of grace and happy usefulness, long after he should be resting in the little sometime Roman Catholic burying-ground, which was the only consecrated spot in Inverfarie. 'Ah! well,' he said, 'it seems a great many years to look forward to. How glad she will be to lie down at last! Poor little pretty thing! it seems sad that she should ever grow wrinkled and old; but He knows best, and we shall all be made young again *there*.'

Marcely went home, and gave a lively description of all to her mother. 'I have made acquaintance with half Inverfarie; I have discovered to the thriftiest of housekeepers resources which they did not know before they possessed; and I have seen a princess!' said she.

'And you have tired yourself to death meanwhile,' said her mother, taking anxious note of Marcely's varying colour; 'I think you try to run away from me, child, in proportion as I want to keep you.' She drew the young girl to her with a gesture of jealous fondness.

'Sweet Mother, no; I only want to have you with me always,' said Marcely, clinging to her; 'and I am not so tired as I am after a day on the moors with the Frasers and Cholmondelys.'

'Ah, they were here, asking if you could join them at croquet, hours ago; I was so vexed to be obliged to say you could not come. Two days of this is quite enough; I certainly will not let you do anything after to-morrow.'

Marcely sighed gently. 'No; but in case all my young ladies have not finished at once, I may keep the things over till Monday, the 5th, mayn't I? But I will promise that all shall be sent off on Monday.'

'Do as you please, dear, about that; only I cannot have you giving up your pleasant engagements, and your own friends, for more than these two days. On the 3rd your father wishes you to go out riding with him as usual.'

On the 2nd, Marcely, with a copy of the rules before her, seated herself at the dining-room table, cutting pieces of linen into squares for lint and charpie. One by one arrived her guests, each with a white bundle of household stuff under her jacket; and finding them ready to do good service, she instituted reading aloud, which she thought better than the conversation, now stilted, now idle, which was all that could be expected of such a mixed assemblage. She had engaged to join the family dinner, and spend the rest of the evening like an idle young lady; so with kind words and gracious thanks, she dismissed her fellow-labourers after tea, most of them carrying away something to complete, and finding that Isabel and Christine wished to wait until the last moment, she invited them to bring their work into her room while she dressed.

She preceded them up a winding stair balustraded by a crimson rope, to a small turret chamber, luxuriously furnished with a writing-table and reading-stand, a sofa, the smallest possible bed covered by an eider down quilt, and a low velvet chair large enough for both twins to sit in. Tall Bohemian vases of geraniums, heliotrope, and late roses, stood on the *toilette*, beside a strongly bound Bible and Prayer-book, and a little volume of Neale's on the Joys and Glories of Paradise, which, on the plea of its containing hymns, Lady Evelyn, always capricious, had suffered her to retain. There was also a large ruby cross for the neck, and a bracelet with an enamelled Madonna in the clasp, which she had herself given Marcely to wear, whilst objecting to a rough cross of wood that had been used to stand on the mantel-piece, on which the girl with her own hands had carved this sentence from St. Augustine:

> 'He appointed a plank on which to get over the sea; for none can get over the sea of this world, unless he be borne upon the Cross of Christ.'

It had been taken down and reluctantly put away; and now in its stead lay a velvet case, containing a large butterfly of gold filagree work, the outspread wings sparkling with diamonds.

Marcely's maid, who was waiting her appearance, came forward to say, 'Lady Evelyn sent you her butterfly to wear to-night, Miss; she wants to see how it will look at the meeting.'

So Marcely sat down to have it put in her hair. 'Do you remember,' she said suddenly to Isabel and Christine, 'what we read in the papers about that young girl at Weissenberg who was killed after a day's agony by the explosion of a shell? She was so beautiful and young; very likely she was not thinking of death, yet it came. Perhaps she had a pretty little room like this, waiting for her to come to it; and perhaps a mother like mine, who would have suffered anything rather than it should touch me. She must have had lots—' Marcely checked herself in the school-girl phrase—'quantities of things to do, and she never lived to do them. I dare say I am wrong, but I feel so full of life, so busy, I cannot help thinking, what if it were all to come to an end now, directly? Mine would seem such an incomplete life, but would it be so really? Would not the world get on just as well without me? as it has to do without this young girl, for instance.'

No one could ever tell what was in her mind, that she should say this. Everyone who saw her that night is agreed in saying that she spent a happy evening; singing to her father, playing duets with her mother; shewing herself disengaged in thought and action, just as they liked to see her; and carefully abstaining from a word as to her day's employment, because she knew that the subject, so engrossing to her, was not equally so to them. Marcely spent the early part of the following morning in arranging the flower-vases for an expected dinner-party; and when this—rather a work of delicacy, for it required an exertion of taste to satisfy her mother's fastidious eye—had been accomplished, she went out riding with her father on a horse which she had ridden a hundred and fifty times before.

They had not gone far when Sir James and the groom stopped to have a consultation about a covey of birds which they had started in their way; Marcely rode on towards the level crossing of the new railway. Just then a train came in sight, and as her horse began to plunge, she would have moved aside, but she saw, or fancied she saw, that there were no signs of the gate-keeper's being at hand to clear the way; she therefore pressed forward, and knocked with the end of her whip against the cottage window, and the man sprang out, but not quite in time; for the train came on, rushing right through the shut gates, which it crushed and bent, and so close to Marcely's horse as to frighten it into rearing, and throwing the young girl, who lay with her head upon a very stony pillow, till her father and the groom, whom a turn of the road had kept from observing her, came in sight.

A very few minutes, and she was tenderly gathered up, and taken to Mr. Austyn's house, as the nearest, and laid upon his bed. She opened her eyes once, and said, but very indistinctly, 'It—is—all—right—finished;' and so relapsed into unconsciousness, which was not again disturbed till about four in the afternoon, when she died.

Then they carried her to Renelg; and the young ladies from Inverfarie, who one by one came with their finished work, were taken, Highland fashion, up-stairs, and shewn the lovely smiling face. The little hands had been bruised by the fall, and one sprained at the wrist was tied with a laced handkerchief, and folded over a Passion-flower, which had been laid upon her bosom by the maids. Lady Evelyn had not borne to look upon her since she was laid there.

The gold butterfly she had worn in her hair was keeping her place in an open book—the last book, perhaps, that she had ever learned out of. Isabel and Christine, who had a fanciful wish to see it laid, as a type of resurrection, where the Passion-flower was, looked to see what words it covered, and read these stanzas from Dr. Neale's beautiful processional hymn for All Saints—

'Christ's dear virgins, glorious lilies,
Tell us how ye kept unstained
Snowiest petals through the tempest,
Till eternal spring ye gained.
Snowiest still, albeit with crimson,
Some more precious leaves were stained.

In the place where He was buried,
There was found a garden nigh;
In that garden us He planted,
Teaching us with Him to die;
Till to Paradise He moved us,
There to bloom eternally.

'Isn't it very sweet to think of her as one of those?' whispered Christine to Isabel as they slowly made their way down the avenue.

'Yes; and, Christine, if I had the composition of her epitaph, it should be after the pattern of the early Christian's "Marcely lives."'

It was not till midnight that, finding she could not sleep for tossing to and fro on her pillows in restless tearless anguish, the mother rose, and soothed by the darkness, stole to what had been Marcely's room. There was a pale faint light coming through the unblinded window, which shewed her the outlines of the smooth young brow, never clouded by an undutiful or angry thought, and to herself she said, 'This is the end of my trying to keep Marcely to myself; she has slipt away from me, and I shall never see her again, never. Mr. Austyn says God took her, and that she is provided for with the provisions of an angel, and that I must not sorrow, because she is early crowned; but I only feel that we are parted for ever, since I am not fit to go to her, for I have no love; and although I am not learned in the Bible, I have heard it often enough to know that there is nothing God hates so much as lukewarmness.'

But Marcely slept on peacefully, undisturbed by Lady Evelyn's sobs, and surrounded by the piles of white linen which she had taken such delight in preparing for the succour of the poor foreigners in their sudden distress; while the pale starry banners of a magnificent aurora played over the glen and the dusky birch trees; the sheaves of corn which studded the hill, and the silver threads of many a burn and clear pool, winding beneath. Lady Evelyn looked out. Were those the banners of the angel armies that waved abroad in the sky? was Marcely amongst them? Involuntarily she sank upon her knees, awed by the sense of God's presence with her in the room. Perhaps it was the influence of Marcely's spirit interceding for her 'through shades and silent rest,' as well as for the wounded soldiers, whom, it might be, she was called away to help more effectively than she could do on earth.

The gate-keeper lost his place; he would have done so even if no accident had followed his carelessness; to be found a moment off guard at so critical a post, was a thing that could not be passed over; but I have heard that the fact of his dismissal did not weigh so heavily on him as the death of Marcely Evelyn, which his neighbours, as well as his conscience, were inexorable in laying to his charge. Some young people, learned in the good little books of a certain school, superstitiously attributed her early passing away to the remarkable earnestness with which she had set out on her Christian course. 'Good people always die,' they said; but Mr. Austyn wrote in his Sunday sermon, '"And what if she had not been prepared? Might not the Bridegroom have come all the same, and found her unready? Let her example, therefore, stimulate you to try for perfection, and do not be afraid of growing "good." When you are good you will have no cause for terror of the King of Terrors—Death; and will not this be a gain worth dying for even as she died? But now, as a first, or a second, or a third step, whichever it may be with you, in the narrow little path she chose for herself and trod so safely and found so short—let me commend to your practice the duty which she left unfinished, the duty of self-denial and exertion in aid of the wounded.'

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XV. (*continued.*)

NORTH TIROL—WÖRGL TO VIENNA. II.

THE GEBIET DER GROSSEN ACHE—WAIDRING—ERPFENDORF—BEARS IN TIROL—THE HOHE PLATTE—THE 'ŒFEN'—THE PILLERSEE—S. ADOLARY—TRADITION OF LEONARDO DA VINCI—COUNT HUGENOT—THE VOW OF COUNT V. ROTT—S. ULRICH—FIEBERBRUNN—S. JAKOB IM HAUS—HOCHFILZEN—THE WILDALPENSEE, ITS LEGEND—DIE SCHREIENDEN—THE STRUBTHAL—THE SCHWARZE KOPFE—THE MAUTHAUS—DEFENCE OF THE STRUB PASS—MYTHS OF THE BERCHTL—BERCHTESSPRINGEN AND RETTERENNEN—THE ALPENNUTZEN—S. RUPERT OF SALZBURG, APOSTLE OF WESTERN TIROL.

A STRIP OF SALZBURG TERRITORY—LOFERS, LEGEND OF THE THREE SISTERS—THE SAALE—THE KNIE PASS—UNKEN—REUT—LEGEND OF THE THREE BROTHERS—THE SONTAGSHORN—THE STEIN PASS.

A STRIP OF BAVARIAN TERRITORY—MELLECK, THE BAVARIAN LION—ANOTHER MAUTHAUS—ROAD TO MUNICH—THE THUMSEE—BRINE-PIPES, DIFFERENT FROM ROMAN AQUEDUCTS—KARLSTEIN—REICHENHALL, SALT-WORKS—S. ZENO.

IN THE CIRCLE OF SALZBURG AGAIN—THE UNTERSBERG—THE APPROACH TO SALZBURG.

We must take up our interrupted journey to Salzburg, at S. Johann. We are not yet out of the *Gebiet der Grossen Ache*, and when we reach Waidring, it once more lures us to turn aside in order to visit the Pillersee. The road is smiling and pleasant as far as Erpfendorf, in which I do not know of anything remarkable; but here the road takes an easterly direction, and runs through a dark forest of pines, called, I think, the Aussenwald. The Church of Waidring is very interesting, dating its original foundation from the fourteenth century; it was enlarged in the year 1500 by subscription of the parishioners, among whose offerings that of the skin of a bear he had shot, is recorded of one, a miner.* There is practice here for Alpine climbers in the ascent of the *Hohe Platte*, presenting towards Waidring an almost perpendicular wall crowned by a high level plateau of fine pasture; it is reached by a comparatively easy path by way of the Stallen. It commands a splendid view, ranging almost from Munich to Salzburg, and diversified by the wanderings of the Inn, and by the Chiemsee. The Pillersee is not more than a mile from Waidring, by a not very easy path, called the Ofen, by the side of, though considerably above, the torrent. It is a narrow strip of water about two miles long; at its head is picturesquely perched the ancient Church of S. Adolary, whence a fine view of the lake is obtained. There is a tradition that Leonardo da Vinci was once, when passing through this neighbourhood, the guest of the monastery then existing at S. Ulrich at the other end of the lake; and in gratitude for his enjoyment of this peaceful solitude, painted some frescoes in two or three of the neighbouring churches, and that two only—at S. Adolary—remain; both represent the saint, one in his martyrdom, the other in his beatification, surrounded by flocks whose patron he is reckoned. The presbytery has also a curious stiff old portrait of a fish, one of the *Lachsforellen*, which are the boast of the Pillersee, weighing twenty-six pounds; such fine ones are not found now-o'-days. The lake was stocked with them by the monks of S. Ulrich; and now they are no longer protected, the supply is fast becoming exhausted.* The Church of S. Adolary was built about the year 1000 by a certain Count Hugenot of Juvavia, in Salzburg. The surrounding territory subsequently passed to the house of the Counts of Rott, an important family at the court of the Duke of Bavaria. One of these, by name Kuno, made on his marriage with Elizabeth of Lotharingia, the singular vow that in case of their having no children they would found a Benedictine abbey. Not many days later, Kuno v. Rott was called to follow the Emperor Henry IV. in the field, and soon after was killed in battle. Though her wedded life had been so short, Elizabeth devoted her life to the memory of her lost husband; and her first care was to fulfil his vow by founding a Benedictine abbey on part of the lands which had been her dowry. With the consent of Kuno's father, she endowed it with a large tract of country round the Pillersee, in 1073. It was at that time almost entirely uninhabited; the lake, somewhat more extended than at present, reflected in its clear green waters the grandly overhanging Lofer mountains, the Steinberg, and the lower conical peaks of the Leitnerhorn, but it knew no face of man. The monks soon parcelled their land out into convenient holdings, and invited settlers; smiling farms sprang up all around, and before long the village of S. Ulrich gathered round the monastery; others followed in process of time, but of them only S. Jakob *im* Haus, Fieberbrunn, and Hochfilzen, remain. With the rest of the Valley of the Grossache, they were united to Tirol by Maximilian. All are wildly and picturesquely placed, but reached by rugged and uneven roads. The name of Fieberbrunn is derived from a spring flowing near it, and whose waters cured Margaretha

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* Bears are still found in Tirol; seven were killed in the course of last year.

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* Beda Weber.

Maultasch of a fever in 1354. One pointed out by tradition as the same, flows from the side of the hill beneath the church, and is cherished by having a roofed porch built over it. There are one or two picturesque buildings in Fieberbrunn, particularly Schloss Rosenegg, which in the middle of the sixteenth century was the seat of the family of that name, but now inhabited by the superintendent of the neighbouring iron-works.

Three hours more of mountain climbing leads to the curious *Wildalpensee*, so-called. It is not large, but said to be unfathomable. Its waters are of a dark colour, and the dark-coloured fish that inhabit them, besides being very difficult to catch, have so disagreeable a taste and colour, that they are seldom eaten. The people think a curse attaches to the lake, for their history of its origin is similar to those we have already found told of other lakes; only here, the last sin which filled up the measure of guilt of the villagers who found their doom in it, was refusing alms to a poor man. Before reaching the lake, several deep caves are passed, supposed to be lateral shafts of mines exhausted in the time of the Roman occupation. Some eight or ten miles further south, three clear and turbulent streams are met gurgling out of the rock, surnamed *The Screaming Ones*, (*die Schreienden*,) by some thought to be emissaries of the Wildalpensee, for which no other has been found; in summer their waters are found gratefully cold and fresh, in winter sufficiently warm to hinder the freezing of the Schwarzache for a broad stretch from the spot where they flow into it.

Proceeding onwards from Waidring on the Salzburg road, we soon enter the Strubthal, which runs through a narrow gorge, shut in on the left by the *Schwarze Kopfe*, clothed with pines; on the right, by the bare steep of the Steinberg. As you approach the *Mauthaus*, or cottage which stands in lieu of Custom-house,* you seem to be passing through a corridor in some giant's palace, so closely do the natural walls approach; till the remains of an actual gateway remind you how this is indeed the entrance passage to the home of those giants of freedom, who for so many centuries fought for the jewel of loyalty, and how every step of the strait road we are treading is consecrate with the blood of martyrs to patriotism. Here, in 1809, fifty Tirolese sharp-shooters, and a handful of Austrian troops, successfully kept back the whole *corps d'armée* of the Bavarian and French troops for two whole days. And it was only when their ammunition, not their courage, was exhausted, that they were forced to retire with tears in their eyes, and see the foreign hordes pour in through the fortress-gate nature had given them, and which they would still have defended to the utmost, had they been provided with powder and shot! In 1805, they had actually succeeded under similar circumstances in driving back the foe. The Grossachenthalers are true not only to the courage but to the other traditional qualities and customs of their country. Here, stronger than anywhere, the myths of the Berchtl have a hold on the popular mind; but here it is no longer the single restless form identified by some with Pilate's wife, by others with various appearances of the pre-Christian mythologies.* It symbolizes a whole rank of the angelic hosts, who, though they fell with Lucifer, yet fell not of malice, but because he who was a Deceiver from the beginning overcame them with his blandishments: therefore were they not driven down into the lowest abyss, but suffered, as the others fell, to remain to spend their exile midway between heaven and hell, on the highest boughs of lofty pines, or on the jagged peaks of the giant alps. Not all are of the same mould: some are inclined to do good to mortals, cheer them, and bear their burdens; others, envious of the redemption vouchsafed to man, vent their spite in a thousand provoking ways; but both are to be won and propitiated by the treatment they receive; scorn and defiance meet with ready revenge; yet have they it not in their power to do harm, except where one has laid himself open to blame; nor may they at will approach the abodes of men but at certain times, such as the genial Christmas and Epiphany season, and the Advent preparation. The time when they are once more consigned to their remote dwelling-place is the occasion of a popular game called the *Berchtesspringen*, in which all manner of elfish tricks in assumption of the character of the Berchta are played off by the merry peasants one against the other, together with much ludicrous mumming, making a sort of carnival of the Epiphany. The government has interfered of late years to forbid wearing masks, and this has virtually destroyed the sport. All their games partake the same hearty character. That called the *Retterennen*, a kind of wheel-barrow race, is the most characteristic, but it must be seen to be understood.

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* The toll-office was removed hence to Waidring, February, 1870.

The return with the herds into the valley from the higher Alpine pastures at the close of the summer—the *Alpennutzen*, as it is called—is another occasion of jubilant excitement. The *Senners*, who consider it a trophy of their toil to come home in a shirt long guiltless of washing, wear very little other clothing; though they adorn themselves and their kine with wreaths of flowers, and with the leathern braces and gloves, cow-hair sieves, wooden spoons, and pine-fibre slippers, in making which they have consumed every moment not required in attention to their cattle. The whole village turns out to welcome the beloved processionists, and the greeting is as affectionate as it is frolicsome.

As the road begins to widen, we find ourselves gazing out on the eastern side of the conical peaks whose western side we saw walling in the Pillersee, a sign that we are out of Tirol; yet there is much still to connect our thoughts with it, for it was by this way that S. Rupert brought the faith to Western Tirol from Salzburg. S. Rupert was abbot of the Benedictine monastery of S. Peter in Salzburg, and this apostolate was a great occasion of intimacy throughout the respective localities. In 889, King Arnulf gave the Grossachenthal and the

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* See Part V., vol. vii. pp. 498-500.

Zillerthal to the Prince-bishop of Salzburg in perpetuity; and though they subsequently became subject to Bavaria, and even after their reversion to Tirol under Kaiser Max remained spiritually subject to the Bishop of Chiemsee, the jurisdiction over them was yet finally restored to the Arch-diocese of Salzburg; the cathedral of Salzburg is therefore their metropolitan church, and it is quite akin to our purpose to hear a few of their traditions. In order to share the treasure of salt which abounds here, in a neighbourly way, the Bavarian territory, in defiance of the natural boundary doctrine, is suffered to run a little promontory, so to speak, into the surrounding Austrian ocean; thus the road from Pass Stein to Reichenhall is an isthmus of Bavarian soil, and the Bavarian Lion, ignobly painted with a pound of candles dangling from his paw upon the inn-sign, displays the change of nationality.

The road has for some miles been rapidly descending, and on reaching the bottom of the valley, we are brought to the pretty little town of Lofers. Lofers is completely nestled round by mountains on every side, the lower spurs wooded and cultivated with a smiling vegetation. There are rough and rugged rocks, too, in the neighbourhood, and caverns which repay exploring. In one of these, it is told, two female forms are to be met weeping and wailing, one all black, and one habited in black and white. They are the daughters of the richest man in Lofers, who, when he died, left to his three daughters so large a store of gold, that it would have taken the longest life to count it. 'Let us measure it out with the bushel measure,' said the eldest sister. 'Agreed!' said the others; and accordingly they set to work to measure the gold in the bushel measure, pouring out the contents in three heaps, But the youngest daughter was blind, and so when her envious sisters filled the measure for themselves they heaped it well up, but when they filled it for her they turned it upside down, so that they only had to put in what could be contained by the bottom rim, hypocritically bidding her feel each time if it was not well heaped up. Thus they lived in riches and plenty, while she had scarcely enough to support life. But at their last hour, the angels came and folded their wings round the injured blind girl, and carried her softly to the realms of peace; but the two envious sisters must ever wait for their release; while a fierce dog, with fiery eyes, guards the vats in which lie their treasure, until some one shall set his vigilance at defiance: nor is this so difficult as it seems; for if anyone fixes his gaze on the fiery eyes of the dog, he disarms him, and then he can possess himself of as much of the treasure as he will, and pass out by the other side. Still, if he is frightened at the monster's appearance, and wavers, the dog springs on him, and crushes him in the instant; so few dare attempt the feat: and thus it is, that while one of the sisters is partly clothed in white because some treasure has been taken out of her vat, the other is still all hopelessly black.

. On we go again, and are soon out of the flat meadows round Lofers; once more we enter a rocky defile, solitary and oppressive but for the blithesome Saale, which leaps merrily beside us over the great boulders of rock that obstruct its course, and babbles bravely as it goes, as if to shew that for all its running it is not out of breath. Closer grow the rocks, narrower the way, and once more we pass through a doorway in nature's walls; this is the Knie Pass, fortified by the Prince-bishop of Salzburg in the Thirty Years War. More bold rock-work, and then we come upon Unken, which is not unlike Lofers, but that it is higher placed, and more closely in-girt with mountains. It has, too, a somewhat analogous legend to that of the three sisters: this one is the history of three brothers. Do you see those three sharp-pointed peaks?—Well, which? there is such a lot of sharp-pointed peaks.—Why, those three, there, that look so black, and stand so stiff and stark against the sky: those are the *Drei Brüder*. At Reut—a little *Hausergruppe*, which you may or may not have noticed across the river on your right as you entered the Knie Pass—there once lived three brothers, who devoted themselves to chamois hunting to the neglect of everything else. At least, the two elder ones did. The youngest did not care so much about it, but his brothers were always at him to make him come with them. At last, one Sunday, they over-persuaded him, and away they went together long before break of day—so early, that they had reached the summit of the *Wand* before the sun himself. Suddenly, as they moved stealthily about stalking their game, the fine clear tones of the church bell of Unken pierced through the air, singing, 'Ave Maria, gratia plena!' 'It rings to prayer, brothers,' said the youngest; 'let us go down.' But his words were lost in the air like the warning of the holy bell, and the brothers clomb their way yet higher after the track of their game. Presently the fresh morning air once more came charged with the sound of the holy bell. 'Brothers, it rings to Mass,' said the *Bursch* who had spoken before; 'let us go down.' 'The bleating of the little *Gemsen* is better music than the Church Mass,' said his profane companions, and they continued to pursue their sport. The youngest brother's heart beat the drum to the treble chimes of the church-bell, but the warning sound was silent again; but that was poor comfort, for he knew the holy Office had begun, and now it was no longer time. The sweat stood out on his forehead, and when the report of his brothers' *stutzen* resounded through the mountains, it seemed like a fearful voice proclaiming their doom. Another voice came, it was the bell of Unken Church once more, not now sounding out a quick and jocund succession of sounds, but with its deep and solemn 'Holy! Holy! Holy!' proclaiming loud to Heaven and earth that the *Wandlung* was accomplished. 'Brothers! it rings the *Wandlung!*' sobbed the terror-stricken Bursch in wild despair. 'Silence, fool!' exclaimed the others; 'hunting is finer than kneeling at Mass, any day!'—What was that! It was not the echo of the *stutzen* this time, for no game was near. Again louder and louder the thunder pealed, the angry clouds bore down upon them like ships of war pouring out their broadsides; with fearful roar and clatter the lightning danced its maniac dance around them, and they could not escape from the charmed circle. When the storm was spent, and the blue sky once more serene, there, where the people of Unken as they went in to Mass had seen the three brothers standing, were the three stark, sharp-pointed, black peaks.

I thought it was hard the youngest brother should have been involved in the same fate as his brothers; but if he found favour it must have been in Purgatory, for there stand the *Drei Brüder*, all equally stark, sharp, and black.

Another peak, interesting to climbers, but about which I could not find any legend, is the Sontagshorn—though the name seems to suggest that it has one—which is visited from Unken.

After Unken the valley narrows rapidly, and carries us through the Stein Pass, another oft-fortified oft-contested position: we pursue our way a short distance through it, and then we are out of Salzburg soil. But only for a little space, and the Bavarian Lion on the inn-sign at Melleck, where we halt, symbolizes the fact; as does another *Mauthaus*, where the Austrian and Bavarian customs officers are content to abide peaceably under the same roof; but having taken the precaution to have the Austrian seal put on our luggage, we have nothing to trouble them with, but a slight inspection to make sure the seals are intact. While the postilion is making his preparations for the steep ascent before us, we have time to study the beautiful mountain prospect; and indeed this strip of Bavarian territory is one of the most pleasing stretches of our route. Then we start again, and toil up the slope which culminates in the great Gebersberg on our right, having left the poor straggling hamlet of Schnurzelreit some time before on our left. The next incident is a road running into ours at a right angle on the left; it is the means of communication of this part of Bavaria with the capital, now only in use as far as the railway station of Traunstein.* Further on is a pretty little piece of water, dignified with the name of the Thumsee; and for some distance we have a view of the pipes for conveying the brine of Reichenhall to be converted into salt at Traunstein and Rosenheim, about one hundred and fifty miles.† There is something grand in the loftiness of these constructions, and the manner in which they cling to the rugged rocks; but it is impossible not to institute invidious comparisons between them and the aqueducts Rome would have built. More in character with the scene and the locality is the ruined castle and alpine church of Karlstein, under which we pass, and again on the left—for on the right is nothing but the bold rise of the Gebersberg—shortly after rejoining the line of the Saale, which we quitted after leaving Lofers.

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* An uninteresting little town, not to be confused with the mountain called Traunstein in the Salzkammergut, which we shall visit later.

† These were originally constructed in part because it was easier to convey the salt in this form into the centre of the country than after its conversion, and partly on account of the facilities afforded by neighbouring forests for obtaining fuel for boiling it.

The road now descends to Reichenhall, a busy town, with engineering works and furnace chimneys, and gigantic stacks of fagots and logs, all belonging to the salt-works—which are here of a most flourishing description, and amply supplied by the rich salt-springs in the neighbourhood; but we must not be drawn aside, however attractive the exploration might prove. We are hardly out of sight of Reichenhall before we see the Monastery of S. Zeno, suppressed by Joseph II., but the building is well maintained as a girl's school; the church, an ancient foundation, has some remarkable early sculptured monuments. Once more the road strikes away from the line of the Saale, and we are again in Austrian Salzburg, though it is more than an hour before we reach the metropolitan city; and as there is nothing particularly to attract our attention in our immediate surroundings, we can study the fantastic outline of the mysterious 'Wunderberg' as it rises above Reichenhall, or look out for the noble eminence with castle-crowned crest, and all the spires and domes, of Salzburg, round which the great Noric Alps seem to stand on guard, and form a crown of glory.

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

THE WHITE MAN.

A WORK OF PEACE IN THE TIME OF WAR.

During the terrible war which is now desolating Europe, we hear frequent mention made of the Geneva Convention, and of the heroic and self-denying efforts of the Knights of St. John. An account of the origin of this benevolent Convention will probably interest our readers at this period.

The bloody day of the Battle of Solferino, 24th June, 1859, was drawing to a close. Thousands and thousands of dead bodies covered the wide battle-field, while the heart-rending cries of agony from the wounded rent the air. The survivors and the uninjured are also in a terrible position; for whole battalions are entirely destitute of provisions, water is nowhere to be had. A poor Tyrolese, lying close to the bivouac of some French Hussars, entreats for a drink of water, but they have not a drop more, and he must miserably perish of thirst: next morning, alas! he is found dead, his lips covered with foam, and his mouth filled with earth. The silence and darkness of night sink down over all these scenes of horror and anguish.

And more dreadful still is the dawn of the ensuing day, when the sun pours his fiery beams over this field of death and indescribable wretchedness. What tortures await the poor wounded in this heat! and no cooling drink to refresh them, nothing but a little brackish and unwholesome water to quench their thirst. Added to this, the atmosphere was poisoned by the numbers of corpses, which it required three days and nights to bury. The ambulance waggons, too, came very slowly to take the wounded to Castiglione; whence they were to be conveyed to the hospitals of Brescia, Cremona, Bergamo, and Milan, to have their wounds dressed and their limbs amputated. It was a very long time before all could be removed, and the transport was most tedious and painful. The number of wounded was so much larger than had been expected, that the most necessary means of relief, as well as sufficient attendants, were wanting. Even when the poor fellows arrived at places where provisions, water, lint, &c., were to be had in abundance, still a large number of them had to hunger and thirst, because there were not hands enough to feed them and bind up their wounds.

How awful were the three days that followed that battle! The wounds of the wretched victims of war were poisoned by the heat and dust, and aggravated for lack of dressing: hundreds died; and many, horrible to relate, were hastily buried alive with the dead. The Lombard peasants plundered the wounded and dead in the most cruel and ruthless manner. A French regiment, who had left their knapsacks behind, that they might the easier scale the heights of Solferino, found them, next day, on their return, completely empty; everything had been stolen during the night, their linen and uniform, all their little fortune, and those tokens of affection which recalled their family and their country, given them by their mothers, sisters, or betrothed.

In the midst of all these scenes of horror might be seen the figure of a young man, going hither and thither and performing the office of the Good Samaritan; he is called by the soldiers 'The White Man,' because he dressed completely in white. He is a Swiss, who has been stopped while on a pleasure tour by the war, has witnessed the battle, and now cannot leave the spot because the misery around rivets him to it. As he goes from one to the other with a jug of water and some lint for several days after the battle, he is everywhere welcomed as a benefactor, so deficient were the arrangements for the care of the wounded in the victorious army of the nation which boasts of being the most warlike on the earth. Our brave Genevese—his name Henri Dunant—is now known throughout Europe; gives himself soul and body to his noble work, and presses all he can lay hold of into his service. When all the wounded were removed from the field of battle, M. Dunant transferred his benevolent labours to Castiglione, where, on the floors of the hospitals and churches, men of all nations—French and Arabs, Germans and Slaves—were laid side by side. Oaths, blasphemies, and cries, which defy description, resounded through the vaulted roofs of these sanctuaries.

'Ah, Sir, how I suffer!' said one of these unfortunate men to M. Dunant; they abandon us, they leave us to perish miserably; and yet surely we fought very well.' Notwithstanding the fatigues they had suffered, and the sleepless nights they had passed, yet rest would not visit them; in their distress they implored the help of a surgeon, or rolled with despair in convulsions which terminated in lock-jaw and death. Dunant contrived as speedily as possible to get possession of a church to serve as a hospital; here five hundred soldiers were laid, and one hundred more on straw outside, covered with an awning to protect them from the sun; good women, many of them young and beautiful, went from one to the other with pure water, to quench their thirst and wash their wounds. Then soup was distributed in large quantities. Great bales of lint were brought in, which could be used *ad libitum*. 'Many recruits,' says M. Dunant, 'had been meanwhile made for the good work; an old naval officer, and two English tourists, who wishing to see everything had come into the church, were almost forcibly retained; two other Englishmen, on the contrary, from the first shewed their desire to aid us. They distributed cigars among the Austrians. An Italian abbé, three or four travellers, a newspaper editor from Paris, and some officers who had received orders to remain at Castiglione, lent their assistance. But many of our volunteer helpers left us in succession, unable to endure the sight of sufferings which they could so feebly alleviate. A young French tourist, oppressed by the sight of these living wrecks, suddenly burst into tears. A merchant of Neuchatel devoted two days to dressing wounds, and to writing farewell letters for the dying to their relations. A young corporal of twenty years of age, with a sweet and expressive countenance, had received a ball in his left side; his state gave no room for hope, and he knew it himself; after I had helped him to drink, he thanked me, and added, with tears in his eyes, "Oh Sir, if you would only write to my father, and ask him to console my mother!" I took the address of his parents, and a few moments after he had ceased to breathe. An old sergeant who had several decorations, said to me with deep sadness, with an air of conviction and cold bitterness, "If they had attended to me sooner I should have lived, whereas now this evening I shall be dead!" His prediction was only too true. "I will not die! I will not die!" vociferated with ferocious energy a grenadier of the guard, who had been full of strength and vigour a few days before; but who, mortally wounded, and feeling that his moments were numbered, was combating this dark certainty: I speak to him, he listens to me; and this man, softened, appeased, consoled, at last resigns himself to die with the simplicity and candour of a child. Fatigue, want of food and rest, morbid excitement, and fear of dying without help, developed even among the most intrepid soldiers a nervous sensibility which gave vent in groans and sobs. One of their dominant thoughts, when they are not suffering too cruelly, is the recollection of their mother, and the apprehension of the grief which she will experience on learning their fate. The body of a young man was found who had the portrait of an elderly woman, doubtless of his mother, hung round his neck; with his left hand he seemed to be pressing this miniature to his heart. Among the Austrian wounded the scenes were still more heart-rending. One young man, of twenty, attracts the attention of all; he is a prey to fever, and his hair is quite white; both his comrades and himself affirm that it changed on the day of the battle.'

After Dunant had established some order in the hospitals at Castiglione, he proceeded to Brescia, where meanwhile the hospital service was tolerably well organized, but where many comforts and little luxuries were wanting, tobacco especially, the smoke of which is so beneficial in overcoming the mephitic odours of the overcrowded churches and hospitals. In the company of a benevolent merchant, he supplied the churches and hospitals with pipes and tobacco. Here noble men and women joined him. But their number was far too small, and they had neither skill nor experience in their work. It is a fact that during the first week, when the surgeons shook their heads and said, 'Nothing more can be done here,' no more trouble was taken about those patients who were left to their fate—that is, to death. Others died without being able to obtain the letters from home which were lying for them at the post-office, the attendants positively refusing their earnest requests to fetch them.

The 'white man,' after weeks of benevolent work among the dying and wounded, returned to Geneva; and three years after he published his recollections of the time, under the title of 'Un Souvenir de Solferino,' at first privately for circulation among his friends, and then publicly. Dunant speaks with great modesty of his own work; and when he does so at all, it is evidently with the object of inducing others to do the same. 'Would it not be possible,' he inquires, 'to establish in times of peace, associations of volunteers whose object would be to attend to the wounded in time of war, to help the army surgeons on the battle-field and in the hospitals?' For this Dunant intreated—his book and his earnest appeal were not without effect.

The 'Société d'Utilité Publique' of Geneva took up the matter on the 9th of February, 1863. General Dupin became president of a committee for carrying out this object. On the 11th of September it issued an invitation for an international Conference, which met on the 26th of October, and at which France, England, Italy, Holland, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, Wurtemburg, Baden, Saxony, Hesse Darmstadt, and the Knights of the Order of S. John, were represented. It was decided to establish a committee in each of these countries for the sanitary service of the army in time of war, the duty of which was to provide material means of assistance, and enroll volunteers to attend on the wounded and support the official authorities. The wish was also expressed that belligerent powers should proclaim the neutrality of all hospitals both on the field and in the towns, as well as of the sick and their attendants.

The proposals of the Conference at once received the official acceptance of several states, and the outbreak of the war between Denmark and Germany quickly realized their beneficial effects. A central Committee was formed in Berlin, which was soon in complete activity: 158 volunteer attendants to the wounded, 40 male and 118 female, were despatched to the seat of war, where they rendered the most valuable assistance, and were the means of alleviating much suffering, and of saving many lives. Whilst Dunant's ideas were being so nobly realized on the battle fields of Schleswig-Holstein, the Swiss Government, at the request of the Geneva Committee, on the 6th of June, 1864, invited all the civilized powers to an international Congress at Geneva. This sat from the 8th to the 12th of August: sixteen states were represented at it, but not the same as in 1863. Austria and Bavaria, the German Bund and the Papal States, refused to attend; Great Britain, Saxony, Sweden, and the United States, sent representatives, but gave them no powers to negociate. However, the representatives of the twelve States of France, Prussia, Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Hesse Darmstadt, Italy, Holland, Portugal, Switzerland, and Wurtemburg, signed an international Convention, which was afterwards ratified by their respective Governments. Through this all ambulances and military hospitals which contained sick or wounded were declared neutral, as well as all persons who were employed in them, attending on or transporting the wounded, including the chaplains. All inhabitants of the country who hasten to the help of the wounded are to be respected, and considered free; in every house in which a wounded man is received and taken care of, he is to serve as a protection, so that its inhabitants are to be exempt from billeting and from paying war contributions. Wounded and sick soldiers are to be received and tended, irrespective of the nation to which they belong; those incapacitated for service are when convalescent to be dismissed to their homes, but under the condition that they are not to take up arms again during the continuance of the war.

Miss Nightingale, whose name is so well known since the Crimean War, wrote as follows to M. Dunant on the subject of his plan.

> Claydon, Bucks., Jan. 14th, 1863.
>
> Miss Nightingale read attentively, and with great interest, the horrible account of the battles written by Monsieur Henri Dunant; she says it is only too faithful a representation.
>
> She entertains no doubt with regard to M. Dunant's proposal. . . .

A uniform and easily recognized flag is to hang over all hospitals and ambulances, and a band round the arm to be worn by every neutral person connected with this service. Both flag and band consist of a red cross on a white ground.

In Germany alone, no less than eighty-five societies were formed early in 1866, in connection with the central one in Berlin. In time of peace they have rendered assistance during infectious epidemics, floods, and conflagrations. But the great and noble work which they performed during the short and bloody war of 1866 in Germany, and are now so heroically accomplishing on the ghastly battle fields of France, will live for ever in the annals of Christian benevolence and self-sacrifice.

JAMES F. COBB.

PALLAS DE VELLETRI.

(SEPTEMBER, 1870.)

WHILE sharp throes shake, and shuddering tremors freeze
The white-walled city and her palaces,
Her careless folk that chatted at their wine
Beside the fountains that no longer shine,
Who watch the hours slide by them, and the suns,
Before their doom is roared by German guns;
Meseems again within the Louvre I stand,
Where marble Pallas lifts her warning hand,
And hear the words those parted lips would speak,
As hear we must, were not our ears too weak.

Have I not warned you? so she seems to say,
Have I not pleaded plain as marble may?
So have I spoken, since in Grecian land
The dream my poet dreamt, the truth he scanned,
Lay visible in marble, to the ken
Of each beholder in a world of men.
But who of all that saw me, cared to stay
But for one hour to learn what I would say,
Nor quit me for some slight nymph carved afresh,
Whose message was not to the soul, but flesh?
Lo, I have spoken, and ye would not hear:
And therefore now, behold, the end draws near:
My end, perchance: and so my voice I lift
Once more in face of woe that cometh swift,
For ye may find me shattered on the floor,
When once the Prussian guns have ceased to roar.

I bid you leave your lust of heapen gold,
Of silken robes, soft beds, and lands untold
To grasp the nobler glory and the ease
Of men who dare be great with none of these.
I bid you yield the things of low desire,
To spurn the baser life and choose the higher;
I bid you vanquish all that drags you down,
To barter human life for tinsel crown;
I bid you, as I bade old Greece and Rome,
Be strong for truth and fatherland and home;
I bid you seek to stand in harmony
With that High Will that moulds all things that be;
And when your time shall come, I bid you die,
Without complaint, or tears, or vain reply;
But on this matter surely ye should know
More truth than Pagan Pallas. Be it so.

Yet though I fall, and though ye fall with me,
Know that the coming years shall surely see

The working of that wisdom plainly shewn,
Whereof I am the marble type alone.
For through all time it works, and all event;
Though Paris fall like Rome, and thrones be rent,
And armies clash, and human fibres bleed,
And earth turn hell through harsh and bloody deed;
Yet in the far-off future, silver-pale
Glimmers a dawn whose promise shall not fail,
When men forget their own in others' bliss,
Nor envy happier folk for joys they miss,
Nor sell men's souls for greed and think no shame,
Nor count men's lives of lesser worth than fame.
Thereto One works through dread and strange behest,
That men may learn His Wisdom—which is best.

MARY BRAMSTON.

HINTS ON READING.

ANOTHER of Miss Sewell's wise and well-considered books, *Thoughts for the Age*, (Longmans,) will, we are sure, be valued by many who want guidance in the numerous questions of right and wrong that come before every thoughtful person in these days.

Mr. Macmillan's Sunday Library continues its useful course. Miss Keary's *Nations Around* is an admirable compilation—full of picturesque interest of the most recent discoveries respecting the history of the ancient Egyptians, Phœnicians, Syrians, Assyrians, and Persians, so far as they came in contact with the Israelites. The portion that treats of the siege of Jerusalem is specially vivid and interesting. And this volume has been followed by *St. Anselm*, by the Rev. R. W. Church—one of the most interesting biographies we have ever read, filling those mediæval times with life and individuality.

The Rev. J. W. Blunt's account of *The English Bible*, (Rivingtons,) is well worth study, now that the minds of the uninstructed may be in danger of being unsettled as to the importance of the criticisms on our translation about to be made by the Revision Committee.

Lady Barker's *Station Life in New Zealand* is not only delightfully animated and amusing, but shews the great means for good that lie in the hands of a right-minded lady, who refuses to acquiesce in the public opinion that decides that exertions for the benefit of any class are of 'no use.' Would that all colonists had her sense of duty!

The Rev. W. Heygate's Poems we recommend to those who love to animate their history with poetry; and Mr. and Mrs. Nevil's volume, to those who love a collection of tender and thoughtful religious poetry.

The spécialité of the choice little volume of poetical remains of the Rev. S. Rickards, is the verses upon wild flowers, which will be a treasure to those who follow the pretty fashion of providing their herbariums with mottoes.

Unawares, by F. M. P., (Smith and Elder,) is a charming picture of French country town life, with a very noble hero and engaging heroine.

Aunt Judy has lately had a capital story called 'Walter James, or the Lost Name Restored;' and the main tale, 'Kirstin's Adventures,' keeps up its originality and interest.

The Churchman's Companion has, to our great relief, finished that strange exaggerated story, *Omnia Vincit Amor*, and begun two much more rational ones, of which 'Slowthorpe' promises to be practical and excellent. The best story it has had for a long time past is in this volume, and conveys an awful lesson against off-hand carelessness, conveyed with a simple reality of narration that renders it both touching and terrible.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

In the May number of 'The Monthly Packet,' F. L. *asks where to find the line*—

'The light that never was on sea or shore.'

It is in Wordsworth's Elegiac Stanzas, *suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont. The verse in which the line occurs is*

'Ah! *then*, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.'

E. A. B. *begs to know if anyone could tell her, where to procure the music of a hymn that was sung by the sailors on board a sinking ship. She forgets the title, but remembers that one line is*—

'Lone, lone is the deep.'

—*The request does not sound like a* very *hopeful one. We hope some Correspondent may be able to answer.*

T. L. C.—Bits from a Note Book *are by the author of* Meditations on the Collects *and* Sketches of Irish Life. T. L. C. *will be glad to hear that she has many more such* 'bits' *in reserve.*

Ella.—*Hymn* 78, *Rev. G. H. Smyltan;* 132, *Rev. R. W. Kyle;* 180, *Rev. F. A. Baker,* (1565); 237, *Rev. Sir H. W. Baker;* 244, *an ancient Latin hymn, translated by Dr. Neale. Of the other three from the* Appendix *to* Hymns Ancient and Modern, 360, 338, 375, *perhaps some Correspondent can give the authors.*

A Parish Priest *would be glad to receive some hints relative to the foundation and conduct of Bible and Prayer-book classes. He would also like to know what Tales have been found best adapted for reading to boys from twelve to sixteen years old in the Night-schools of agricultural parishes.*

R. H. Busk *desires her thanks to* A. Swinburne *for the interesting particulars of the defence of Scharnitz. It is a pleasure indeed to meet with the corroborative testimony of one forming a living link with the pious and heroic souls, the long study of whose traditions has already created for her an ideal companionship with them.*

J. E. M.—*We believe that the address to* The Mother Superior, St. Michael's Home, Shoreditch, *is sure to find her.*

The Rev. James Malcolmson begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, £2 from Eatheles, (Bp. C.,) *and* 5*s. from* E. M. Arrowsmith, *for* St. Luke's, Deptford.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

The thirty-third Canto opens with the story told to Dante by Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, of the lamentable death of himself and his sons at the hands of their civil foes. He was a Pisan noble of the Guelfic party, who in company with the Archbishop Ruggieri expelled his sister's son, Nino de' Visconti, (already referred to in the twenty-second Canto,) from Pisa, and deposed him from the judgeship of Gallura in Sardinia. This he did not openly, to avoid the discredit of such treachery; but first made all the needful arrangements, and then retired from Pisa, awaiting Nino's expulsion; after which he returned and assumed the chief power. But in time his popularity diminished, and thereupon the Archbishop in his turn plotted against him, and persuading the people that he had been bribed to betray certain fortresses to the armies of Florence and Lucca, attacked the Count's house, and with the assistance of the Pisan mob and the noble families mentioned in line 32, made him prisoner, with his two sons, Gaddo and Uguccione, and his grandsons, Anselmuccio and Nino surnamed Brigata. The whole five were then confined in a tower belonging to the Gualandi, where the eagles of the republic were kept when moulting; and after some months were condemned to death by a council held hard by in the Church of Saint Sebastian, under the presidency of the Archbishop, and there left to perish by hunger. We are told that after eight days the prison was entered, and their bodies rolled up in the matting that covered the floor, and buried as they were, close to the Church of Saint Francis. Their remains were discovered in 1822, while the pavement of the cloister was being restored, and again buried together, beneath a stone bearing the name of Alessandro Vannuchi.

It is not exactly known whether Ugolino really betrayed the fortresses spoken of above: Dante, by placing him in the second region of the circle, instead of the first, (whither his conduct to Nino would have destined him,) apparently signifies his belief that he did; though his placing him there might perhaps be merely in order to get him within reach of his enemy, Ruggieri, whose due place as a betrayer of his ally was in the third region, Tolomea. In fact, the recess in which Dante finds the two seems to be on the confines of Antenora and Tolomea, about equally removed from Bocca degli Abati in the former, and the friar Alberigo in the latter. It is said also that Ugolino had murdered a nephew of the Archbishop's; and anyhow it will be seen that he was not a man of estimable character, the compassion and interest attaching to his name being entirely derived from his pitiable fate. Our readers should observe the contrast which this description presents to that of Francesca da Rimini in the fifth Canto, when, in spite of much similarity, the difference of the speakers' characters makes itself thoroughly felt. To take one instance only: Francesca's story is interrupted by Paolo's despairing cry, and Dante faints through excess of sympathy for her; but Ugolino, when he comes to mention the extremity of his hunger, breaks off abruptly, and plunges his teeth afresh into his enemy's head, while Dante's first thought is not of Ugolino at all, but of the exceeding wickedness of the Pisans.

The introduction of Ugolino's dream in lines 26–36, blending as it does with the others' unconscious cry for food in their sleep, is a most fine and artistic conception of the poet, to cast a shadow of the future over the present anxieties of the captive; one that as we see by line 41 he fully realizes. Nor can anything surpass the extreme pathos which pervades the next forty lines, and reaches its climax in the pitiable spectacle of lines 70–74, all the more effective from the strong contrast it presents to the impotent display of revenge which follows. The phrase of line 75 is ambiguous, and has been interpreted by some unlucky commentators to mean that he then tried to relieve his hunger by eating his dead children, an explanation which deservedly excites the anger of those who interpret the line to mean that he then and there died. For as the latter point out, we hear nothing of any such discovery having been made when the tower was opened; while poetical and physiological reasons are equally conclusive against it. The land of *sì* in line 80 is simply Italy, though some would confine it to Tuscany; but the difference is immaterial. *Sì* is the Italian for *yes*, and the phrase is parallel to the terms *langue d' oc* and *langue d' oil*, used formerly to describe the Provençal and French languages. Capraia and Gorgona are two small islands near the mouth of the Arno.

Then the poets leave Ugolino and pass on into the third region, where they find the spirits lying face upwards, so that their very eye-balls are frozen. Here they are addressed by the friar Alberigo de' Manfredi of Faenza, one of the order of Joyous Friars already mentioned in the twenty-third Canto. He being at enmity with some of his own kinsmen, feigned a reconciliation with them, and invited them to a magnificent entertainment. The bringing in of the fruit for dessert was his preconcerted signal for the entrance of assassins to murder his guests; and this is why he speaks of the 'fruit of the evil garden,' and adds that he has received a date for his fig, that is, has been repaid with interest for his crime. The lines that follow exhibit another of Dante's ingenious contrivances for implicating some of those who were still living when he wrote, in the prospective pains of hell. Our readers will remember the mention of Pope Boniface in the nineteenth Canto; but this is a harder hit still. It is bad enough for a man to have people told that he is expected shortly to arrive at the third gulf of the seventh circle of the Inferno: but it cannot compare with the suggestion that he is already dead, and his soul in hell, while a demon is walking about on earth in secure possession of his body. Branca Doria, a Genoese, together with (it is thought) his nephew, murdered his father-in-law, Michael Zanche, in the hope of succeeding him in the governorship of Logodoro in Sardinia, which has been already mentioned in the twenty-second Canto. This happened in 1275, which explains the 'many years' of line 137. Dante further displays his abhorrence of the friar by the additional insults of lines 149 and 154; the former of which may be considered not very creditable to his good taste or indeed his morality, but which the better on that account answers its purpose of blackening the friar. Then the two poets walk on to the confines of the Gindecca, the lowest of the regions of hell.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXXIII.

His mouth from that dread meal the sinner hasted
To lift, then wiped it on the hairs remaining
Unto the head which he behind had wasted;
And then: 'Thou wouldst revive the woe pertaining
To that despair which in my heart doth lower
Even at the thought, before the tongue's explaining.
But if my words may prove but seed to flower
With infamy for him my teeth are rending,
Of speech and tears at once shalt thou have dower.
I know not who thou art, nor how descending
Thou cam'st; yet thou undoubtedly appearest
A Florentine, to me thy speech attending.
Know then, Count Ugolino's voice thou hearest:
This is Ruggieri the Archbishop: mention
Now will I make, why him thou findst me nearest.
How through effect of his accurst invention,
Trusting myself to him, I was arrested
And after slain, now needs not our attention.
But that thou canst not know, how sore infested
With misery was my death, from my narrating
Learn; so if he hath wronged me shall be tested.
A slender port the coop illuminating
That for my sake the name of Famine beareth—
A prison yet for other victims waiting—

With aperture grown clear mine eyes prepareth
For dawn already, when the ill dream I dreamed
That from the future off the covering teareth.
This one, the master of the hunt he seemed,
The wolf and wolf-cubs to the mountain chasing,
Whereby the Pisans see not Lucca; and schemed
Pursuit with dogs keen, eager, well for racing
Trained; the Gualandi in the front before them,
With the Sismondi and Lanfranchi placing.
In no long time methought fatigue came o'er them,
Both sire and sons; and soon their flanks had smarted
With the sharp fangs that seemed to me to gore them.
Then I awoke, ere twilight had departed,
And groaned to hear the children with me heaving
Sobs in their sleep, and asking bread. Hard-hearted
Indeed art thou, if not already grieving
At thought of that my heart anticipated;
And if thou grievest not, 'tis beyond conceiving
What thou shouldst grieve for. They with slumber sated
Awoke; and now approached the hour of dealing
Our food, and each one, dream-made anxious, waited.
I heard the key then turn below us, sealing
The dread tower's exit; and, for words had failed,
Looked my sons in the face. I wept not, feeling
So turned to stone within me; but they wailed,
And one of them, my little Anselm, cried,
Thou lookest so, my father; what hath ailed?
Nor even at that I wept nor yet replied
All day nor the next night; till in succession
Another sun arisen our world descried.
But when a slender ray had gained ingression
Into the dolorous cell, and I perceived
In their four looks my very own expression,
I bit my hands in grief. And they believed
That so I acted from a ravenous longing
For food, and rose and cried in accents grieved,
"Father, 'twill lighten much our pain and wronging
If thou shouldst eat of us; take thou the plunder
Of this poor flesh, wherewith to thee belonging
Thou clothedst us." Then I kept my sorrow under,
Not more to vex them; and we stood tongue-tied—
Ah me, hard earth, why partedst not asunder?—
That day and the next. When the fourth dawn we spied,
Gaddo down threw him at my feet, exclaiming,
"Father, hast thou no help for me?" and died

Even as he lay. And as thou seest me, staying 70
I saw the three fall one by one before me
Twixt the fifth day and sixth. Then feebly swaying
To grope o'er each one, now grown blind, I bore me,
And three days called on them whom death had eased;
Then famine overmastering grief came o'er me.'
This said, with eyes askance again he seized
Betwixt his teeth the wretched skull-bone, biting
With all a mastiff's fury, unappeased.
Ah, Pisa, pest that pleasant country blighting
With those that dwell in it, where *si* is spoken; 80
Since slow thy neighbours are for thy requiting,
Let Capraia and Gorgona move in token
Of wrath, and dam the mouth of Arno's river
To drown all souls of thine. For if the unbroken
Report, that Ugolino did deliver
Thy castles to the foe, were rightly framed,
Yet shouldst not thou have set his sons to quiver
On such a rack. Uguccion, and him named
Brigata, with the two above rehearsed,
Their very youth, thou new Thebes, guiltless claimed. 90
Then passed we on to where the ice, immersed
In cruel folds another nation bindeth,
Not turned upon their face, but all reversed.
There tears forbid to weep; the grief that findeth
Impediment the very eye-balls chilling,
Inwards for increase of their anguish windeth.
For the first tears in clusters hang distilling
As it were crystal vizors on them placed,
Beneath the eyebrows all the hollow filling.
And though the action of the cold had chased 100
All feeling from my features, as if masked
By some hard callous skin, methought I traced
Just then a breath of wind: whereat I asked,
'Tell me whereto this motion, Sire, pertaineth;
Is not down here all vapour spent?' Thus tasked,
'Ere long shalt thou be standing,' he explaineth,
'Where eye itself to thee shall have revealed
The cause wherefrom this blast upon us raineth.'
'O souls so cruel, that for you is sealed
The doom of the lowest gulf,' so crying prayed me 110
One of the sad ones of the crust congealed;
'Lift from my sight the hardened vail, and aid me
To vent the sorrow through my heart extending,
A little ere the frost again invade me.'

Then I, 'If thou wouldst have me succour lending,
Say who thou wast: and if thou art deceived,
Down to the lowest ice be my descending.'
'I am Alberic the friar,' he said, relieved,
'He of the fruit of the evil garden's growing,
Who for my fig a date have here received.'
'Oh, art thou also dead?' I asked, shewing
Surprise; but he said, 'How my body fareth
In the upper world no means have I of knowing.
Such privilege this Tolomea beareth,
That ofttimes spirits hither fall, ere later
To grant them quittance Atropos prepareth.
And that thou mayst with willingness the greater
Pluck from my face the tears upon it glassed,
Know that whene'er a soul becomes the traitor
That I became, her body is embraced
Straight by a demon, who thereafter guideth
Its course until its span of life be passed.
She ruining down into this cistern glideth:—
Nor yet perchance seems one of breath deprived,
Whose shade in winter here behind me bideth.
Him thou shouldst know, if hither late arrived,
Sir Branca Doria; and many years are flying
Past, since this prison was for him contrived.'
'Methinks,' I said, 'to mock me thou art trying;
For Branca Doria hath not yet expired,
But eats, drinks, sleeps, and clothes himself.' Replying,
'Nay, Michael Zanche had not yet acquired
Above in the evil talons' gulf his station,
Where the stiff pitch to boiling heat is fired,
When this man, with another, his relation,
Copartner with him in his treacherous dealing,
Yielded his body to a fiend's dictation.
But reach me hither now thy hand, unsealing
Mine eyes, I pray thee.' But I left them closed;
'Twas courtesy to him to be unfeeling.
Ah, citizens of Genoa, men disposed
To no good custom, full of all demerit,
Wherefore not purged from earth? For here disclosed
Together with Romagna's vilest spirit
Was one of you, who for his guilt accrued
Cocytus' bath in soul doth now inherit,
While yet with life his body seems endued.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

ALL SAINTS.

THE influences of the season blend with the spirit of these stanzas, so that we always expect All Saints to be a quiet grey day of leaves in autumn beauty, not yet fallen.

> 'Each flower and tree, its duty done,
> Reposing in decay serene,
> Like weary men when age is won.'

Here and there a golden or crimson leaf detaching itself and softly floating down, without the rude blasts that seem to be waiting

> 'Till the last flower of autumn shed
> The funeral odours on her dying bed.'

It is, as it were, a token of what St. John beheld—the four strong winds of heaven held by the angels from hurting the earth or the sea or the trees, till the full number of the servants of God were sealed in their foreheads.

So would Sodom have been spared if ten righteous had been therein; so the fire and brimstone were withheld while Lot lingered; so Rahab's house was marked with the crimson line; so the angel with the ink-horn marked those who should be spared in guilty Jerusalem; so not a hair of a Christian's head perished in the last deadly siege. Little do proud rulers guess the true safeguards of their empires, nor why the judgement does not fall on them.

> 'As bloodhounds hush their baying wild
> To wanton with some fearless child;
> So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
> Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.'

So it is not by their own power of strength that the cities of earth stand, but by the secret prayers of the saints.

The Lyra has two poems. One is best commented on by a little saying of the author, recollected by L. H.: 'I do like these heaps of leaves; they remind me of how I used to run among them and heap them up when I was a little boy.' There must be a great deal of Fairford in this little poem, between the autumn leaves, and the church windows, and the craving that all children feel to catch upon themselves the coloured radiance of some pictured saint illuminated by the sunshine. And there is all the man himself in the under-current of thought, that no one need ever find the services in even an almost empty church cold or dead, since the 'great cloud of witnesses' are present.

'The saints are there, the living dead,
The mourners glad and strong,
The sacred floor their quiet bed,
Their beams from every window shed,
Their voice in every song.'

And if the church windows remind him of these, the coloured brightness that streams through them is to him the example—the likeness in the which he would seek to grow—the individual character irradiated by the Sun of Righteousness.

The other All Saints poem rose out of an account of the ecstacy of the little boy who some time later became the subject of the verses called 'Orphanhood.' The first time he was out on a fine night, he kept clapping his hands and crying, 'More stars!' and the childish exulting shout led to this deep meditation. First, to the analogy with the twinkling lights of earth, which may be lighting the shepherd on the heath, the busy street, the couch of suffering, the home of joy; but still

'If pure the joy and patient be the woe,
Heaven's breath is there, we know;
And surely of yon lamps on high we deem
As of pure worlds whereon the floods of mercy stream.'

Those orbs lead us to the thought of other stars—the stars who are the true children of Abraham, and turn many to righteousness.

'Stars out of sight, souls for whom love prepares
A portion and a meed
In the supernal heavens for evermore,
When sun and moon are o'er.'

So, as 'more and more stars' seem to break on the gazer's eye, so are there really ever more and more saints above to be perceived by the wistful eye of faith and love. To know of them,

'All holy humble gleams I bid thee seek,
Dim lingering here below;
So shall the Almighty give a tongue to speak,
A heart to read and know
Of saints at home robed and in glory crowned;'

while even in the morning, the dews that have fallen by night, sparkling in the sun, may remind us of midnight heaven's pure field.

Again, to our childish eyes, as to the childhood of the world, the stars seem to be gathered into fantastic shapes and constellations, or else as a great scattered flock;

'But of a central glory sages sing,
Whence all may be discerned in clear harmonious ring.'

I think this must have meant the Pythagorean theory of universal harmony and regularity, for it came before the idea was much spread abroad that one of the Pleiads is indeed the central glory around which all the apparently confused stars have their courses in due regularity. The similitude is to the seeming irregularity, and utter unlikeness to our dreams of the ways of saints; while, however, faith knows now, and we shall one day see,

'The orb whence all and each,
By golden threads of order and high grace,
Are pendant evermore, all beauteous, all in place.'

Then again the Milky Way—

'Yon hazy arch
Spanning the vault on high,
By planets traversed in majestic march,
Seeming to earth's dull eye
A breath of misty light.'

But even as that is resolved into thousands of separate stars, each perfect in itself, so is it with the great cloud of witnesses upon the glorious shore. Each one, He Who 'telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names,' knows likewise by name, and the most unknown of souls may be shining as brightly, praying as strongly, as those whose great names shine on us like the mighty single stars of our heavens.

What an amplification of 'the saints above are stars in heaven!' No wonder that when the stars brought such musings, the poet playfully wrote twenty years earlier:

'I dearer prize
The pure keen starlight with its thousand eyes,
Like heavenly sentinels around us thrown,
Lest we forget that we are not alone,
Watching us by their own unearthly light
To shew, how high above, our deeds are still in sight.'

GUNPOWDER TREASON.

In the first edition of The Christian Year, there were no State holidays. Afterwards the four poems were added; and among them that which belonged to that strange national holiday, which by commemorating the escape of the Parliament and the landing of William of Orange together, was wont, as Mr. Keble has been heard to say, to begin by calling treason a vice, and to end by calling it a virtue.

However, his verses have little enough to do with either James or William: they are a meditation upon the Church of Rome, perfectly true as well as beautiful, and what—except the one line that he found was misunderstood—he adhered to all his life, though whether he would have *written* the poem in his latter days, is quite another thing, as indeed he gave up the keeping of the day itself long before it was dropped from the Prayer Book.

The idea is the same as in St. Simon and St. Jude, of the Church standing mourning by the Cross, and then passing on, journeying westward, and bearing the cross of sorrow on her brow. For surely it must be a sorrow to her to see tender hearts spend upon saint or angel the love and devotion that should go higher. Nor can there be the least doubt that many do so, though observe this is not saying either that all honour and reverent greeting to the saints should be omitted, nor that ALL Roman Catholics necessarily exceed in their devotion to them. Again, the persecutions unto the death in the cause of Catholicity are, beyond all doubt, a sin and error. And surely the whole body yearns and grieves over those who doubt, and if they be patient and love on, will in time heal them and stablish them. For the Church's

> 'Gentle teaching sweetly blends
> With the clear light of truth;
> The aërial gleam that fancy lends
> To solemn thoughts in youth.'

The lines are a most happy exposition of the peculiar manner in which true Church teaching satisfies at once the faith and the imagination. The next verse does not disavow the possibility of some purifying change passing over the departed spirit, though it speaks of the relief from the necessity of believing in the systematized purgatory which Rome has impressed.

And then comes the verse whose meaning Mr. Keble meant to be, 'There present in the heart, not *only* in the hands, the Eternal Priest will His true Self impart,' but which was understood and used as an argument against the Real Presence. He had preached and written one way; but it was a true case of 'a verse may catch him who a sermon flies;' the verse was familiar to hundreds who perhaps had never even heard of his book on 'Eucharistic Adoration,' and it told more than the whole weight of argument. He had been used to consider The Christian Year as a work completed and done with at a certain stage of life, and which must stand (as he viewed it) with all its faults on its head; and what with his reluctance to discuss it, his exceeding humility, and his familiarity with real books of divinity, he probably had no idea what a theological authority it had become, till it was forced upon him by the public quotation of the verse. The alteration had been talked of before; but, as all authors know, it is needful to be very alert to *catch* a new edition at the right moment for making a correction, and thus it was not accomplished until the first which followed upon his death.

'The more really, because spiritually, present,' is the thought intended to be conveyed; and valuing the reception in both kinds, as did this true son of the English Church, he did indeed strive to guard all who looked to him for counsel from deeming that our Mother's 'genial wing' was but 'error's soothing blind.' There are some now who take offence at the line—

> 'Speak gently of our sister's *fall*,'

written as it was at the time when scarcely even the most Catholic-minded English Churchman could speak of Rome otherwise than abusively. But there is no reasonable doubt that a fall there was. The fifteenth century was a terrible age of falling, and the Reformation was the consequence of that fall. Whether we rose again in it exactly as our self-complacency used to suppose, is another question; but there is no doubt that both Churches have need of 'patient love' to draw them nearer day by day, and make them both prove the surer way of unity.

(Concluded.)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. XI.—THE *ATHLETES OF THE UNIVERSE.

'Destitute, afflicted, tormented: of whom the world was not worthy.'—*Hebrews*, xi. 37, 38.

(*Tune*, S. Columba.)

Their names are names of kings
Of heavenly line,
The bliss of earthly things
Who did resign.

Chieftains they were, who warred
With sword and shield;
Victors for God the Lord
On foughten field.

Sad were their days on earth,
Mid hate and scorn;
A life of pleasure's dearth,
A death forlorn.

Yet blest that end in woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below—
Above, God's praise!

A city of great name
Was built for them,
Of glorious golden fame—
Jerusalem.

---

* A term applied by S. Chrysostom to the Apostles.

Redeemed with precious Blood
  From death and sin,
Sons of the Triune God,
  They entered in.

So did the life of pain
  In glory close;
Lord God, may we attain
  Their grand repose!
        Amen.

GLORIFIED SAINTS.

With heart and voice I strove to praise,
  Within the sculptured fane;
The summer sun was streaming through
  Each richly coloured pane;

Where martyr forms were shadowed forth,
  With cross and sword in hand,
As prone to suffer or to fight,
  A bold and glorious band.

Each holy face was shining with
  A pure and varied light;
The glory seemed to stream around,
  Entrancing heart and sight.

Reflected on the wall beyond,
  Cast on the ground below,
The chancel vast was lighted up
  With one celestial glow.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast shewn
  My soul in one brief hour
The mystery that I vainly strove
  To solve by reason's power:

For oft when I had mused upon
  The faces loved the best,
And hoped that I should know them still
  In realms of joy and rest,

I trembled at the thought that those
  Who had no beauty here,

Might be transformed in that bright land,
More beauteous, yet less dear;

But now I see how forms of earth,
That here seem pale and worn,
May shine with glory not their own
At Resurrection dawn.

The features that we loved of yore,
We still shall gladly trace;
The same—though changed and glorified,
By God's transforming grace.

S. H. P.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CIII.

BELL THE CAT.

1466–1482.

Each state and princely family in Europe seems always to have had a strange tendency to repeat the adventures of another. If France had a minor prince beset with ambitious uncles, England and Portugal soon fell into the same condition; if one prince perished by a mysterious death in a dungeon in Scotland, another soon was lost in like manner in Brittany; and the three royal brethren, Edward, George, and Richard Plantagenet, had a certain resemblance to the younger trio in the north, James, Alexander, and John Stewart.

James III. had not, however, the strength, valour, or talent of Edward, but only resembled him in his indolent love of pleasure, and in a selfishness that when aroused was reckless and cruel. Nature had given him the refined tastes of his poet grandfather James I., but without his personal courage or strength of will, and education had only cultivated his surface accomplishments without deepening his character. He was eight years old when his father was killed, thirteen when his mother died; and a few months later, his admirable cousin and best guardian, Bishop Kennedy, reared in the school of James I., likewise expired; so that the royal boy was left to be the sport of faction.

The Boyd family took possession of him first, Sir Alexander Boyd having been his instructor in chivalrous exercises. With the aid of a league of nobles, they carried him off from Linlithgow to Edinburgh, and caused him to declare before his Parliament that he had gone with his own free will—as was probably true. Old Lord Boyd, Sir Alexander's brother, helped himself to a good many estates, and caused his eldest son to be created Earl of Arran, married to the King's sister Mary, and sent to bring home Margaret, daughter of King Christiern of Denmark, to be the wife of the King.

But no sooner had Arran arrived with the bride, a girl of seventeen, than his young wife whispered to him that the Hamiltons had gained the ear of the King, and that the destruction of the Boyds was resolved upon.

Arran immediately took her on board a Danish ship, and fled with her in safety; his father tried to stand his ground by the help of the friends who had leagued with him, but they all fell away, and he was forced to escape into England, while his brother Alexander was taken and put to death for his abduction of the King four years before. Moreover, James's remonstrances caused the King of Denmark to send his sister Mary home, probably on the plea that she had been contracted to Lord Hamilton in her infancy by her father, for her marriage with Boyd was declared null; and she carried her royal blood into the house of Hamilton, who for four generations stood in the position of heirs presumptive to the throne whenever the reigning sovereign had no child.

Hamilton ruled, but left the King to occupy himself with studies and sports, that in their place would have been elegant, but which James's exaggerated love for them rendered mischievous. Poetry, music, dancing, and dress, were pursuits that were thought to indicate a trifling and frivolous mind, though with them were coupled the severer study of mathematics and its practical branches, architecture and astronomy. The beautiful and fantastic buildings, with which James decorated Stirling Castle, prove that the former of these he studied to some purpose; but the chief professor of the science, one Robert Cochrane, whom the proud nobility called a mason, obtained an ascendancy over him which had most fatal consequences, certainly to himself, and perhaps to others.

As to astronomy, no one knew the limits between this and the more occult science of astrology. The conjunctions of the stars were fully believed to predict the adventures of those born under them, and no one hesitated to study them; and chemistry was at the same time making progress under the vain title of alchemy, bringing too often with it the pursuit of magic and sorcery. Everyone believed in the reality of these, while they condemned them as unlawful; and at this very time, Maximilian of Austria, the cleverest if not the wisest youth of the day, was studying all of these as regular parts of his education, and believing his career influenced by them. It is the fashion to consider that accusations of sorcery were both false in themselves, and only got up by way of an engine of destruction against an innocent enemy; but no one can really enter into the examination of the history of those times, without seeing that both the practisers believed in the effects of what they were doing, and that their accusers were actually alarmed.

Whether evil spirits were really called or answered the call is another question, and one that is complicated by the modern achievements of mesmerism and spiritualism.

At any rate, James III., who up to his twenty-fifth year had lived on good terms with his younger brothers, Alexander Duke of Albany, and John Duke of Mar, suddenly became alarmed on hearing from an astrologer that 'a lion was to be strangled by his own whelps;' and at the same time an old woman informed him, on the authority of her familiar spirit, that the Duke of Mar had been making inquiries of another spirit, which had told him that the King should die by the hand of his nearest kindred.

Albany and Mar were both men of fiercer stronger mould than James. Alexander especially is described as wise and manly, tall and broad-shouldered, 'well proportioned in all his members, and especially in his face, when he pleased to shew himself to his unfriends.' John, too, was said to be comely, to know nothing but nobility, and to delight in hunting, hawking, and horsemanship; and both were viewed with greater favour by the warlike nation than the King, whom they considered to love playing on instruments better than defending the Border; though, after all, there was no one to defend it against, since Edward and James were in profound peace; and treaties of marriage were constantly going on—the little Duke of Rothsay was to be wedded to the still younger Cecily Plantagenet; Albany was proposed for Margaret, the widow of Burgundy; and his sister Margaret for Clarence first, and on that prince's death, for that universal suitor, Lord Rivers. An invitation, moreover, was sent to James to visit Edward on the way to the shrine of his patron saint, at Amiens, whither he had vowed a pilgrimage; but finding this impossible, he sent the saint a gold medal by way of compensation.

He was hindered from going by the discovery of treason on the part of both his brothers. Albany, the Warden of the Marches, had done many deeds of violence, and was in correspondence with both the Kings of France and England, with a view to dethroning his brother; and Mar, who could have been little more than twenty, was curiously dallying with sorcerers to learn the result.

Both were arrested: Albany was shut up in Edinburgh Castle, Mar in Cragmillar some six miles off; and shortly after, the latter was found dead in a bath filled with his blood.

Most regarded his death as a murder perpetrated under the influence of Cochrane, adding that like Clarence, he had been allowed to choose the mode of dying, and had made the classical choice of an end like Seneca's. Another more probable account, was that the alarm of his arrest threw him in a delirious fever, that a vein was opened in his temple and another in his arm, and that these burst out bleeding again when in the bath, and thus caused his death. Albany's friends became much alarmed; and in one of two small wine barrels, which were sent to him in the castle, was enclosed a letter, a dagger, and a coil of rope, while the other contained some excellent wine. The Duke invited the captain of the castle to sup with him thereon; he came with three attendants, and the liquor and heat of the fire were so potent as to make all four so drowsy that with little difficulty all were killed by the Duke and his chamberlain, who then unlocked the door, got out on the walls, and prepared to let themselves down by the rope. The chamberlain went first, but the rope was too short, and he fell and broke his leg. Albany then fetched the sheets from his bed, which enabled him to descend in safety. He took his companion on his back to a hiding-place, and himself made his way to his strong castle of Dunbar, which he stored with stout defenders, and then hurried to France to ask assistance from Louis XI. This, however, he could not obtain; but the castle stood a siege of some months, the artillery on both sides doing great execution. One ball from the ramparts is stated to have killed three knights at once. When at last it surrendered to the Chancellor Evandale, he found that most of the defenders had escaped by sea to England.

Albany was summoned at the market-cross of Dunbar, and also at Edinburgh, to appear and answer for his treason, but James would not declare his lands forfeited, although he resumed the earldom of Mar, and most unwisely granted it to his favourite Cochrane.

Just at this time, Edward IV. became intensely provoked both with France and Scotland. His daughter Elizabeth was twelve years old, the age at which she was to have been sent for to marry the young Dauphin Charles, but Louis shewed no symptoms of desiring her presence, neither did James of Scotland request the fulfilment of the contract between her sister Cecily and his young heir. The sense that Louis was too cunning for him, and some perception that he had cut a ridiculous figure at Pecquigny, no doubt made him uneasy; though he regularly received the politely termed tribute from France, he discontinued that pension which he had himself been paying under the title of Lady Cecily's portion to Scotland, and loudly accused James III. of treachery and breach of promises.

James, a good deal amazed, prepared to take up arms, being further inflamed by a Scottish priest named Ireland, who had been educated at the Sorbonne, and was sent over by Louis for the express purpose of influencing the King, and keeping the nursery of the archers of his guard in a wholesome state of enmity with England. James's wisest counsellors were much averse to any war with England, but they were overruled; and Spence, the good Bishop of Aberdeen, is said to have died of vexation in consequence. But to the fierce nobility a war with England was the only satisfactory state of affairs. The difference was that then they could make raids across the Border in the way of duty instead of only in the way of pleasure. So Archibald Douglas, the young Earl of Angus, head of the younger branch of Douglases called the Red, was soon over the Border, devastating Northumberland, burning Bamborough, and driving off whole herds of prisoners and cattle.

Edward, wroth in his turn, appointed his brother Richard of Glocester lieutenant-general of the north to chastise the Scots, and sent for Albany to France. There the Duke had obtained no help from Louis, and had only succeeded in espousing Anne de la Tour, daughter of the Count of Auvergne, having declared himself separated from his Scottish wife on the ground of consanguinity. He was very glad to comply with the invitation of Edward, who not only took up his cause vehemently, but promised to set him on the throne of Scotland, on the plea of James III. being said to be of doubtful legitimacy. Considering the well-known scandals prevalent respecting Edward's own birth, it is remarkable how he thus enforced an evil lesson against himself and his heirs.

Albany willingly accepted the proposal, and bound himself by a secret engagement to render Scotland feudatory to England, to do homage to Edward, to follow him in war, and break the league with France; also to marry the Lady Cecily if he could 'mak himself clear free with other women according to the laws of the Christian Church,' a prudent reservation under the circumstances; and the bond by which he engaged to do all this he signed not as Duke of Albany, but as Alexander R. the King of Scotland; and then set off to join the Duke of Glocester, who stood in such a curiously similar position to himself—each with one brother mysteriously dead in prison, and the other reigning by a right it was possible to question. The Earl of Angus, Lord Gray, and other Scottish nobles, were secretly in the same league, chiefly out of impatience of James's unwarlike nature; but though they had privately agreed to support Albany, they could not for very shame unite themselves to the Southron foe: so Glocester and Albany, with an English army, laid siege to Berwick, but without effect; and they proceeded into the county, burning and destroying all the villages.

Meanwhile, the estates of the realm published a proclamation against 'the Reiver Edward, styling himself King of England,' and summoned the whole strength of the country to meet on the Borough Muir near Edinburgh, the grand muster-place of the kingdom. 'Authentic men, well horsed, and stuffed with money,' were sent out, as say the Acts, to collect the troops, beginning with the most distant; and a very considerable army was collected, including Angus, Gray, and the rest of Albany's friends. The King took the command, and the whole body, fifty thousand in number, set forth across the Lammermuir hills, and encamped around the town of Lauder, upon the river Leader.

The King had brought with him his favourite, Robert Cochrane, the architect—the mason, as the Scottish nobles called him—the Earl of Mar, as he called himself. James had given him the command of the artillery, and he was displaying splendours very offensive to the rude and homely but intensely proud feudal nobility. His tent was lined with silk, with gilt chains to fasten it; and he had a body-guard of three hundred retainers, sumptuously arrayed, and carrying light battle-axes: and the King was giving equal offence by carrying with him his other favourites—Rogers, a notable musical composer, whose pupils were long after highly esteemed, but whom the fierce lords termed a fiddler; Torpichen, a fencing master; and several more, of citizen extraction but elegant accomplishment.

The Scots could not endure the presence of this little court of favourites so contemptible in their eyes, and in the grey of morning the noblemen came together in the little old Church of Lauder to consult what was to be done. Honest but turbulent subjects, as well as the secret partizans of Albany, alike seem to have been present, and all agreed that Cochrane must be seized and got rid of; but the difficulty was how, since he was a brave strong man, and always well guarded. As all sat doubtful, Lord Gray could not help observing that they were like the council of mice, who agreed that a bell should be hung round the cat's neck to warn them of her approach, but could find no one of their number to undertake that office.

'Heed it not, I'll bell the cat,' cried Archibald Earl of Angus, who held the traditional faith that the King was born to be the slave of the Douglas.

As the words left his lips there was a knock at the door; and there stood Cochrane, in a black velvet suit, a gold chain round his neck, and another chain supporting a gold tipped hunting-horn with a beryl hanging to it, and with a riding-whip in his hand, the handle encrusted with jewels.

At once Angus stepped up to him. 'It becomes thee not to wear this, but a halter,' he cried, snatching the chain.

'Ay, and the horn,' said Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, wrenching it away; 'he has been too long a hunter of mischief.'

'My Lords, is this jest or earnest?' asked Cochrane.

His answer was the being seized and bound, while the lords hurried off to the King's tent, and savagely seized all his other friends. He could only save one youth of seventeen, Alexander Ramsey of Balmain; the rest were hurried away to the bridge of Lauder, and there ruthlessly hung. Cochrane, as Gaveston had done before him, only asked to die by a silken rope, offering one of those of his costly tent. Warwick had scornfully granted the request; but the more barbarous Scot only saw in it a suggestion for adding bitterness to death, and took pains to procure a hair tether, instead of the ordinary hempen rope.

After this horrible proceeding, the Lords marched back to Edinburgh, taking the poor King with them, and shutting him up in the Castle; and leaving Berwick to fall into the hands of the English, who never lost it again. The army dispersed; and Glocester and Albany advanced to Edinburgh, where they demanded the liberation of the King.

'My Lord,' said the Chancellor Evandale to Albany, 'we will grant your desires; but as to that man who is with you, we know him not.'

It was plain that Angus had promised more than he could perform, and that the Scottish nation had no mind either for King Alexander IV. or for allegiance to England. So Albany could only profess to have come to recover his position in the country; and going up to the

Castle, he reconciled himself to his brother, so entirely as it seemed, that they came down riding upon the same horse.

Richard of Glocester, seeing probably that the presence of an English army only irritated the Scots, made the best sounding terms of peace he could with James, and marched away, leaving a whole complication of intrigues with Albany, which at length became known, and so excited the indignation of the more honest Scots, that Albany was at length obliged to retire to England, leaving his own splendid Castle of Dunbar in the hands of an English garrison. Well might he again be proclaimed an outlaw, while James proceeded to besiege the castle.

Albany, obtaining no aid in England, returned with the old banished Earl of Douglas, of the Black or elder line, and tried to collect his retainers, and again assert his preposterous claims. But they were met by some of the King's troops, and defeated; Douglas was taken, and died in captivity, while Albany fled to England and afterwards France, where he married a fourth lady, had one son, and was killed by an accidental blow in a tournament, just about the time that his more successful compeer, Richard of Glocester, had reached the height of his short-lived career.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER X. (*continued.*)

CLEMENT, in a severe mood, followed Felix down-stairs; but some wonderful spirit of frolic was on all the young people that night—a reaction perhaps from the melancholy that had so long necessarily reigned in that house, for though the fun was less loud it was quite as merry: a course of riddles was going on; and Clement, who really was used to a great deal of mirth among the staff of St. Matthew's, absolutely unbent, and gloried in shewing that even more conundrums were known there than by the house of Harewood. He was not strong in guessing them; but then Will Harewood made such undaunted and extraordinary shots at everything proposed, that the spirit of repartee was fairly awakened, and Cherry's bright delicate wit began to play, so that no one knew how to believe in the lateness of the hour, and still less that this was the same house that grave Wilmet had left that morning.

'Poor dear little Cherry!' said Felix to Mr. Audley, after helping her up-stairs, 'she is quite spent with laughing; indeed, my jaws ache, and she is ready to cry, as if it had been unfeeling.'

'Don't let her fancy that. We certainly were surprised into it to-night; but I only wish for her sake—for all your sakes—that you could keep the house merrier.'

Felix sighed. He too felt as if he had been betrayed into unbecoming levity; and though he would not dispute, his heart had only become the heavier. However, he did not forget; and when Cherry again breathed a little sigh as to what Wilmet would think of their first day, he stoutly averred that there was no use in drooping, and no harm in liveliness, and that no one had ever been so full of joyousness as their father.

She owned it. 'But—'

And that *but* meant the effects of the three years that she had spent as the companion of her mother's mournful widowhood, and of the cares of life on her elder brother and sister.

It was true, as Mr. Audley said, that the associations of the rooms were not good for her spirits in her many lonely hours and confined life; and this reconciled Felix more than anything else to the proposed change. He was keeping his promise to Wilmet of not seeking a house till her return, when Mr. and Mrs. Froggatt, whose minds had been much relieved by hearing that the lodger would consult the proprieties, communicated to him their own scheme of taking up their residence at a village named Marshlands, about three miles from Bexley, where they already spent great part of the summer in a pleasant cottage and garden which they had bought and adorned. Mr. Froggatt would drive in to attend to the business every day, but the charge of the house was the difficulty, as they did not wish to let the rooms; and they now proposed that the young Underwoods should inhabit them rent-free, merely keeping a bed-room and the little parlour behind the shop for Mr. Froggatt, and providing firing in them. With much more diffidence, at his wife's earnest suggestion, the kindly modest old man asked whether Miss Underwood would object to his coming in to take a piece of bread and cheese when he was there in the middle of the day.

It was an excellent offer, and Felix had no hesitation in gratefully closing with it, even without consulting Wilmet. Her reply shewed that a great weight was taken off her mind; and she was only longing to be at home again, contriving for the move, which was to take place at Lady Day. She was burning to study the new rooms; nevertheless, as by kind Marilda's contrivance, she was taking lessons in German every day from a superior Fraulein who had once been her cousin's governess, and was further allowed to inspect the working of a good school, her stay was extended, by Miss Pearson's entreaty, a full fortnight beyond what had been intended. Nor had anything gone wrong in her absence. Even the overlooking of the boys' linen, which she had believed impossible without her, was safely carried on by Cherry, and all were sent off in sound condition. No catastrophe occurred; and the continual occupation and responsibility drove away all the low spirits that so often had tried the home-keeping girl. She *did* enjoy those *tête-à-tête* evenings, when

Felix opened to her more than he had ever done before; and yet it was an immense relief to have the day fixed for Wilmet's return, and how much more to have her walking into the room with all the children clinging about her in incoherent ecstasy, which had not subsided enough for much comprehension when Felix came joyously in. 'Hurrah, Wilmet! Mr. Froggatt sent me home a couple of hours before time!'

'How very good! I met him in the street just now. Really, he is the kindest old gentleman in the world!'

'I believe you dazzled him, Mettie; he says he did not know you till you spoke to him, and if he had realized what a beautiful and majestic young lady you were, he should hardly have ventured to propose your taking up your abode under his humble roof.'

'That must be the effect of living with Alda,' said Wilmet merrily; 'but oh! I am glad to be at home again!'

'And I never was so glad of anything in my life,' said Geraldine eagerly.

'I am longing to go over the house, and know what to do about furniture,' continued Wilmet.

'There! now W. W. is herself again!' said Felix.

'Mrs. Froggatt came and called on me,' said Geraldine. 'She talked of leaving us the larger things that will not go into the cottage.'

'Which is well,' said Felix; 'for how much of ours will survive the shock of removing is doubtful.'

'All the things that came from Vale Leston are quite solid,' said Wilmet, bristling up.

'That carpet is solid darn,' said Felix. 'We tried one evening, and found that though the pattern of rose leaves is a tradition, no one younger than Clem could remember having seen either design or colour.'

'You should not laugh at it, Felix,' said Wilmet, a little hurt; for indeed her mother's needle and her own were too well acquainted with that carpet for her to like to hear it contemned.

Felix and Cherry both felt somewhat called to order, as if their mistress had come home again; and Cherry was the first to break silence by inquiring after Wilmet's studies at Brighton.

'Oh yes,' said Wilmet, 'I do hope I am improved. That was all Marilda's kindness. She quite understood how I missed everybody and everything; and at last one day, when I was wishing I could pronounce German like Alda, and that Alda had time to give me some lessons—'

'Alda hasn't time?'

'Oh, you don't know how useful she is! She writes all the notes. Marilda devised getting this Fraulein, such a good-natured woman, and when she heard what I wanted, she got leave for me to come every day to study the working of the school. I do believe I shall teach much better now, if only I were not so ignorant. I never had any notion before how little I knew!'

However, Wilmet's value had really risen so much in consequence of these instructions, that Miss Pearson arranged that she should lay the French for German foundations, and prepare the scholars, and should receive half a sovereign a half year from each girl, being the moiety of the 'extra.' Moreover, the head-teacher talked of retiring, and her succession was promised to Wilmet—a brilliant prospect, that the sight of Alda's grandeur did not make her contemn.

Wilmet's anxious mind was well satisfied by her inspection of the new quarters, which, among other conveniences, had that of shortening by ten minutes her walk to school. The family apartments were all up-stairs, the space below being entirely taken up by the business, and the kitchens were under ground. The chief sitting-room up-stairs was unfortunately towards the street, and had a northern aspect; it was a spacious room, with three large windows filled with boxes of flowers, and contained a big table and two sofas, which, with the carpet and curtains, would remain well covered up. Folding-doors led into a smaller room, with a south window towards the little garden, and where Mrs. Froggatt generally sat, and which had been used for the dining-room. There were two bed-rooms besides on the same floor, one of which would remain untouched for Mr. Froggatt; and above these, there was a large nursery, and more rooms than had been ever furnished. Rent, rates, taxes, and repairs, all off her mind! Wilmet felt as if prosperity were setting in; and she was the first to make the audacious statement that they need not part with Martha, and indeed that the house could not be kept in order, nor dinners cooked fit for Mr. Froggatt, by Sibby single-handed. And Cherry, with much effort, made up her mind that they were like a family of caterpillars moving their cobweb tent; Angela, seeing such an establishment of young tortoise-shells, in their polished black, under their family web, had asked 'Which was their brother Felix?' and the name was adopted.

So a time of much business and excitement set in; and the lengthening spring evenings were no sinecure to Wilmet, as the flitting day approached, being rather hurried on by the old bookseller, who wanted to be at Marshlands in time to admire his hyacinths and sow his annuals. Mr. Audley would take rooms at the Fortinbras Arms for the remainder of his stay at Bexley; and indeed, there was a good deal to break the old habit of constantly depending on him, for his brother's young wife was slowly dying in London, and the whole family seemed instinctively to turn to him for comfort and advice, so that he was obliged to be continually going backwards and forwards.

On the 24th of March, when he came down by an afternoon train, he found the house door open, the steps scattered with straw; and after looking in and seeing his own parlour intact, and with a cheerful fire, he pursued his way up-stairs, and there found the sitting-room bare, except for a sort of island consisting of the sofa, on which Geraldine lay, rolled in cloaks and shawls, trying to amuse the twins by a feeble attempt to sing

'Weel may the boatie row,'

while making paper boats for Stella to drag by strings upon the smooth boards.

'Eh, Cherry, are you the Last Man, or the Last Rose of Summer?'

'The last of the catterpillars,' said Cherry, smiling, but with effort. 'Do you see Stella's fleet—just thirteen?'

'Making omens, foolish child!' but though Stella was eagerly pointing and explaining, 'Tat Tella's boat—tat Tedo's—tat brother's—tat Angel,' and so on, the word *foolish* was not directed to the little one, but to the grey eyes heavy with unshed tears, that rested wistfully upon a wreck that had caught upon a nail, and lay rent and ragged.

'Pray don't look which it is,' said she.

'Certainly not; I hate auguries.'

'Do you think there is nothing in them?'

'I think there is nothing in this room but what ought to be in mine. Do you expect me to stand discussing superstition in this horrible raw emptiness? Here,' picking up Theodore, 'I'll come back for you.'

'Oh no, thank you, let me get down by myself; he cannot be left alone in a room.'

'Come, Stella, and take care of him.'

'That's worse; she leads him into mischief. We are fox, goose, and cabbage. Please give me my crutch; Wilmet put it out of reach because she said I was destroying myself.'

'You are tired to death.'

'Oh no; but one can't sit still when so much is going on. Oh, how delicious!' as after an interval she arrived, and found Mr. Audley winding up a musical-box, which Theodore was greeting with its own tunes, and Stella with a dance and chant of 'Sing box—sing box;' and then the two sat listening to the long cycle of tunes which would hold Theodore entranced for any length of time.

After a short inquiry and a reply as to the sister-in-law's state, and a few words on the progress of the flitting, there was a silence while Mr. Audley read the letters that had come for him in his absence, and Cherry's face became more and more pensive. At last, when Mr. Audley laid down his letters, and leant against the chimney-piece, she ventured to say, 'Is it wrong?'

'Is what wrong?' said the Curate, who had quite forgotten the subject.

'To care about omens.'

'That depends. To accept them is sometimes necessary; to look out for them is generally foolish and often wrong.'

'Sometimes necessary?' said Cherry eagerly.

'Sometimes experience seems to shew that in good Providence a merciful preparation is sent not so much to lead to anticipations, as to bring the mind into keeping with what is coming, and, as it were, attune it.'

'So that little things may be constantly types of great future ones?'

'My dear Cherry, I said *not* constantly.'

'Just let me tell you. Sibby says that the very day we all came into this poor old house, just as the omnibus stopped, there was the knell ringing over-head, and a funeral coming up the street. She knew it was a token, and burst out crying; and dear Mamma, who you know never shed tears, turned as white as a corpse, as if she was struck to the heart.'

'And your father?'

'Oh! Sibby said he just stood in the door-way, lifted his hat as the funeral passed, and then well-nigh carried Mamma, with the baby (that was Fulbert) in her arms, over the threshold, and smiled at her, saying, "Well, Mother, what better than to have found our home till death!" So you see he did believe in it.'

'I see he wanted to cheer her spirits, not by saying "stuff and nonsense," but reminding her that there are worse things than death. Have you an omen on your mind, Cherry? Have it out; don't let it sink in.'

'Only *please* don't laugh at me. Indeed, it was not my own doing, but Stella's fancy to have a boat for each of us, when she was launching them; and I could not help recollecting how we are all starting out and away from our first home.'

'Stella's was not a *very* perilous ocean.'

'That was a comfort at first; and Stella tried to draw all the thirteen lines together, but they tangled, and one thread broke, and that boat was left behind; and one poor crooked ill-made thing fell over, and was left at home because hindering all the rest, and even Stella knew that was me; and—' her voice quivered, 'one was caught on a nail, and torn into a wreck! Now, can I help thinking, though you'll just call them newspaper-boats, dragged by a baby on a dry dusty floor?'

'Watched by a weary fanciful damsel,' said Mr. Audley, sitting down by her, 'who does not know a bit more than she did before, that all are launching on a sea, and if it *is* a rougher one, there's a better Guiding Star than Stella Eudora to lead them, and they have compasses of their own—ay, and a Pilot. And if there are times when He seems to be asleep in the ship—why, even the owner of the unseaworthy boat left at home can shew the Light, and pray on till the others are roused to awaken Him.'

'I wish there had not been that wreck,' she sighed.

'What seems a wreck need not be really one,' said Mr. Audley. 'It may be the very way of returning to the right course. And by-and-by we shall see our Master standing on the shore in the morning light.'

At that moment there was a sound at the door—Felix had accompanied Cherry's chair, to bring her and Theodore to the new home. There was too much haste for the wistful last looks she intended: she was deposited in the chair with Theodore on her knee, Stella trotting after, with Felix and Mr. Audley, who was coming to see the inauguration. St. Oswald's

Buildings were left behind, and she was drawn up to the green private door, beside the shop window; Wilmet hurried down and took Theodore from her; Felix helped her out, and up the narrow steep stair-case, which certainly was *not* a gain, but when landed in the drawing-room, the space seemed to her magnificent. And their own furniture, the two or three cherished portraits brought from Vale Leston, their father's chair, their mother's sofa, the silk patchwork table-cover that had been the girls' birth-day present to Mamma, the book-case with Papa's precious books, made it seem home-like.

'The mantel-piece is just the same!' cried Cherry delighted, as she recognized all the old ornaments.

The next moment her delight was great at the flower-stands, which Mr. Froggatt had kindly left full of primulas, squills, and crocuses; and when she looked out from the back room into the little garden, where Mr. Froggatt's horticultural tastes had long found their sole occupation, and saw turf, green laurels, and bunches of snowdrops and crocuses, she forgot all Stella's launch!

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHORAL FESTIVAL.

> 'And with ornaments and banners,
> As becomes gintale good manners,
> We made the loveliest Tay room upon Shannon shore.'
> *Thackeray.*

'Of course, after *this*,' said Lady Price, 'Miss Underwood did not expect to be visited.'

Otherwise the gain was great. The amusement of looking out of window into the High Street was alone a perpetual feast to the little ones, and saved Geraldine worlds of anxiety; and the garden where they could be turned out to play was prized as it only could be by those who had never had any outlet before. It was a pleasant little long narrow nook, between the printing-house on the west, and such another garden on the east, a like slip, with a wall masked by ivy and lilacs, and overshadowed by a horse-chestnut meeting it on the south. It was not smoky, and was quite quiet, save for the drone and stamp of the press; there was grass, a gum-cistus and some flower-beds in the centre, and a gravel walk all round, bordered by narrow edgings of flowers, and with fruit trees against the printing-house wall, and a Banksia and Westeria against that of the house. Mr. Froggatt was quite touched at the reverence with which Angela and Stella regarded even the daisies that had eluded his perpetual spud; and when he found out the delight it was to Cherry to live with flowers for the first time in her life, he seldom failed to send her a bunch of violets or some other spring beauty as soon as he arrived in the morning, and kept the windows constantly supplied with plants.

The old bookseller was at first very much afraid of his new inmates. To Felix he was used, but he looked on the sisters as ladies, and to ladies except on business terms he was much less accustomed than to gentlemen. Besides, being a thorough gentleman himself at heart, he had so much delicacy as to be afraid of hurting their feelings by seeming at home in his own house; and he avoided being there at luncheon for a whole week, until one afternoon Felix ran up to say that he was sure Mr. Froggatt had a cold, and would be glad if a cup of tea appeared in his parlour. Gratitude brought him in to face the enemy; and after he had been kept at home for a day or two by the cold, his wife's injunctions and Felix's entreaties brought him in to the dinner.

It happened to be one of Wilmet's favourite economical stews; but these were always popular in the family, though chiefly composed of scraps, pot-liquor, rice, and vegetables; and both for its excellence and prudence it commanded Mr. Froggatt's unqualified approbation. All that distressed his kind heart was to see no liquor but water, except Cherry's thimbleful of port; he could *not* enjoy his glass of porter, and shook his head—perhaps not without reason—when he found that his young assistant's diet was on no more generous scale, and was not satisfied by Felix's laughing argument that it was impossible to be *more* than perfectly healthy and strong. 'False economy,' said the old man in private; but Felix was not to be persuaded into what he believed to be an unnecessary drain on the family finances, and was still more stout against the hint that if Redstone discovered this prudential abstinence, it might make him 'disagreeable.' Felix had gone his way regardless of far too many sneers for poverty and so-called meanness, to make any concession on their account, though the veiled jealousy and guarded insolence of that smart 'gent' the foreman, had been for the last three years the greatest thorn in his side. And at least he made this advance, that the errand-boy cleaned the shoes!

Geraldine, though shy at first from the utter seclusion in which she had lived, put forth a pretty bashful graciousness that perfectly enchanted Mr. Froggatt, who was besides much touched by her patient helplessness. He became something between her grandfather and her knight, loading her with flowers, giving her the run of the circulating library, and whenever it was fine enough, taking her for a mile or two in his low basket-carriage either before or after his day's business in the shop. It was not exactly like being with her only other friend, Mr. Audley; but he was a thoroughly kind, polite, and by no means unlettered old man; and Geraldine enjoyed and was grateful, while the children were his darlings, and were encouraged to take all manner of liberties with him.

Among the advantages of the change was the having Felix always at hand; and though she really did not see him oftener in the course of the day than at St. Oswald's Buildings, still the knowing him to be within reach gave great contentment to Cherry. The only disadvantage was that he lost his four daily walks to and fro, and hardly ever had sufficient fresh air and exercise. He was indeed on his feet for the most of the day, but not exerting his muscles; and all taste for the active sports in which his kind old master begged him to join seemed to have passed away from him when care fell upon him. He tried not to hold his head above the young men of his adopted rank, many of whom had been his school-fellows; but except with the members of the choir and choral society, he had no common ground, and there were none with whom he could form a friendship. Thus he never had any real relaxation, except music, and his Sunday walks, besides his evenings with his sisters and of play with the children. It was not a natural life for a youth, but it seemed to suit with his nature; for though not given to outbursts of animal spirits, he was always full of a certain strong and supporting cheerfulness.

Indeed, though they did not like to own it to themselves, the young people had left behind them much of the mournfulness of the widowed household, which had borne down their youthful spirits; and though the three elders could never be as those who had grown up without care or grief, yet their sunshine could beam forth once more, and helped them through the parting with their best friend. For Mr. Audley's sister-in-law died in the beginning of June, and his father entreated him to go abroad with his brother, so that he was hurried away directly after midsummer, after having left his books in Felix's charge, and provided for his reception of the dividends in his absence.

His successor was a quiet amiable young Mr. Bisset, not at all disinclined to cultivate Felix as a link with the tradesfolk; only he had brought with him a mother, a very nice, prim, gentle-mannered, black-eyed lady, who viewed all damsels of small means as perilous to her son. Had she been aware that Bexley contained anything so white and carnation, so blue-eyed and straight-featured, so stately, and so penniless, as Wilmet Underwood, he would never have taken the Curacy. She was a kind woman, who would have taken infinite pains to serve the orphan girls; and she often called on them; but when the Rector's wife had told her that such a set had been made at Mr. Audley that he could bear it no longer, it was but a natural instinct to cherish her son's bashfulness.

That autumn Wilmet came home elevated by the news that the head teacher was going to retire at Christmas, and that she was to be promoted to her place of forty pounds a year. Her successor was coming immediately to be trained, being in fact the daughter of Miss Pearson's sister, who had married an officer in the army. She had been dead about three years, and the girl had been living in London with her father, now on half pay, and had attended a day-school, until he married again, and finding his means inadequate to his expenses, and his wife and daughter by no means comfortable together, he suddenly flitted to Jersey to retrench, and made over his daughter of seventeen to her aunts to be prepared for governess-ship.

This was the account Miss Pearson and Miss Maria gave to Wilmet, and Wilmet repeated to Geraldine, who watched with some interest for the first report of the new-comer.

'She is rather a nice looking little thing,' was the first report, 'but I don't know whether we shall get on together.'

The next was, 'Miss Maria has been begging me to try to draw her out. They are quite distressed about her, she is so stiff and cold in her ways with them, and they think she cries in her own room.'

'Poor thing, how forlorn she must be! Cannot *you* comfort her, Mettie?'

'She will have nothing to say to me! She is civil and dry, just as she is to them.'

'I think she can talk,' said Angela.

'How do you know anything about it, little one?' said Wilmet.

'I heard her talking away to Lizzie Bruce in the arbour at dinner time. Her face looked quite different then from what it does in school.'

'Then I hope she is settling down to be happier,' said Wilmet thoughtfully; but having watched Angela out of hearing, she added, 'Not that I think Lizzie Bruce a good friend; she is rather a weak girl, and is flattered by Carry Price making a distinction between her and some of the others.

'When is Carry Price ever going to leave school?'

'When she can play Mendelssohn well enough to satisfy Mr. Bevan. I wonder Lady Price does keep her on here; but in the meantime we can only make the best of her.'

Which was as severe as anything Wilmet ever said.

A day or two later, Wilmet and Angela came in from school, eager, indignant, and victorious.

'You *did* manage it well!' the younger was saying. 'I was so glad you saw yourself.—Just fancy, Cherry, there were Carry Price and Lizzie Bruce turning out all the most secret corners of Miss Knevett's work-box, laughing at them, and asking horrid impertinent questions, and she was almost crying.'

'And you fetched Wilmet?'

She was sitting out in the garden, shewing some of the little ones how to do their crochet—it was the play-time after dinner—and I just went to her and whispered in her ear, so she strolled quietly by the window.'

'Yes,' added Wilmet, 'and before I came to it, Edith was saying to Jane Martin, on purpose for me to hear, that she thought it would be a good thing if Miss Underwood would look into the school-room. So Angel was not getting into a scrape.'

'I should not have minded if I had,' said Angel; 'it was such a shame, and she looks such a dear—'

'There she was,' said Wilmet, 'her fingers shaking, and her eyes full of tears, trying to do some work, while Carry Price went on in her scoffing voice, laughing over all the little treasures and jewels, and asking who gave them to her, and what they cost. All I could do was to put my hand on her shoulder and say I saw she did not like it; and then Lizzie Bruce looked ashamed, but Miss Price bristled up, and declared that she had unlocked the box herself. Then the poor child burst out that she had only said she would shew her Maltese cross; she had never asked them to turn everything out, and meddle with it; and Carry tossed her head, just like my Lady, and said, "Oh, very well, they did not want to see her trumpery, since she was so cross about it. I suppose you mean to shew the things one by one to the little girls! A fine exhibition!" She cried out, "Exhibit! I don't mean to exhibit at all, I only shewed it to you as my friend!" Whereupon Carry Price flounced off with "As if I were going to make a friend of an under-teacher!" and she went into a tremendous fit of crying, like what you used to have, Cherry, except that it was more passionate.'

'I'm sure I never had anything like that to cry for. What did you do with her? How lucky she had you!'

'Why, when she went on sobbing, "I'll not stay here," "I won't be insulted," "I'll tell my aunts," my great object was to get her up-stairs, and to silence her, for I was sure Miss Pearson would dislike nothing so much as having a regular complaint from her about Carry; and besides that, all the girls, who pity her now, would be turned against her, and think her a mischief-maker. I did get her up at last, and oh dear! what a scene we had! Poor thing, I suppose she has been a spoilt child, going to a lady's fashionable institute, as she calls it, where she was a great girl, and rather looked up to, for the indulgences she got from her father—very proud, too, of being a major's daughter. Then came the step-mother; what things she said about her, to be sure! No end of misery, and disputes—whose fault, I am sure I don't know; then a crisis of debts. She says it was all Mrs. Knevett's extravagance; but Miss Pearson told me before that she thought it had been going on a long time; and at last, when the father and his wife and her child go off to Jersey, this poor girl is turned over to the aunts she never saw since her mother died, twelve years ago.

'I dare say it is the best thing for her?'

'If she can only think so; but she fancies the being a teacher the most horrid thing in the world.'

'Oh, Wilmet!' interrupted Angela; 'why, you like teaching: and Robin means to be a real governess; and so do I, if I am not a Sister!'

'Me too,' called out Stella.

'But you see this unlucky girl can't understand that teaching may be a real way of doing good; she fancies it a degradation. She says she and her friends at her institute hated and despised the teachers, and played all manner of tricks upon them.'

'How foolish the teachers must have been!'

'She did say something about their being low and mean. She did me the favour to say not like me, and that she was quite shocked to find I was one of this dreadful race. It was quite amazing to her when I told her how Robina's dear Miss Lyveson keeps school without necessity, only to be useful. You may imagine what it is to her to be plunged all on a sudden into this unhappy class. She began by trying to take her old place as an officer's daughter, and to consort with the girls; but I think if she and Carry Price were left to one another, she would very soon sink as low as any of the poor hounded teachers she describes.'

'She must be very silly and conceited.'

'No, I think she is sensible, and loving too at the bottom,' said Wilmet, 'only everyone is strange here: I think she will understand better soon; and in the meantime, she has quite forgiven me for being a teacher. She clung about me, and called me all sorts of pretty names—her only friend, and so forth.'

'Perhaps she can forgive you for being a teacher, in consideration of your being a twin,' said Cherry.

'There, Cherry, you understand her better already than I dó! I'll bring her to you, I have not time for such a friendship.'

'Poor thing! I should like to try to comfort her, if she is strange and dreary; but I think she must be rather a goose. What's her name?'

'Alice; but in school Miss Pearson is very particular about having her called Miss Knevett. We have exchanged Christian names in private, of course.'

'You horrid old prosy thing of four U's,' said Geraldine. 'You are sitting up there, you great fair creature you, for the poor child to worship and adore, and not reciprocating a bit!'

'Of course,' said Wilmet, 'if she can't be happy without being petted, I must pet her, and let her be nonsensical about me; but I think it is all great stuff, and that you will suit her much better than I ever shall.'

'Do you never mean to have a friend, Mettie?'

'Oh no, I haven't time; besides, I've got Alda.'

Geraldine had, however, many dreams about the charms of friendship. She read of it in the books that Felix selected for her; and Robina had a vehement affection for a school-fellow, whose hair and whose carte she treasured, and to whom she would have written daily during the holidays but for the cost of stamps. The equality and freedom of the letters she received always made Cherry long for the like. Since Edgar had left her, she had never been on those equal terms with anyone; Wilmet was more like mother or aunt than sister; and though Felix had a certain air of confidence and ease when with her, and made her his chief playfellow, he could not meet all her tastes or all her needs; and there was a sort of craving within her for intimacy with a creature of her own species.

And though Wilmet's description of Alice Knevett did not sound particularly wise, Cherry, in her humility, deemed her the more secure of being on her own level, not so sensible and intolerant of little dreams, fancies, and delusions, as those two sensible people, the twin sisters. So she watched impatiently for the introduction; and at last Wilmet said, 'Well, she is coming to tea to-morrow evening. Little ridiculous chit, she bridled and doubted, but as you were an invalid, she supposed she might, only it was not what she had been used to, and Papa "might object."'

'What? To the shop? Well, I really think she had better not come! I'll have nobody here that thinks it a favour, and looks down on Felix.'

'My dear, if she contrives to look down on Felix after she has seen him, she will deserve anything you please. Just now, I believe the foolishness is in her school, and not in herself.'

Nevertheless, Geraldine's eagerness underwent a great revulsion. Instead of looking forward to the visit, she expected it with dread, and dislike to the pert, conceited, flippant Londoner, who despised her noble brother, and aspired to the notice of Carry Price. Her nervous shrinking from strangers—the effect of her secluded life—increased on her every moment of that dull wet afternoon; her feet grew cold, her cheeks hot, and she could hardly find temper or patience for the many appeals of Bernard and Stella for her attention.

Her foolish little heart was palpitating as if a house-breaker were entering instead of Wilmet, conducting a dainty cloud of fresh lilac muslin, out of which appeared a shining brown head, and a smiling sparkling face, with so much life and play about the mouth and eyes that there was no studying their form or colour, and it was only after a certain effort that it could be realized that Alice Knevett was a glowing brunette, with a saucy little nose, retroussé though very pretty, a tiny mouth full of small pearls, and eyes of black diamond.

In spite of her gracious manner, and evident consciousness of her own condescension, the winsomeness of the dancing eyes fascinated Cherry at once. Indeed, the simplicity and transparency of her little dignities disarmed all displeasure, they were so childish; and they vanished in a moment in a game at play with Bernard and Stella. When Wilmet brought out Geraldine's portfolio, her admiration was enthusiastic if not critical.

A sketch of Wilmet and Alda enchanted her; she had never seen anything so lovely or so well done.

'No, no,' said Cherry, rather shocked, 'you must have seen the Royal Academy.'

'Oh, but I am sure this ought to be in the Royal Academy; I never saw anything there that I liked half so much. How clever you must be!'

Cherry could not but laugh at the extravagant compliment. 'My brother Edgar draws much better than that,' she said, producing a capital water-colour of a group of Flemish market women.

'I shall always like yours best. Oh! and what is this?'

'I did not know it was there,' said Cherry, colouring, and trying to take it away.

'Oh, let me look. What! Is it a storm, or a regatta, or fishing boats? What is that odd light? What is written under? "The waves of this troublesome world." Why, that is in the Bible, is not it?'

'Thirteen boats, Cherry,' said Wilmet; 'is that a device of your own?'

'What, not copied! Oh dear! I wish I was so clever!'

'It is the sea of this life, isn't it?' said Angela, coming up. 'Is it ourselves, Cherry, all making for the golden light of Heaven, and the star of faith guiding them?'

'She reads it like a book,' exclaimed Alice. 'And those two close together—that means love, I suppose!'

'Love and help, the weak and the strong,' said Geraldine, in her earnest dreamy voice.

'Do pray make a picture of my boat on a nice smooth sea of light; I don't like rocks and breakers, such as you have done there.'

'There always must be a last long wave,' said Cherry.

'Oh, but don't let us think about horrid things. I like the summer sea. Aren't there some verses—

"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm."'

'That would not be a pleasant augury,' said Cherry. 'Do you know what this is meant for, bad as it is? Longfellow's verses—'

'The phantom host that beleaguered the walls of Prague? How can you draw such things?'

'So I say,' observed Wilmet.

'They come and haunt me, and I feel as if I must.'

'Who is this kneeling on the wall? He looks like a knight watching his armour.'

'So he is,' said Cherry.

'But there is nothing about him in the poem. Did you make him for yourself?'

'Why, he is Ferdinand Travis!' exclaimed Wilmet.

'What, is it a real man?' I thought it was somebody in a story.'

'I see!' said Angela quietly. 'He is watching his armour the night before he was baptized.'

For the child had never forgotten the adult baptism, though she had been little more than four years old at the time; but she was one of those little ones to whom allegory seems a natural element, with which they have more affinity than with the material world.

However, the mention of Ferdinand Travis led to the history of the fire at the hotel, and of his recovery; Alice declared that 'everything nice' seemed to happen at Bexley, and was laughed at for her peculiar ideas of niceness; but there was something in the feminine prattle that was wonderfully new and charming to Geraldine, while on the other hand, the visitor was conscious of a stimulus and charm that she had never previously experienced; and the eager tongues never flagged till Felix came in. He had evidently taken pains with his toilette, in honour of the unusual event; and the measured grave politeness of his manners renewed Alice's scared punctilious dignity of demeanour, and entire consciousness that she was a major's daughter and he a bookseller.

But it was the time of the Indian mutiny, and Felix had brought in the most recent accounts of the siege of Delhi; and Alice put on an *air capable*, as one connected with India and the army, but she soon found out the deficiency of her geography, and was grateful for the full clear explanations, while her *amour-propre* was gratified by finding that her familiarity with a few Indian terms was valuable. Before the end of the evening all were at ease, and she was singing with Felix and Wilmet at the old piano.

No sooner had the door shut on her when the maid came to fetch her, than a storm fell on Wilmet.

'So that's what you call rather nice-looking!'

'Well, she is under-sized and very brown, but I did think you would have allowed that she was rather pretty.'

'Rather!' exclaimed Cherry indignantly.

'That's what it is to be a handsome woman!' said Felix.

'Do you mean to say that you think her anything remarkable?' said Wilmet.

'Say no more, my dear W. W.' laughed Felix. 'I never understood before why negroes don't admire white people.'

'I am sure I don't know what you are talking about,' said Wilmet, betaking herself to her darning with great good humour. 'Alice Knevett is prettier than I thought she was when she was all tears and airs; but I can't see any remarkable beauty to rave about.'

'No, *you* can't,' said Geraldine merrily. 'You look much too high over her head, but you see I don't; and such a little sparkling diamond beetle is a real treat to me.'

And Geraldine often enjoyed the treat.

In a very short time the green door and steep stairs were as familiar to Alice as to the Underwoods themselves; for her aunts were thankful to have her happy and safe, and she was rapturously fond of Geraldine, reflecting and responding to most of her sentiments. Most of the Underwoods had the faculty of imprinting themselves upon the characters of their friends, by taking it for granted that they felt alike; and Alice Knevett had not spent six weeks at Bexley before she had come to think it incredible that she had thought either teaching or the Underwoods beneath her. She was taking pains to do her work well, and enjoying it, and was being moulded into a capital subordinate to Wilmet; while with Geraldine she read and talked over her books, obtained illustrations for the poetry she wrote out in her album, and brought in a wholesome air of chatter, which made Cherry much more girl-like than she had ever been before. It was an importation of something external, something lively and interesting, which was very refreshing to all; and even Felix, in his grave politeness and attention to his sister's friend, manifested that so far from being in his way, as they had feared, he found her a very agreeable element when she joined the home party or the Sunday walk.

Indeed, there was a certain tendency to expansion about the life of the young people; the pinch of poverty was less griping than previously, and their natural spirits rose. In January Lance was allowed to bring his friend Harewood to a concert of the choral society; and on the following evening Alice Knevett came to tea, and there were a series of wonderful charades, chiefly got up by Clement and Robina, and of comic songs by Lance and Bill Harewood—all with such success, that Alice declared that she had never seen anything so delightful in all her experience of London Christmases!

The young people really seemed to have recovered elasticity enough that year, to think of modest treats and holidays as they had never ventured to do since that memorable sixteenth birth-day of Felix's. Here was his twenty-first not very far off; and when it was announced that this identical 3rd of July had been fixed on for a grand choral meeting at the Cathedral, at which the choir of Bexley was to assist; there was such a spirit of enterprise abroad in the family, that Geraldine suggested that Wilmet might take Robina to see the Cathedral and hear Lance.

'Lance will be just what will not be heard,' said Felix. 'They will not shew off their solos; but the Robin ought to have the pleasure if possible; and as I go in two capacities, press and choir, I hope we can manage it for her.'

He came in full early for the evening. 'All right,' he said. 'Two tickets are come for the Pursuivant, and Mr. Froggatt says he would not go at any price; and besides, each of the choir may take a friend—so that's three.'

'Am I to be reporter or friend?' asked Wilmet.

'Reporter, I think, for you will have to do audience.'

'Nay, Cherry ought to be the gentleman connected with the press,' said Wilmet, for in fact Geraldine did sometimes do copying and correcting work for her brother; 'and indeed, I do not see why she should not. We could go home directly after morning service, and leave you there.'

'Oh no, impossible,' said Geraldine, 'it would never do; it would only spoil everybody's pleasure, and be too much for me.'

'I think you are wise,' said Felix; and somehow it struck her with a prick that he had rather the proposal had not been made. 'There is sure to be a great crush, and I may be obliged to be with the choir.'

'I am quite able to take care of her, I can always lift her,' said Wilmet, surprised.

'I would not go on any account,' protested Cherry. 'I should be like the old woman in that Servian proverb, who paid five dollars to go to the fair, and would have paid ten to be safe at home again.'

'There might be no getting a bench fit for you to sit upon,' added

Felix, who, as a gentleman of the press, was not devoid of experience. 'I could not be easy about you, my dear; it is much safer not.'

'Perhaps so,' owned Wilmet, disappointed; 'but Angel is too little for such a long day, and Cherry is so much stronger, that I thought—'

'Oh, but could not Alice Knevett go?' put in Cherry.

'A very good suggestion,' said Felix. 'She hardly ever has any amusements. Well thought of, White-Heart!'

I believe he thought of it from the first, felt Geraldine, and angry with herself that this conviction gave a prick like the point of a needle. She threw her energies into the scheme, and was begging Wilmet to go and make the proposal, when there was a sudden peal of the bell, a headlong trampling rush, a dash open of the door—Theodore began to hum the anthem 'How beautiful,' the other three small ones hailed 'Lance' at the top of their voices, and his arms were round the neck of the first sister who came in his way.

'What, Lance! how came you here?'

'Our organ is tuning up its pipes—man comes to-morrow—Prayers in the Lady Chapel and not choral, and it's a holiday at school, so I got off by the 5.20, and need not go back till the 6.10 to-morrow. We are practising our throats out to lead you all on the 3rd. You know you are coming, the whole kit of you.'

'Do we?' said Wilmet. 'It is only for the last ten minutes that we have known that any of us were coming.'

'All right; that's what I'm come about. Robins must be got home.'

'She will be come. She comes on the 1st.'

'That's right; then there's to be a great spread in the Bishop's Meads between services. Everybody sends provisions, and asks their friends; but Cherry is to go and rest at the Harewoods'. The governor will get her in through the library into the north transept as quiet as a lamb, no squash at all. It is only along the cloister—a hop, step, and jump; and Miles has promised me the snuggest little seat for her. Then the Harewood sofa—'

'It is too much, Lance,' began Cherry. 'Mrs. Harewood—'

'Don't be absurd; she wishes it with all her heart. 'She won't want a ticket if Mr. Harewood smuggles her in, but I can get as many as you want. How many—Wilmet, Cherry, Robin, Angel, and Miss Knevett. She'll come, won't she?'

'We were thinking of going to ask her.'

'I'll do it; I've brought my own ticket for a friend for her; here it is, with L. O. U. in the corner. I'll run down with it before anyone else cuts in.'

'Hold hard,' said Felix; 'we shall not get her if you set about it in that wild way!'

'Oh, but I'll promise Wilmet shall take her in tow, and if anything will pacify the old girls that will.'

'You had better let me come with you,' said Wilmet.

'Look sharp, then. Is it a practising night? Yes, that's well; Miles is in a state of mind at the short notice, and has crammed me choke full of messages, he says it will save his coming down; come along, then, W. W., and soft-sawder the venerable aunts.'

No more of this operation was necessary than the assurance that Miss Underwood was going, and that Mrs. Harewood would be a sort of chaperon. Alice Knevett was happy and grateful; and if anything were wanting to the universal enthusiasm of anticipation, it was supplied by Lance. The boy, with his musical talent, thorough trustworthiness, and frank joyous manners, was a favourite with the organist, and was well versed in the programme; and his eagerness, and fullness of detail, was enough to infect everyone. Geraldine thought it was a great proof of his unspoilableness, that he took quite as much pleasure in bringing them to these services, where he would be but a unit in the hundreds, as if it had been one of the anthems, of which everyone said, 'Have you heard little Underwood?' In the charm of the general welcome and congratulation on Lance's arrangement, Geraldine had quite forgotten both her alarms and her tiny pang of surprise at not having been Felix's prime thought. Lance, by dint of a judicious mixture of hectoring and coaxing, obtained leave for Angela to be of the party, though against Wilmet's judgement; and Bernard and Stella were to spend the day with Mrs. Froggatt, which they regarded as an expedition quite as magnificent as that to St. Mary's Minster.

Mr. Froggatt was almost as eager about this pleasure for 'his young people,' as he called them, as they could be. He came in early to drive Geraldine to the station, and he looked with grandfatherly complacency at the four sisters, who had ventured on the extravagance of white piqué and black ribbons, and in their dainty freshness looked as well-dressed as any lady in the land.

He entertained Cherry all the way with his admiration of Wilmet's beauty and industry, and when arrived at the station, waited there with her till first the three girls came up with Alice Knevett, white with pink ribbons, and then the choir arrived, marching with the banner with the rood of St. Oswald before them, each with a blue satin bow in his button-hole, and the bag with his surplice under his arm, the organist, the school-master, and the two curates, bringing up the rear. Mr. Bevan, my Lady, and Miss Price, whirled up in the carriage, the omnibuses discharged the friends of the choir, and two waggon loads of musical talent from the villages came lumbering and cheering in! The very train roared and shrieked in with a sound of cheering from its vertebræ, and banners were projecting from the windows, amid nodding heads and waving handkerchiefs of all colours; the porters ran about distracted; and Geraldine began to be alarmed, and to think of the old woman of Servia, but behold, Felix had her on one side, Mr. Froggatt on the other, a solid guard held open a door, and protected her from the rush, and before she well knew what they were doing with her, she was lying on the seat of the carriage, with her sisters and Alice all in a row; the recently crowded platform was empty of all but a stray porter, the station master, and Mr. Froggatt kissing his hand, and promising to come and fetch her on her return.

The train seemed hardly to have attained its full speed before it slackened again, and another merry load was disposed of within its joints. Another start, another arrival; and before the motion was over, a flash of sunny looks had glanced before the sisters' eyes. There was Lance, perfectly radiant, under his square trencher cap—hair, eyes, cheeks, blue bow, boots, and all, seeming to sparkle with delight as he snatched open the door. 'Hurrah! there they are. Give her out to me, Wilmet!' (as if she had been a parcel.)

'Stay, wait for Felix. You can't—'

Felix rushed up from his colleagues of the choir, and Geraldine was set on her foot and crutch. 'Come along! I've got Ball's chair for you, and Bill Harewood is sitting in it for fear anyone should bone it. Where's your ticket?'

'Lance, take care! Don't take her faster than she can go!' as he whisked her over the platform; and Wilmet was impeded by the seeking for Alice's parasol and Angela's cloak. They were quite out of sight when Lance had dragged Cherry through the crowd at the door, and brought her to the wheeled chair just in time to find Bill Harewood glaring out of it like the red planet Mars, and asseverating that he *was* the lame young lady it was hired for.

In went Geraldine, imploring to wait for Wilmet, but all in vain; off went the chair, owner and escort alike in haste, and she was swept along, with Lance and Will with a hand holding either side of the chair, imparting breathless scraps of information, and exchanging remarks: 'There goes the Archdeacon.' 'The Thorpe choir is not come, and Miles is mad about it.' 'That's the Town Hall.' 'There's where Jack licked a cad for bullying.' 'There's a cannon ball of Oliver Cromwell's sticking out of that wall.' 'That's the only shop fit to get ginger-beer at!' 'That old horse in that cab was in the Crimea.' 'We come last in the procession, and if you see a fellow like a sheep in spectacles, that's Shapcote.' 'Hurrah! what a stunning lot! where is it from?' 'Bembury? My eyes, if that big fellow doesn't mean to bawl us all down. Down that way—that's the palace. Whose carriage is it stopping there? Now, here's the Close.'

'Is that the Cathedral? Oh!'

'You may well say so! No, not that way. And on rattled poor amazed Geraldine through an archway, under some lime trees, round a corner, round another corner, to another arched door-way, with big doors studded with nails, with a little door for use cut out of one of the big ones.

'You must get out here,' said Lance, 'we are close by;' and he helped her out, and paid and thanked the man with the chair. 'Here's our domain,' he continued, as he introduced Cherry through the open door-way into a small flagged court, with two houses, grey and old-fashioned, forming one side, and on the other an equally old long low building with narrow latticed arched windows. Opposite to the entrance was a handsome buttressed Gothic looking edifice, behind which rose the gable of the north transept of the Cathedral, beautiful with a rose window, and further back, far far above, the noble tower.

Already everything was very wonderful to Geraldine. 'That's our kennel,' said Lance, pointing to the low buildings to the right. 'School's behind; but we boarders are put up in one of the old monks' dormitories, along between court and cloister.'

'Is it really?' exclaimed Geraldine.

'So my father says,' said Will. 'Here's our door.' Another stone-arched passage, almost dark, with doors opening on either side, seemed common to both houses; and Will was inviting them to enter, but Lance held back. 'No time,' he said; 'better call your father.'

'The others,' sighed Geraldine.

'Bother the others! That's right; here he is!'

'Hollo, Father!' cried Will; 'we've got Cherry.'

'By which unceremonious designation I imagine you to mean to introduce Miss Underwood,' said a figure, appearing from beneath the archway, in trencher cap, surplice, and hood, with white hair, and a sort of precision and blandness, that did not at all agree with Cherry's preconceived notions of the Harewood household. 'I am very glad to see you. My ladies, as usual, are unready. Will you have a glass of wine? No?—What do you say, Lancelot?—Very well, we will take you in at once. You will not object to waiting there, and this is the quiet time.—Boys, you ought to be with the choir.'

'Oceans of time, Dad,' coolly answered Will; 'none of the fellows up there are under weigh.'

Mr. Harewood offered his arm, but perceived that Cherry preferred Lance and her crutch; advancing to the door opposite that by which they had entered, he unlocked it, and Geraldine found herself passing through a beauteous old lofty chamber, with a groined Tudor roof, all fans, and pendants, and shields; tall windows stained with armorial bearings, parchment charters and blazoned genealogies against the walls, and screens upon screens loaded with tomes of all ages, writing-tables and chairs here and there, and glass-topped tables containing illuminations and seals. 'Here is my paradise,' said the librarian, smiling.

'I think it must be,' said Geraldine, with a long breath of wonder and admiration.

'Ah! would you not like to have a good look, Cherry?' said Lance. 'That's Richard Cœur de Lion's seal in there.'

'Don't begin about it—don't set him on,' whispered Willie, with a sign of his head towards his father, who was fitting the key into the opposite door, 'or we shall all stay here for the rest of the day.'

This low door open, Mr. Harewood and the boys bared their heads as they entered, and Geraldine felt the strange solemn sensation of finding herself in a building of vast height and majesty, full of a wonderful stillness, as though the confusion of sounds she had been in so recently were far far off.

'Where now, Lancelot?' asked Mr. Harewood, in a hushed voice; 'do you want me any further?'

'No, thank you, Sir; I'll just take her across the choir to Mr. Miles, and then join the rest of us at the vestry.'

'Good-bye for the present, then,' said Mr. Harewood kindly. 'You are in safe hands. Your brother comes round everyone. *I* could not do this.'

Through the side-screen, into the grandly beautiful choir, arching high above, with stall-work and graceful canopies below, and rich glass casting down beams of coloured light—all for 'glory and for beauty,' thought Geraldine.

'You must not stop; you must look when you are settled. That's my side,' pointing to one of the choristers' desks. 'It will be only we that sing in here; the congregation is in the nave—a perfect sea of chairs. I'll come for you when it is over. Here is Mr. Miles. My sister, Sir.'

A pale gentleman in spectacles, with a surplice and beautiful blue hood, was here addressed. He too greeted Geraldine, very shyly but kindly, and she found herself expected to ascend some alarming looking stone steps. The organ was on the choir-screen, and to the organist's little private gallery was she to ascend. It was a difficult matter, and she had in her trepidation despairingly recognized the difference between Lance's good will and Felix's practised strength; but at last she was landed in an admirable little cushioned nook, hidden by two tall painted carved canopies—exactly over the Dean's head, her brother told her—and where, as she sat sideways, she could see through the quatrefoils into the choir on the right hand, and the nave on the left. 'Delightful! Oh, thank you; how kind! If I am only not keeping anyone out.'

'No,' said Lance, smiling, and whispering lower than ever, 'he has no one belonging to him. He hates women. Never a petticoat was here before in his reign. 'Have you a book?'

'They are robing, Underwood,' said the misogynist in the organ-loft; and Lance hurried away, leaving Geraldine alone, palpitating a good deal, but almost enjoying the solitude, in the vast structure, where the sanctity of a thousand years of worship seemed to fill the very air, as she gazed at the white vaultings and bosses carved with emblems above, at the vista of clustered columns terminating in the great jewelled west window, or at the crown-like loveliness that encompassed the sanctuary. All was still, except a deep low tone of the organ now and then. Mr. Miles looked in after the first, to hope she did not *feel* them uncomfortably, and to assure her that though she was too near his organ, she need not fear its putting forth its full powers; it was to be kept in subordination, and only guide the voices. This was great attention from a woman-hater, and Geraldine ventured to reiterate her thanks; at which he smiled, and said, 'When one has such a boy as your brother, there is pleasure in doing anything he wishes. You are musical?'

'I never was able to learn to play.'

'But you can read music?'

'Oh yes,' for she had often copied it.

So he brought her whole sheets of music, and put her in the way of following and understanding, perceiving, as he went, that she was full of intelligence and perception.

When he went back to his post, a few groups, looking very small, were creeping in by transept doors—by favour, like herself; then a little white figure flitted across to the desks, opened and marked the books, took up something, and disappeared; and in another moment Lance, in his broad white folds, was at her side. 'Here's the music. Oh, you have it! I've seen Fee,' he whispered; 'they are at Mrs. Harewood's, all right,' and he was gone.

Here she sat, her attention divided between the sacred impressions of the place, its exceeding beauty, and the advance of the multitude into the nave, as the doors were open, and they surged up the space left in the central aisle, and occupied the ranks of chairs prepared for them. Then came a long pause; she scanned each row in search of her sisters, and only was confused by the host of heads; felt lost and lonely, and turned her eyes and mind to the silent grandeur to the east, rather than the throng to the west.

At last there came the sweet floating sound of the chant, growing in power like the ocean swell as it approached, and the first bright banner appeared beneath the lofty pointed archway; and the double white file came flowing on like a snowy glacier, the chant becoming clear and high as the singers of each parish marched along to their places, each ranked under a bright banner with the symbol of their church's dedication. St. Oswald's rood helped Geraldine to make out that of Bexley better than their faces, though she did make out her eldest brother's fair face, and trace him to his seat. The cathedral singers came last, and that kenspeckle red head of Will Harewood's directed her to the less conspicuous locks belonging to Lance, whose own clear thrush-like note she could catch as he passed beneath the screen. Then came the long train of parish clergy, the canons, the Dean, and lastly the Bishop, the sight of whom recalled so much.

The unsurpliced contribution had meantime been ushered in by the side doors, and filled seats in the rear of the others, so as to add their voices without marring the general effect—the perfection of which Geraldine enjoyed—of the white-robed multitude that seemed to fill the whole chancel.

The sight seemed to inspire her whole soul with a strange yearning joy, as though she were beholding a faint earthly reflex of the great visions of the Beloved Disciple; and far more was it so at the sound, which realized in a measure the words, 'As the voice of mighty waters, and as the voice of thunder.'

These were the very words that had been selected for the Second Lesson, and the First consisted of those verses in which we hear of David's commencement of the continual chant of psalms at the sanctuary; and both, unwonted as they were, gave a wonderful thrill to the audience, as though opening to them a new comprehension of their office as singers of the sanctuary.

There is no need to dwell on the wonderful and touching exhilaration derived from the harmony of vast numbers with one voice attuned to praise. It is a sensation which is so nearly a foretaste of eternity, that participation alone can give the most distant perception thereof. To the entirely unprepared and highly sensitive Geraldine it was most overpowering, all the more because she was entirely out of sight, and without power of taking part by either gesture or posture—she was passive, and had no vent for her emotion.

Lance, who made his way to her round through the transept the moment he had disrobed, found her pale, panting, tearful, and trembling, with burning cheeks, so that his exultation turned to alarm. 'Are you done up, Cherry? It is too hot up here! I'll try to find Felix or Wilmet, which?'

'Neither! I am quite well, only—O Lance, I did not know anything could be so heavenly. There seemed to be the sweeping of angels' wings all round and over me, and Papa's voice quite clear.'

'I know,' said Lance; 'it always does come in that Te Deum.'

The sister and brother were silent, not yet able for the critical discussion of single points; only, as he put his arm round her to help her to rise, she said, with a sigh, 'O Lance, it is a great thing to be one of them! Thank you. I think this is the greatest day of all my life.'

The getting her down, what with Lance's inexperience and want of height and strength, was anxious work; and just as it had been safely accomplished, the rest of their party were seen roaming the aisle in distress and perplexity. Geraldine was very glad of Felix's substantial arm, but she had rather he had omitted that rebuke for venturesomeness in dealing with her, which would have affronted Fulbert, but never seemed to trouble Lance, who was only triumphant in his success; and her perfect contentment charmed away the vexation which really arose from a slight sense of having neglected her.

The others had been perfectly happy in their several ways, and made eager comments on their way to the house of Harewood, whither Lance piloted them—this time by the front way, through the garden, which lay behind the close—entering, in spite of the mannerly demurs of the elder ones, through the open door, into a hall whence a voice of hearty greeting at once issued. 'Here you are at last; and how's the poor darling your sister? not over-tired?'

And Cherry, before she was aware, found herself kissed, and almost snatched away from Felix, to be deposited on a sofa; and while the like kisses were bestowed on the two little girls, and hospitable offers showered on all, she was amused by perceiving that good Mrs. Harewood was endowed with exactly the same grotesque order of ugliness as her son William; but she was even more engaging, from an indescribably droll mixture of heedlessness, blundering, and tender motherliness.

'There now, you'll just leave her to me, the poor dear; and Lance will take you down to the Mead, and find Papa and the girls for you.'

'Oh, thank you, I could not think of your staying. Now pray—'

'Now prays' were to no purpose; Mrs. Harewood professed only to want an excuse for staying at home—she did not want to be done up with running after her girls to the four ends of the Mead, when it was a long step for her to begin with. Off with them.

So when Wilmet was satisfied that Geraldine was comfortable, the five moved off—Felix and Alice, Angel in Wilmet's hand, and Lance's and Robina's tongues wagging so fast that the wonder was how either caught a word of what the other was saying.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Harewood, tossing her bonnet and gloves aside, in perfect indifference to the exposure of the curious structure of red and grey hair she thus revealed, lavished meats and drinks upon her guest, waiting on her with such kindness, that in spite of all weariness and craving for quiet after these deep and wonderful impressions, it was impossible not to enjoy that warmth of heart. There was exactly the tender motherliness that even Wilmet and Sister Constance could not give.

It was charming to hear how fond Mrs. Harewood was of Lance, and how the having such a companion had made it possible to keep her Willie at the Cathedral school, where the mixture of lads was great, but the master first-rate. He thought highly of the promise of both; 'but to tell the truth,' said Mrs. Harewood, as she sat and fanned herself with her husband's trencher cap, looking more than ever like a frog in a strawberry bed, 'though my Willie is the cleverest boy in the school, little good his cleverness would have done him, and he would have been harum-scarum Bill more than ever, if it were not for Lance. So say his father and brother Jack; so that they will not be for his going to a public school unless Lance were sure of it too.'

'Will not they be able to stay on here?'

Mrs. Harewood explained that the year that the barristers—choristers she meant—were sixteen, when their voices were usually unserviceable, they, together with those of like age in the school, were subjected to an examination, and the foremost scholar obtained an exhibition, in virtue of which he could remain free of expense for another two years, and then could try for one of the school scholarships at one of the colleges at Cambridge. Those who failed, either had to pay like the ordinary school-boys, or left the school.

Dear Mrs. Harewood was a perfect Malaprop, and puzzled Geraldine by continually calling it the rural meeting, and other like slips, uncommonly comical in a well-educated woman with the words she knew best.

All this, and a great deal more—about the shy woman-hating organist, and the unluckiness of the dissenter—no, precentor—having a sick wife, and the legal difficulties that prevented building a better house for the boarders than the queer long room where they lodged, between the cloister and the Bailey—the proper name of the little court by which Geraldine had come—was poured out; and kind as it was, there was a certain sense of having been talked to death.

A whole flood of Harewoods, Underwoods, and untold numbers besides, swept into the room as the bell began to ring for Evensong. Most sincere were Cherry's entreaties that she might be left alone. She could not go back to her coign of advantage, 'it had been too beautiful for her to bear more,' she said; and she severally declined offers of companionship from three female Harewoods and two sisters, telling Wilmet at last that all she wanted was to be still and alone.

Alone she was, but not still, for there was nothing to hinder the magnificent volume of sound that surged around the Cathedral from coming to her; and she could trace the service all along—in chant, pealing mighty Amens, with the hush between, in anthem, and in jubilant hymn. She was more calmly happy than in the oppressive grandeur of the morning, as she lay there, in the cool drawing-room, with the open window veiled by loose sprays of untrimmed roses, and sacred prints looking down from the walls.

The solitude lasted rather too long, when she had heard the hum and buzz of the host pouring out of the Cathedral, and still no one came. They were to go home by the 5.10 train, and every time she counted the chimes she became more alarmed lest they should be too late. Minutes dragged on. Five! It was five! Was she forgotten? Should she be only missed and remembered at the station, too late? Tired, nervous, unused to oblivion, she found tears in her eyes, and was too sorrowful and angry with her own impatience even to think of the old woman of Servia. Hark! a trampling? Had they remembered her? But oh, it would be late for the train!

In burst Lance, in his cap and little short quaint black gown.

'O Lance, I shall be too late!'

'You don't go by this train.'

'Oh dear! oh dear! Mr. Froggatt was to meet me;' and the tears started from her eyes. 'How could Felix forget?'

'Never mind, there's sure to be a fly or something.'

'Yes, but Mr. Froggatt waiting!'

'Never mind,' repeated Lance, ''tis a fine evening to air the old boss.'

'Don't, Lance; you none of you have any proper regard for Mr. Froggatt;' which, as far as Lance was concerned, was unjust, and it was well for Cherry that it was not addressed to either of the brothers who better deserved it.

What Lance did was to execute one of his peculiar summersaults, and then, making up a dismal face, to say, 'Alas! I commiserate the venerable citizen disappointed of the pleasure of driving my lady Geraldine home from the wash as well as hisself.'

She was past even appreciating the bathos. 'It is no laughing matter,' she said; 'it is so uncivil when he is so kind. I can't imagine what Felix is thinking of?'

'Croquet,' said Lance briefly; then, seeing the flushed, quivering, mortified face, he added, 'Wilmet has not forgotten you one bit, Cherry; but Alice Knevett and Robin did so want to see the fun in the mead—there's running in sacks, and all sorts of games—that there's no getting anyone away; and the Ws are in charge, and can't leave them to their own devices, so she said perhaps you would be more rested by lying still than rattling home.'

'Oh, I dare say Wilmet is as sorry as anybody,' said Cherry rather querulously, for the needle point was pricking her again.

'And as to your dear old Froggy,' continued Lance, 'she says he told her he did not in the least expect you back by this train, and if you did not come by it, he'll stay in town for the 8.50.'

'How very good of him!' said Cherry, beginning to be consoled. 'And Felix at croquet!'

'Alice is teaching him. You never did see such a joke as old Blunderbore screwing up his eyes at the balls, and making at them with his mallet like a sledge-hammer. He and Alice and Robin and that Bisset curate, are playing against Bill, two of the girls, and Shapcote—Bexley against Minsterham; and little Bobbie's a real out-and-outer. She'll make her side win by sheer cool generalship.'

'And poor little Angel?' The needle point was a pang now.

'Oh, Angel is happier than ever she was in her life. The Bishop's daughter has a turn for little kids, and has got all the small ones together in the pleached alley, playing at all manner of things.'

'Run back, Lance, to the fun. I shall do very well,' said poor Geraldine.

'I should think so, when I get you so often!' scornfully ejaculated Lancelot, drawing a dilapidated brioche from under the sofa, and squatting on it, with his dancing eyes close to her sad ones.

An effusion of spirits prompted her to lay her hands on his shoulders, kiss him on each cheek, and cry, 'O Lance, you are the very sweetest boy!'

'Sweetest treble, you mean,' said Lance quaintly; 'if you had only heard me! You should see how the old ladies in the stalls peep and whisper, and how Bill Harewood opens his mouth rather wider than it will go, and they think it is he.'

'Not for fun, Lance?'

'Well, I believe all their jaws are hung on looser than other people's. But I say, ain't you dying of thirst?'

'Perhaps Mrs. Harewood will give us some tea when she comes in.'

'If you trust to that—'

'O Lance!' she cried, alarmed at seeing him coolly ring the bell.

'Bless you, she's forgotten all about you and tea and everything! They are drinking it by the gallon in the tents; and by-and-bye she'll roll in, ready to cry that you've had none, and mad with herself and me for giving you none; and the fire will be out, and the kettle will boil about ten minutes after you are off by the train. We'll have some this minute.'

'But, Lance—'

'But, Cherry, ain't I a walking Sahara with roaring at the tip-top of my voice to lead the clod-hoppers? How they did bellow! I owe it as a duty to the Chapter to wet my whistle.'

'One comfort is, nobody knows your coolness. Nobody comes for all your ringing.'

'Reason good! Every living soul in the house is in the Bishop's meadow, barring the old cat; I *seen* 'em with their cap-strings flying. But that's nothing. I know where Mother Harewood keeps her tea and sugar;' and he pounced on a tea-caddy of Indian aspect.

'Lance, if you did that to Mettie—'

'Exactly so. I don't;' and he ran out of the room, while Cherry sat up on her sofa, her petulance quite banished between amusement and desperation at such proceedings in a strange house. He came back presently, with two cups, saucers, and plates, apparently picked up at hap-hazard, as no two were alike. 'My dear Lance, where have you been?'

'In the kitchen. Such a jolly arched old hole. Bill and I have done no end of Welsh rabbits there. Once, when we were melting some lead, Bill let it drop into the pudding, and the Pater got it at dinner, and said it was the heaviest morsel he ever had to digest.'

'But wasn't it poison?'

'I suppose not, for you see he isn't dead. Another time, when we were melting glue, we upset a whole lot of fat, and the chimney caught fire; and wasn't that a go? Bill got a pistol out of Jack's room, and fired it up the chimney to bring the soot down; and down it came with a vengeance! He was regularly singed, and I do think the place would have been burnt if it had not been too old! All the Shapcotes ran out into the court, hallooing Fire; and the engine came, but there was nothing for it to do. Oh, the face Wilmet would make to see that kitchen. Kettle's biling—I must run.'

He came back with an enormous metal tea-pot in one hand, and a boiling kettle in the other, a cloud of vapour about his head.

'You appear in a cloud, like a Greek divinity,' said Cherry, beginning to enter into the humour of the thing.

'Bringing nectar and ambrosia,' said Lance, depositing the kettle amid the furbelows of paper in the grate, and proceeding to brew the tea. 'Excuse the small trifles of milk and cream; and as to bread, I can't find it, but here are the cakes you had for luncheon, shunted off into the passage window. Sugar, Cherry? Fingers were made before tongs. Now I call this jolly.'

'I only hope this isn't a great liberty.'

'If you fired off a cannon under Mrs. Harewood's nose, she would not call it a liberty.'

'So it appears. But Mr. Harewood does not look—like that.'

'Oh, he's well broken in. He is the pink of orderliness in his own study and the library, but as long as no one meddles there, he minds nothing. It just keeps him alive; but I believe the Shapcotes think this house a mild lunatic asylum.'

'Who are the Shapcotes?'

'He's registrar. They live in the other half of this place—the old infirmary, Mr. Harewood calls it. Such a contrast! He is a tremendous old Turk in his house, and she is a little mincing woman; and they've made Gus—he's one of us, you know—a horrid sneak, and think it's all my bad company and Bill's.—By-the-by, Cherry, Gus Shapcote asked me if my senior wasn't spoony about—'

'I hope you told him to mind his own business!' cried Geraldine, with a great start of indignation.

'I told him he was a sheep,' said Lance. 'But, I say, Cherry, I want to know what you think of it.'

'Think? I'm not so ready to think nonsense!'

'Well, when the old giant was getting some tea for *her*, I saw two ladies look at one another and wink.'

'Abominably ill-mannered,' she cried, growing ruddier than the cherry.

'But had you any notion of it?'

'Impossible!' she said breathlessly. 'He is only kind and civil to her, as he is to everybody. Think how young he is!'

'I'm sure I never thought old Blunderbore much younger than Methuselah. Twenty-one! Isn't it about the age one does such things?'

'Not when one has twelve brothers and sisters on one's back,' sighed Geraldine. 'Poor Felix! No, there can't be anything in it. Don't let us think of foolish nonsense this wonderful day. What a glorious hymn that was!'

Lance laid his head lovingly on the sofa-cushion, and discussed the enjoyment of the day with his skilled appreciation of music. Geraldine's receptive power was not inferior to his own, though she had none of that of expression, nor of the science in which he was trained. He was like another being from the merry rattle he was at other times; and she had more glimpses than she ever had before of the high nature and deep enthusiasm that were growing in him.

'Hark! there's somebody coming,' she cried, starting.

'Let him come. Oh, it is the Pater.—Here is some capital tea, Mr. Harewood. Have some? I'll get a cup.'

'You are taking care of your sister. That is right. A good colonist you would make.—Come in, Lee,' said Mr. Harewood, who, to Cherry's increased consternation, was followed by another clergyman. 'We are better off than I dared to expect, thanks to this young gentleman. Miss Geraldine Underwood—Mr. Lee.—You knew her father, I think.'

'Not poor Underwood of Bexley? Indeed! I knew him. I always wished I could have seen more of him,' said Mr. Lee, coming up and heartily shaking hands with Cherry, and asking whether she was staying there, &c.

Meantime Lance had fetched a blue china soup-plate, a white cup and pink spotted saucer; another plate labelled 'Nursery,' and a coffee-cup and saucer, one brown and the other blue; and as tidily as if he had been lady of the house or parlour-maid, presented his provisions, Mr. Harewood accepting with a certain quiet amusement. His remarkable trim neatness of appearance, and old-school precision of manner, made his quiet humorous acquiescence in the wild ways of his household all the more droll. After a little clerical talk, that reminded Cherry of the old times when she used to lie on her couch, supposed not to understand, but dreamily taking in much more than anyone knew—it appeared that Mr. Lee wanted to see something in the Library, and Mr. Harewood asked her whether she would like to come and see Cœur de Lion's seal.

She was fully rested, and greatly pleased. Lance's arm was quite sufficient for her now, and she studied the Cathedral and its precincts in a super-excellent manner. Mr. Harewood, who had spent almost his whole life under its shadow, and knew the history of almost every stone or quarry of glass, was the best of lionizers, and gave her much attention when he perceived how intelligent and appreciative she was. He shewed her the plan of the old conventual buildings, and she began to unravel the labyrinth through which she had been hurried. The Close and Deanery were modernized, but he valued the quaint old corner where he lived for its genuine age. The old house now divided between him and Mr. Shapcote had been the infirmary; and the long narrow building opposite, between the Bailey and the Cloister, had been the lodgings either of lay-brothers or servants. There being few boarders at the Cathedral school, they had always been lodged in the long narrow room, with the second master in a little closet shut off from them. Cherry was favoured with a glance at Lance's little corner, with the old-fashioned black oak bed-stead, solid but unsteady table and stool, the equally old press, and the book-case he had made himself with boards begged from his friend the carpenter. A photograph and drawing or two, and a bat, completed the plenishing. She thought it very uncomfortable, but Lance called it his castle; and Mr. Harewood, pointing to the washing apparatus, related that in his day the cock in the Bailey was the only provision for such purposes. The boys were safely locked in at eight every night, when the curfew rang, and the Bailey door was shut, there being no other access to their rooms, except by the Cathedral, through the Library, and the private door that led into the passage common to the Harewoods and Shapcotes.

The loveliness of the Cloister, the noble vault of the Chapter-house, the various beauties and wonders of the Cathedral, and lastly the curiosities of the Library—where Mr. Harewood enthroned her in his own chair, unlocked the cases, brought her the treasures, and turned over the illuminated manuscripts for her as if she had been a princess—made Geraldine forget time, weariness, and anxiety, until, as the summer sun was at last taking leave, a voice called at the window, 'Here she is! I thought Papa would have her here!' and the freckled face of a Miss Harewood was seen peering in.

There the truants were, eager, hurried, afraid for the train, full of compunction for the long abandonment: Alice, most apologetic; Wilmet, most quiet; Felix, most attentive; Robina, still ecstatic; and Angela, tired out—there they all were. It was all one hasty scramble to the crowded station, and then one merry discussion and comparison of notes all the way home; Geraldine maintaining that she had enjoyed herself the most of all; and Alice incredulous of the pleasure of sitting in a musty old library with an old gentleman of at least sixty; while Felix was so much delighted to find that she had been so happy, that he almost believed that the delay had been solely out of consideration for her.

Mr. Froggatt was safe at the station in his basket, full of delight at the enjoyment of his young people, and of anecdotes of Bernard and Stella; and Geraldine found herself safely deposited at home, but with one last private apology from Wilmet as she was putting her to bed. 'I did not know how to help it,' she said; 'Alice was so wild with delight, that I could not get her away; and Felix was enjoying his holiday so thoroughly, I knew that you would be sorry it should be shortened.'

'Indeed I am very glad you stayed. It would be too bad to encumber you.'

'I wanted to come and see after you, but I had promised Miss Pearson not to lose sight of Alice. And then Lance offered to take care of you.'

'O Wilmet, I never half knew what a dear boy Lance is! What boy would have come, when all that was going on, to stay with a lame cross thing like me? And how nice for him to have such kind friends as the Harewoods!'

'They seem very fond of him,' said Wilmet; 'but I wish he had taken up with the Shapcotes. I never saw such a house. It is enough to ruin all sense of order! But they were very kind to us; and if you were well off, it was all right. I never saw Felix look so like his bright old self as to-day; and it is his birth-day, after all.'

So Wilmet was innocent of all suspicions—wise experienced Wilmet! That was enough to make Cherry forget that little thorn of jealousy, especially as things subsided into their usual course, and she had no more food for conjecture.

(To be continued.)

BYGONES.

BY A. MILUKOFF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS BY H. C. ROMANOFF.)

CHAPTER III.

THE SCHOOL OF THE THREE BISHOPS.

My home education began when I was in my seventh year, and my first—and I must add my best—teacher was my mother. It was, as I remember, one day in a warm bright September, when she took me to the parish church, and had a special service sung to SS. Cosmo and Damian, as the patrons of learning and science.

On our return home we drank tea,* and immediately afterwards we sat down to the primer, which my father had bought the day before, together with a bone pointer, which greatly resembled the implement called a lyre that ladies use for making watch-chains. Although my mother's method was completely patriarchal, with its old-fashioned *Az* and *bouki*, *fità* and *ÿitza*, instead of *A* and *B*, *V* and *I*, with its double and treble syllables, I managed to get through this terrible and senseless mess without dropping one tear on the pages of my book. The barbarous style of instruction was redeemed by what was more valuable than any pedagogical method—by the patience and sweetness of my teacher.

When I could read pretty fluently the stories at the end of my spelling book, about cleanly little girls and diligent little boys, good fairies and wicked magicians, my mother bought me another book, which served as my principal guide to knowledge for the whole of the succeeding year. It was called, 'A Hundred-and-four Sacred Stories'—a large volume, with engravings. It contained narratives of the principal events in the Old and New Testaments, simply and clearly expressed; and each episode was followed by reflections, and a few questions, intended to draw the attention to the principal thread of the narrative. The meditations I used to read only once through, and that not very willingly; and I suspect that my mother did not particularly enjoy them either. In a year's time I had learnt by heart the whole volume, and scarcely saw any other books.

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* *i. e.* had breakfast. Religious Russians like to go to church before eating or drinking anything. (*Trans.*)

This reading interested me almost more than the nursery tales of my nurse, or the anecdotes of the inexhaustible Bitka. I loved to sit down to my green book, and the very learning it by rote gave me scarcely any trouble whatever, particularly as my mother learned the stories with me, and we often used to try who would learn a lesson the fastest. Many of the Sacred Stories touched me deeply with their poetical veracity. The history of Joseph, and the judgement of Christ before Pilate, were among my greatest favourites. I myself seemed to live the moment over when the blood-stained 'coat of many colours' was brought to the aged patriarch, or when the enraged mob, at the sight of the mild Sufferer, cried 'Crucify Him!' The pictures, representing the weeping Jacob, and the Saviour in His crown of thorns, imprinted themselves for ever on my childish memory; in the course of my life many a book interested me as strongly, but not one called forth such warm feelings as the old Bible story book.

My mother added another item to my studies in the course of time. Luke Lukitch made me a present of a large lithographic sheet, mounted on card-board; on which, each in a little medallion surrounded by a wreath of laurel, were the portraits of all the monarchs of Russia, from Rurik to Alexander I.; and under each figure the name of the monarch, and the year in which he began to reign, were printed. By means of this picture my mother and I learned the names and dates of all the Dukes, Tzars, and Emperors; and in a short time, without knowing anything of their lives and their deeds, I could repeat them all in due order, merely by bringing to mind the fantastic physiognomy of each—Rurik in his chivalrous helmet, with an axe in his hand; Dmitry of the Don, with his sword raised above his head; Ivan the Terrible, in a pelerine and a peaked crown; and Peter the Great, in uniform with enormous facings on the breast. This original course of chronology served me a good turn subsequently, as a rough frame for my study of Russian history.

But contemporary history interested me still more. If my father's attention was but little occupied with such reports and news as did not concern Moscow or his own immediate affairs; my mother, notwithstanding her household duties, loved to know and to follow all that was going on in the world—that is to say, all that the 'Moscow Intelligence,' which she used to borrow two or three times a month from an acquaintance, vouchsafed to chronicle. As soon as she got a bundle of new numbers, she devoted every spare moment to their perusal, and generally communicated such news to me as most interested herself. What particularly occupied her mind was the struggle for independence in Greece that was going on at the time I am now speaking of, and through which I got my first idea of politics. My mother felt so warm, I may even say so passionate, a sympathy for this far-away land, that each success of the Greeks delighted her as though it had been that of her own children; and each mishap of theirs grieved her like a family misfortune. Many a time have I seen tears in her eyes while she was reading sorrowful news of her favourites. When at last the news arrived that their independence was established, she went to church on purpose to return thanks in consequence.

Although I had not the slightest notion of the country in question, and formed my ideas of the Greeks themselves merely by the swarthy faces that I had seen occasionally in certain tobacco shops,* still, from the influence of my mother I also felt a lively interest in the Greek struggle; my imagination was strongly excited by the history of the siege of Missalonghi, the cutting down of the olive grove by Ibrahim Pasha, the massacre on the island of Ipsara, and the blowing up of the Turkish vessels by fire-ships. The names of Kolokotroni, Botzaris, Bobelini, and others, became familiar and for ever and ever dear to me, like those of near relatives; and often when I lay awake in bed I used to think that if this war continued until I grew up, I would follow the example of the English friends of Greece that the newspapers spoke of, and go to fight the hated Turks, the persecutors of the people I loved so. I liked to dream how we would conquer the blood-thirsty Ibrahim, carry off loads of treasures from him, and divide it all among the Greeks, to buy clothing and arms with. I become aid-de-camp to Caraskaki, and return home to my mother in Greek costume with a dagger at my belt. These childish fantasies passed almost as soon as formed, but my love for Greece and interest in her welfare remained for ever in my heart.

A year and a half after I had begun to learn reading, I was placed in the School of the 'Three Bishops.' At first I went on certain terms to the teacher of the Russian language, and afterwards was admitted on the list of scholars, and with them attended all the classes. I went every day to this school, with a satchel over my shoulder, in which lay my luncheon and dinner on one side and my copy and other books on the other. My teacher, Pëtre Matvéitch, was a tall round-shouldered old man, with a cataract on one eye—gloomy and quick-tempered. During the earlier hours of study he used to wear a coloured dressing-gown, and afterwards appeared in his undress uniform;* he always kept in his mouth a long china chibouk, which he smoked very slowly, dispersing the smallest possible quantity of smoke, and even when there were no longer any ashes in it he still puffed at it. Being a private pupil, I used to be dragged from class to class with him, and while he was engaged I used to write copies, and learn by heart billions and trillions. At last I was admitted into the first class, and learned what the others did. The rules of our school belonged to the 'good old times.' Each class had one elder pupil over it, who was dignified by the title of Censor, and whose duty it was to look after the conduct of the boys, particularly to keep them quiet during the time that Pëtre Mátvéitch went to take his nap in his room. Besides the Censor, each form had an Auditor, who heard the lessons of his subordinates before the arrival of the teachers.

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* One of the largest firms in Moscow for the preparation and sale of tobacco belongs to a Greek—Bostoujoglo. (*Trans.*)

As soon as the school-room door began to squeak, and the ungainly form of the master appeared, we all jumped actively from our places, and the Censor began to gabble a prayer as fast as he could, and then presented a report to the master, as to who had made a noise or otherwise behaved ill. Correction was administered on the spot, instantaneously; the offenders were made to go down on their knees, or 'fed with salmon,' *i.e.* received slaps on the palms of their hands with an oaken ruler; and occasionally were treated to 'birch-pap.' On the conclusion of this enlivening overture, Pëtre Matvéitch looked over the Auditor's list, made one or two selections from it by way of proving its accuracy, and again began his corrections on such whose marks were below par. At the end of the lesson he marked with his nail what we were to prepare and what to omit for the next day; and the Censor again gabbled over the concluding prayer till he was out of breath. Such was the method of the pedagogues of the 'Three Bishops,'—whom we used to call the 'three martyrisers.'†

Pëtre Matvéitch particularly liked to place us on our knees round his desk, which he dignified by the term of pulpit; every day some few wretches passed their time there, but it frequently happened that not one boy remained on the forms, and the whole class, with their books in their hands, knelt in groups around the terrible pedagogue, who with his own knees crossed, remained immoveable on his elevated seat, like the statue of Memnon. At the end of such a lesson, if our teacher happened to be in a particularly bad humour, he would select two or three victims from the kneeling crowd, and pack them off to 'the scaffold,' as we called a certain form at the end of the room. This caused all the pupils towards the end of the class to cross themselves on the sly behind their books; or 'guess their fate,' by shutting their eyes and endeavouring to make the ends of their forefingers meet, after a quick movement outwards of the arms—if the ends did not meet, fate decided that they were to be flogged; if they did, the bitter cup would pass by them. Once Pëtre Matvéitch observed that one of the rogues kneeling before him, with closed eyes and outspread arms, was about to guess his fate; but at the very moment that the fingers met, he bent towards him unseen, and screamed in his very ear, 'Guess or not, you foolish doll! though they met a hundred times, still I'll flog you!' And he immediately proceeded to prove to the unfortunate lad the futility of all such searchings into the mysterious future.

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* Teachers in educational establishments belonging to Government wear uniform, as do all persons who serve the Emperor.

† A childish play of words on the original Russ, arising from the similarity of the final syllables, 'Sviatitily'—'moutchitily.'

All the branches of our education were acquired by drumming; *i. e.* by learning by rote, word for word, our given tasks. We were not allowed to pass over one syllable in our books—like the Jews in the letter of Holy Scripture. To repeat anything in our own words was strictly forbidden, on the grounds that the books were written by persons who were infinitely wiser and more learned than we stupid school-boys. Even if the first boy, (when repeating, to perfection, his lesson,) ventured to misplace one or two words, without altering the sense, he was sure to get bad marks. 'I'll give it to you, you foolish doll!' cried Pëtre Matvéitch, 'for daring to alter the words of the book! Say it as it is written.' Thus we frequently learned by rote the most absurd misprints, not daring to correct them, for fear of punishment.

Thanks to this most rational method, a great 'scandal' occurred once upon a time in our school. The City Head * had occasion to visit 'the Three Bishops' about some alteration in the building. He came into the first class room, where Pëtre Matvéitch was at that time engaged. I do not exactly remember whether our grand guest was invited to examine us, or whether he did it of his own accord, but he preferred one question to us from each subject that we learned. He began with the Catechism, which in the first class we were taught by a layman and not by a Priest. 'What do you mean by the word GOD?' asked the Head. He received no answer, because the question was not put in the form we were accustomed to. Had he said 'What is GOD?' each of us would have replied in the words of our book—'GOD is a Spirit; and those,' &c. Then followed Russian grammar; we were requested to inform the Head how many letters there were in the Russian alphabet. This was a great puzzle to us, for we had never happened to count them. The examination concluded with arithmetic: the visitor called up one boy, and desired him to calculate how many scholars there were in each class and in the whole school. This we could not manage for the life of us, for all our attention was taken up with fractions and decimals, and we had no time to think of practical calculations. † After this brilliant examination our visitor left the room. We expected fully to get a good flogging all round, but to our astonishment it all ended in Pëtre Matvéitch's spitting with great energy, and pronouncing the words 'Stupid Doll!' immediately after the Head had passed through the door. As the exclamation was in the singular number, we did not take the epithet to ourselves.

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* A civil dignitary, selected from the merchant class in towns, and from among the peasants in villages. *(Trans.)*

† *i. e.* Mental arithmetic. *(Trans.)*

I formed a friendship in the school of the Three Bishops with a certain Kolia Sokoloff, whose father was head-steward to the Prince U——. He was two years older than I, but we took to each other from the similarity of our habits and attainments. Of all the boys in our class he was remarkable for his fine character, though he was terribly spoiled. He learned ill from carelessness, and was always in mischief, not so much from the enjoyment of fun as from the love of shewing off before his companions. The last at lessons, Kolia was first in everything else; he skated splendidly, imitated the cry of a quail to perfection, drew spirited caricatures of the teachers on the black board, and imitated them from the pulpit. Of course these agreeable talents were infinitely more appreciated than the utmost diligence and distinction in learning; and we were all very fond of him, except our Censor, whom he did not spare in his dramatical representations. This boy became my authority, and my intimacy with him did me much harm subsequently.

Kolia lived with his father in the princely mansion of his patron, whom I remember perfectly, as well as the house. He belonged to the old class of Moscow grandees, who gradually died out under the flow of a new style of living and thinking, like the 'Last of the Mohicans' in America; and would that a Cooper of their own could be found to describe them!

The U——'s house struck me with its richness and luxury: the spacious saloons, with their satin damask hangings, their marble fire-places and gilded furniture, their pictures and statues, seemed to me like the enchanted halls of a fairy tale. In an upper story a gallery led to the aviary, where on perches, or in rings suspended to the ceiling, sat grey parrots, white cockatoos, and other foreign birds; while in cages might be seen gold and silver pheasants, long-beaked pelicans, and green love-birds. Another gallery opened into the winter garden, with beds of aromatic flowers, paths bordered by exotic plants, the whole surrounded by espaliers of wild vines. In the centre, with a basin beneath it, played a large fountain. When in after days I read 'Rouslan and Ludmilla,'* the remembrance of Prince U——'s conservatory—particularly when the snow-covered ground outside could be seen through its frost-crystallized window panes—always came into my head at the description of the enchanted gardens of Black Death. From hence was a private entrance to the Prince's private theatre, where I for the first time in my life witnessed a theatrical performance.

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* A romantic poem by Poushkin. (*Trans.*)

I shall never forget that evening. It was during Christmas time: Kolia came to our house in the morning, and with my father's permission carried me off with him to spend a whole day and night in the grand house. The Prince gave a splendid dinner-party that day, and in the evening there was to be a performance. At dusk the street and neighbouring alleys became crowded with equipages. In the enormous kitchens, the cooks, like white phantoms, hovered around the bright stew-pans and saucepans; and in the apartments innumerable footmen in livery hurried to and fro with their divers preparations. In the vast dining-room, where we peeped in while dinner was going on, the conversation of the guests almost drowned the sounds of the orchestra, and in the light of countless lustres, chandeliers, and girandoles, shone every description of gold-and-silver-broidered uniform, and heads and necks sparkling with diamonds. Kolia's father was in high bustle, and we scarcely saw him at all; but in the evening he took us to the theatre, and placed us under the charge of some ladies.

It was already lighted up. I was struck dumb with the as yet unseen, to me, picture before me. The spacious saloon, with its countless lights, surrounded by a treble row of boxes; the pit filled with arm-chairs; and all ending with a beautiful painting, representing a landscape, which I did not suspect to be a curtain—all delighted me. In the middle row, immediately opposite the painted wall, was a large box draped with green velvet, and surmounted by the Prince's coat-of-arms. In a short time the boxes became filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, and the arm-chairs disappeared beneath a mass of uniforms and plain clothes, but the Prince's box remained empty. At last the deadened murmur of suppressed voices suddenly became silent, the gentlemen stood up and turned towards the green box, when the Prince, a little grey-haired old man in private clothes but with a star on his breast, entered it. Several gentlemen and ladies were with him, of whom one of the latter was, as I was told, the professional *danseuse* who managed the Prince's *corps de ballet*. As soon as the host and his guests had taken their seats, the orchestra struck up, and the curtain, to my utter astonishment, began to rise! They gave 'Zephyr and Flora,' a ballet; and now for the first time I beheld the scene of a theatre, covered with dancing figures in very airy costume, moving amid foliage and flowers. I was not aware that the whole *personale* of the company, the musicians in the orchestra, the *danseurs* and *danseuses*, were the Prince's serfs! It never entered my head that this hospitable nobleman made such use of his living property; I only saw that hundreds of eyes followed with delight the graceful movements of the dancers, and applauded loudly at the appearance of Flora. When the curtain dropped, the artiste was called into the Prince's box, where she listened to something her possessor said to her with great attention, and then kissed his hand. This appeared to me very strange and improper.

'She ought to be ashamed of herself!' I exclaimed to Kolia.

'But if she did not kiss his hand, perhaps she would get a whipping,' reasoned he.

. 'A big girl like that? and such a beautiful creature!'

'Why, she's only a serf-wench.'

This disgusted me; and the magnificent Prince and the splendid theatre all at once lost their charms for me.

Another time I saw the departure of Prince U—— to his estate of Archangelskoë, near Moscow. Preparations were commenced a week beforehand—carriages were got out, and various things packed up. The transmigration did not take place at one time; for several days, loads of luggage on country carts slowly left the Prince's court-yard; then a detachment of the household, consisting of laundresses and floor-polishers, the Prince's own kitchen, with its utensils and cooks; then followed the birds and monkeys, the Prince's wardrobe, part of the library, and the musicians with their instruments and musical notes. At last came the day of departure, and for the Prince and other inmates of his mansion at least ten carriages were prepared. A crowd of persons accompanied them on their journey; and a still greater one assembled at the gates, and watched the long line of equipages as they disappeared behind a cloud of dust down the distant street. A death-like silence reigned in the great house, and it seemed to have fallen asleep, with its closely shut gates and white-washed windows.

It was at the time of the last gasp of the old grandeur that remained from Catherine the Second's time. Long had it held out; but little by little, undermined in its strongest holds, it fell a ruin beneath the influence of new ideas. Riches, wantonly thrown into the hands of the favourites of fortune, were as wantonly thrown away by them: now they passed to a monastery, now to the gaming-table, now evaporated in some unheard-of speculation, now in a heedless frolic. The last scions of such nobility lived in a truly melancholy period, for them; one may almost say that they were present at their own funerals. The saplings overgrew the ancient giants of the forest before their very eyes. From every lecture-room in the universities, in every new verse of Poushkine's, might be heard their unalterable sentence. Like those of the grave-digger's spade sounded the blows of the auctioneer's hammer, when it transferred to the hands of rich shop-keepers and contractors the family palaces with their gilded furniture and treasures of art, collected from every corner of Europe. What must have been the feelings of the owners when they passed by their houses—where in better days the tables groaned beneath the weight of the silver services, and where the serf-musicians aided digestion by their performances—and saw the laconic superscription above the door-way, 'Hospital for Workmen,' 'Government Gymnasium,' 'Committee for the Supervision of Beggars,' &c.'

But the brilliant extravagance of the grandees gave way to the coarse profuseness of the merchant class, into whose hands many of the mansions of the Moscow nobility had fallen; and their way of making away with money was as rapid in its effects as the former one. At the time that Prince U—— was entertaining the aristocracy of Moscow with his dinners and serf-theatres, K——, a well-known manufacturer, was astonishing commercial Moscow with his unheard-of talents for throwing away millions. The father of this prodigal son was the very patriarch of all the Harpagons of the city. It was whispered that he began his career as a seller of leather mufflers, then established a manufactory, speculated fortunately, and in a few years of patience and parsimoniousness he accumulated upwards of ten millions of roubles. His miserliness became proverbial: among other anecdotes of him, it used to be related that he had a window made in the lower story of his house immediately opposite a street lamp, in order that he might thereby save candles. Every night he walked about the yard, barking, to deceive the neighbours and passers-by into the belief that he kept a dog, and thus to save himself the expense of buying and feeding one! He brought this art to such a pitch of perfection, that he deceived the dogs themselves. But during the whole course of his long commercial career K—— was never known to pay his creditor in full, but always contrived to squeeze a grivna,* or at any rate a kopecka † out of him, under one pretence or another.

At the death of this singular character, his enormous property passed to his only son, who had only just attained his majority. The entire education of this young man consisted in reading, writing, and calculation on the counters.‡ He was never allowed to leave the house, nor to form any acquaintance; pleasure and recreation were out of the question. It was said that his father on one occasion beat him unmercifully, and subsequently kept him confined in an out-house on bread and water, for presuming to go to the theatre with one of the foremen. And then, one fine day, this persecuted and unfortunate youth, completely unacquainted as he was with life and with his fellow-men, found himself in the full possession of twenty or thirty millions of roubles. Of course it came to pass what was to be expected: he was drawn into a whirlpool of improvised friends, of actors and actresses, and chorus-singing gypsies—horses and races appeared on the scene too; and in three years time the 'Moscow Intelligence' announced to the world the melancholy news that the merchant K——, in consequence of his inability to pay the guild-tax, had written himself in as burgher. This I can remember as being one of the most exciting scandals ever heard in the scandal-loving class of Moscow merchants.

The manufacturer, however, who employed my father, contributed to the list of scandals a fact, which if less tragical was scarcely less characteristic. He was by no means a dull fellow, but careless and uneducated; his father's affairs were in a flourishing state when he came into possession of them, but he had not the tact to keep it up. One could hardly call him extravagant, though it is true that he was a great lover of fine horses and public amusements; but he had no disreputable acquaintances, did not give ruinous parties, nor go the way by which K—— lost his millions. But for all that, his affairs went wrong; and I often heard my father tell my mother about the unflourishing state of the factory, and I had sense enough even then to guess that our employer was in danger of misfortune. In due time the catastrophe came, and astonished all the merchants in Moscow by its originality.

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* Ten kopeckas. † Equal to one-third of a penny.

‡ An article to be seen in every shop in Russia, and without which it would seem the merchant and his assistants are incapable of calculating at all. It consists of a wooden frame, with strong wires stretching from side to side, on each of which are strung ten wooden or bone beads.

It was in the winter; his name's-day was approaching, and he intended to give a grand feast; notwithstanding the representations of my father respecting the low state of the finances, he made preparations for a magnificent dinner, bought sterleds * of an arshine in length, cases of costly wines, and rare fruits. His relatives were not present, and only his creditors were invited, their number by far surpassing that of his kindred. To the less important of these he sent notes of invitation; but to the grandees he went himself, to beg the honour of their company. For this purpose he bought an elegant new carriage; and in it, drawn by a pair of fine black horses, the Amphytrion tore all over Moscow, inviting his creditors to an humble repast.

The day arrived, and at the appointed hour the guests began to assemble, amongst them being several of the brightest stars of Moscow commerce. The dinner was a splendid affair; the luxurious dishes, prepared under the direction of the head cook of the English club, and the exquisite wines, better than which could not be procured in the city, served to put the guests into the best of humours; the sterleds and strawberries did their duty, and the guests began to regard their regaler not as a debtor but as a host, and lauded to the skies with one voice his hospitality and liberality. But the end of the banquet arrives; the host quite unexpectedly rises from the table, falls on his knees in the middle of the room, and prostrating himself with his forehead on the floor before his astonished guests, addressed them a speech to the following effect.

'My respected and respectable guests and creditors! I thank you from the fullness of my heart that you have not despised my humble fare. I entertained you according to our old Russian saying, "What I am rich in I am delighted to offer," but my affairs do not allow of my regaling you as my heart would fain dictate. For the last few years God has not been pleased to bless my labours in the factory with success, as you may see by the books which I shall have the honour to offer for your inspection immediately. In the present state of my affairs it is utterly impossible for me to satisfy the demands of my creditors as they would wish; and therefore, bending to a cruel and inexorable fate, and to a

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* A delicious fish of the sturgeon species, but smaller and more delicate; it is very expensive in the capitals.

necessity which it breaks my heart to confess, I am compelled to offer you twenty-five kopeckas in the rouble. Remember, my much respected creditors, that we are all in the hands of the Lord; be merciful, then, to me, and do not ruin me now, nor refuse me your confidence hereafter!'

It may well be imagined that on hearing such an unexpected and pathetic speech, the physiognomies of the guests became considerably longer; and when the orator finished his address, with another prostration before his hearers, an animated murmur of voices arose.

'What is the meaning of all this?' they asked one of another. 'Why should we be soiled with soot merely because he wants to fly through the chimney? If we encourage such persons we must give up business altogether! If he proves in the right by his books, why did he not set to work to bring his affairs into order? But there is a debtor's prison at the Iversky Gates—let him remember that! Why should we ruin ourselves for him? We also have creditors. We are not chips of unfeeling wood. We pay our debts, we do. Let him go to prison!'

Notwithstanding these threats, many voices were raised in favour of the hospitable host, (doubtless from the effects of the Lucullus-like banquet,) and soon they became louder than the others.

'Well, what then?' said they. 'Is it the first time that such things have happened in Moscow? It is nothing new. Twenty-five kopeckas in the rouble is no such terrible bankruptcy. We knew the man for more than one year; and he cannot be accused of extravagance or idleness; "accidents will happen in the best-regulated families." Others come to mishap by their own imprudence. If he were a scoundrel he would not submit his fate to his creditors; but here he acts like a true Christian—invites us to his house, regales us to the best of his power, and even prostrates himself before us! Surely we should not repay his hospitality with cruelty, and beat down the fallen man! Let us see his books, and finish the business with God's blessing. One can see that the man has a soul to boast of; and when he gets all right again, he will doubtless settle his old accounts, and not forget our kindness. Well! Shall we forgive him or not?'

'Forgive him! forgive him!' shouted the other voices in the saloon.

The guests raised their still kneeling debtor, gave him a sound scolding and then a good kissing, called for more champagne, and at last began to toss him, and to sing 'Many Years' in his honour. In this manner, thanks to a cleverly-conceived trick, the commercial crisis of our bankrupt concluded with a merely family arrangement, and he continued his business with the credit and trust that he enjoyed before, though the history of his feast reached the farthest corners of Moscow.

Soon after this we removed to the parish of SS. Peter and Paul, and took up our abode at the house of a priest, with whom we were acquainted, and who subsequently had great influence in my career.

Apart from the absurdities of the noble and merchant classes, I had occasion just about this time to notice another species of eccentricity, the like of which is nowhere to be found but in Mother Moscow. I allude to a certain Colonel Domojiroff. My father and I were walking out, when all at once, in a belfry close by, a clanging of the bells, unusual at that hour of the day, was heard.

'His Eminence is coming!' said my father; and added immediately, 'To be sure he is! here comes Domojiroff.'

I turned, and beheld on a shaky town-droschky, half sitting and half standing, a little fat gentleman, in a military surtout with red facings, and a three-cornered hat, beneath which a pig-tail tied with a ribbon was visible. Following him at a little distance came an old-fashioned carriage on high springs, through the closed windows of which might be seen a white monk's hood and veil,* and a hand giving the blessing.

Domojiroff used to be called the Ecclesiastical Colonel. He was an officer of the period of the Emperor Paul, who, having nothing to do on retiring from the service, instead of turning his attention to pigeon-fancying, selected as his especial profession the task of accompanying the Metropolitan whenever he went to any of the churches in the city. I cannot say whether he did so with the consent of the Metropolitan, or whether simply nobody cared to forbid his enjoying this harmlessly-pious recreation; but certainly he formed, as it were, an official addition to the suite of His Eminence, when he performed Divine Service anywhere. On arriving at the church, he sprang from his droschky, cleared the way on the church steps, pushing the people about, and occupied himself during the Service by sticking tapers before the pictures, trimming the lamps, and making himself as busy and officious as the fly in the ploughed field. He was one of the Moscow celebrities.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the hiring of a lodging by Domojiroff, just opposite to ours in S. Saviour's, some four or five months before we left, caused an immense deal of talk in our neighbourhood. I often saw him at the window, where he would sit for hours and hours, with an immense pair of spectacles on his nose, reading from a large volume. On such days as the Metropolitan intended to perform Divine Service anywhere, he used to leave home at a very early hour, and repair on his self-imposed and gratuitous labour; thanks to this neighbour, we could always ascertain when and where His Eminence was going to officiate, what new Church or Altar was to be consecrated, and what new Bishop ordained. But Domojiroff did not remain long in our neighbourhood; it turned out that the Colonel had the privilege of free quarters in the city of Moscow, in consideration of his services to the Metropolitan; and this is how it used to be:—

When he hired the lodging opposite us, he did not give the landlord any rent in advance, but assured him that his word of honour was of more weight than all the contracts in the world; and so far he kept it sacredly, by moving into his new home on the day appointed. In a month's time, when the landlord asked him for the rent,[*] he said that he was unable to pay just then. When the second and third months came round—the same history! The landlord, out of patience, after many requests, threats, and complaints, at last applied to the police.

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* The ordinary costume of the Metropolitan, in distinction from that of Bishops, who wear a black hood and veil.

'What is it that you want?' they asked him.

'The rent, to be sure!'

'What! from Domojiroff?'

'Yes, of course. Is he to live gratis?'

'Gratis, everywhere,' was the answer; 'everybody knows that. Ask whom you will of his former landlords, they will all tell you that he never pays. Don't you know that?'

'But why? what reason is there?'

'It always has been so. Why, he is the Ecclesiastical Colonel! he accompanies the Metropolitan wherever he goes! As you please, of course; but it is of no use, you will only lose time and gain nothing.'

'What shall I do then?'

'If you wish for advice, we can help you in that way with pleasure. Hunt out a convenient lodging for him, pay for a month in advance yourself, and then politely request him to leave your house and take up his abode in the new lodging. Or—this is what you had better do, (only you must express your acknowledgments to us in a becoming manner,[†]) we will take it on ourselves to remove him. We have an affair with a very proud and tiresome lodging-house keeper—we will place the Colonel with him; and it is a nice lodging too. But don't you dream of getting your money from Domojiroff; it will be of no use, you will never get a single grosch.'[‡]

So the landlord prudently listened to this advice, and without thinking any more about his rent, politely requested his lodger to clear his rooms; he shewed the requisite amount of gratitude to the police, and in due time the Colonel was placed in the house of a certain merchant with whom the police had long been on bad terms in consequence of his obstinate forgetfulness of the birth-day of the magistrate, and his never paying him visits at Christmas and Easter. It was the intention of the police to keep Domojiroff there until the proud landlord should ask pardon for his offences; and their laudable efforts were crowned with such brilliant success, that the ecclesiastical Colonel was afterwards made use of as a means of bringing stubborn proprietors of lodging-houses to their senses with regard to affairs with the police. For many succeeding years Domojiroff thus lived at the expense of the Moscovians; his removes were always made on the account of the landlord whom he was leaving, and to whom he stuck obstinately until a farewell dinner was given in his honour, or a suitable present made to him as a souvenir.

(*To be continued.*)

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[*] The rent of houses and lodgings, and wages or salaries in general, are usually paid monthly in Russia. There are no such things as quarter days.

[†] *i. e.* Make the police a present. (*Trans.*)

[‡] Half a kopecka.

NUNN'S COURT.

CHAPTER V.

> 'Each emulous his brother to befriend,—
> Such have no ear
> For controversial triflings and debate,
> Nought that responds to party strife.'

SOON after John's return to Oxford, James Giles went to London. Mr. Yardley had suggested that he should be placed at a training college for schoolmasters; and having volunteered to defray part of the expense his education would entail, John readily assented to the proposal; and James, of course, was delighted. He had been pursuing his father's trade, which was that of a carpenter; reading with Dr. Murray two hours weekly, and spending the rest of his leisure in studying music. He was content; yet he hailed the prospect of rising higher in those things which his mind and soul loved, even while his affectionate nature shrank at the idea of a separation from his kind friends. Dr. Murray and Agnes met him at the station on the day of his departure, and waited to see him off.

'Good-bye, James, may God bless you!' said the Doctor, as the train was just starting; 'learn all you can, and make haste back, for we shall want you.'

The Doctor's words seemed prophetical; for the want was felt keenly before James had been absent a month. It had been part of Dr. Murray's plan, in bringing Nunn's Court into order, to find employment for all the boys and girls who were too old for school. The latter, with one or two exceptions, were placed out as domestic servants: some of the boys, too, were sent quite away, and the others had daily work procured for them in the town, and returned at night to their homes in the Court; and these had always been a source of trouble during the winter months to all interested in Nunn's Court; until James Giles had taken them in hand, and commenced, at John's suggestion, a sort of night-school for them; which had succeeded so far as to keep them out of mischief. He did not aim so much at teaching, as affording them wholesome amusement. He was a good reader; and moreover his musical talent furnished him with ample material for the undertaking, while it elevated him in the boys' estimation. But the summer was ended, the cricket season over; winter had set in, and James was gone! There was no resource left, but to grumble at the unusual severity of the weather and the dearness of provisions, in the long winter evenings as they clustered together in the Court; and in addition to their own recognized grievances, they had others brought to their notice by two young men, who had been absent, and at work, during the summer, and had returned with the intention of idling away all the winter months, and bringing with them all the slang terms, collected during their absence, and using them as means for engendering a spirit of discontent and irreverence. Priest-ridden! Lovers of the loaves and fishes! are grand-sounding terms when first they fall on the ears of ignorance; and although they who gave utterance to them were equally ignorant of their real meaning, yet by decking them in the glowing colours of eloquence which good memories furnished, they attracted undue admiration and respect from their hearers.

The schoolmistress had to complain of the irregular attendance of the children. Mrs. Treville was obliged to remark on the untidy appearance the Court had begun to assume; and Dr. Murray found the congregation at the chapel gradually lessening. But ponder as they might on the matter, no cause for such retrogradation seemed to manifest itself; until one evening, just before Christmas, when Mr. Yardley, who had been summoned there in haste, to baptize a dying infant, stumbled over a child who was making mud pies in the centre of the Court. He stopped to ask if the child was hurt, and then, noticing its occupation, told her to run and tell her mother he wished to speak to her. The child obeyed; but returned, however, accompanied by her father, who asked the Vicar in no respectful tone what he wanted. Mr. Yardley answered that he merely wished to say that in consideration of the amount of trouble and expense which it had cost Mr. Treville to drain and clean the Court for the comfort and health of its inhabitants, the least they could do was to prevent their children having untidy sports in the midst of it.

'Look you here, Mr. Yardley!' said the man, who was in a somewhat excited state, 'we have been priest-ridden quite long enough! Our homes is our homes, seeing we be Englishmen, and we'll not stand no more interference! See here!' he continued, and opened one of the cottage doors.

Within stood a number of men and boys, attentively listening to an address from one of their comrades, and presenting to Mr. Yardley's eye an embodiment of physical and muscular strength—those great gifts which the Enemy of souls so steadily assails on account of their very greatness.

Nature's gifts command respect; and something akin to this idea passed through Mr. Yardley's mind, and perhaps betrayed itself in his manner; or perhaps that individual respect for the 'powers that be,' which is innate in the true English heart, was the incentive that drew every hand to its forehead as the Vicar presented himself. One glance sufficed to shew that the speaker held in his hand an open Bible.

'You do well,' said Mr. Yardley, 'to read together in this manner:' yet, as he uttered the commendation, a vague fear possessed him that it was not well. 'Let us pray together!' he said, advancing into the midst of them.

When he rose from his knees, he wished them good night and departed, with the conviction that something was wrong. Acting upon his wife's advice, he made Mrs. Treville and Dr. Murray acquainted with what he had seen and heard; although he felt compelled to admit that if it had not been for the threatening manner of the reproved father, he should have suspected nothing.

The Doctor opined that some arbitrary measure would be best to preserve the cleanliness of the Court; and Mrs. Treville decided, that as her grandson held himself responsible for the rents, that being the only condition on which the management of the Court had been ceded to him, the unruly tenants should have notice to quit. Dr. Murray acquiesced, and accordingly accompanied her that afternoon to the Court, for the purpose of inquiring into the matter; but they found all the objectionable litters and mud gone, and no disorder apparent anywhere. The school-room, too, was tolerably well filled. Agnes and the Vicar's eldest daughter were helping in it that afternoon, and both observed that they had heard no complaint.

'Yardley's was a word in season, then, let us trust,' said the Doctor, as they returned home.

A few days afterwards two of the men were apprehended for being drunk and disorderly in the town; and two others, who were labourers on one of the Tydville Manor farms, were dismissed for insolent behaviour, and their wives and children reduced to great distress in consequence.

John Treville had arranged to spend the Christmas vacation with the Mortimers; but he wrote word to his grandmother that there was to be no lack of roast beef and plum pudding in the Court. He knew nothing of the existing troubles, for Mrs. Treville had purposely avoided telling him of them, flattering herself that they would disappear in time: but Christmas morn came in cold and white; and the tiny red berries on the tufts of holly which decked some of the cottage windows, alone wore the hue of brightness, and bore witness that Christmas was there. Even the beef and pudding failed to bring joy to the Court; and those who were saddest in heart, remembered with pain how heartily the Christmas carols had been sung, and the good fare enjoyed, only a year before, by those who were now bringing such trouble on all connected with them, and who not only refused to join in the singing, but would not taste of the dinner provided for them. And in that still, cold, December night, when the snow lay thick and white, some of the men were found poaching in the Manor wood by the game-keeper, who, in the scuffle which ensued, got shot through the leg. When the news of their arrest was told to Mrs. Treville, she resolved to send at once for her grandson, saying, 'We can do nothing more without Johnny.'

And Johnny came home, even before he was expected to arrive, to the infinite relief of his grandmother, who, in returning his embrace, exclaimed, 'O Johnny, we have managed very badly in your absence!'

He sat down by her side while she told him all; and when the recital was ended, she waited for him to speak, for his face had not once betrayed what was passing in his inner self.

After a few minutes silence, he said slowly, 'Grandmother! if I am plucked, could you bear it?'

'Bear it, Johnny?'

'Bear to know that my father's son could not stand a University examination?'

'But you will stand it, and creditably too, Dr. Murray says.'

'Ah, he does not know what a dunce I am! and if I give up reading in the vacation with Mortimer, I don't know what will become of me: I cannot expect him to come home with me always.'

'But, Johnny, Mr. Mortimer told me that he had no doubt about the result of your examination; and however it may turn out, your Granny will be quite satisfied that you have done what you could.'

The old lady took off her spectacles, and rubbed them in the pause which ensued.

John said at last, 'Any way, it is sure to come right, isn't it, Granny? only, by some unaccountable means, I feel seized with a fit of the dumps.'

'By no means unaccountable,' she returned, reaching out her hand and ringing the bell; 'no kind of refreshment have you had after your long journey! What have I been thinking about!'

'I think I will just run to the Court while the eatables are being prepared.'

'You will not indeed, Johnny, until you have had some kind of meal. You look both cold and hungry, and I should like to persuade you to give up going to the Court until to-morrow; you will be rested then, and more able to encounter worries.'

'And to-night my slumbers would be disturbed by a species of nightmare! Please, Granny,' and he folded his hands demurely, 'if I am a good boy, and eat a monster dinner, will you let me go directly afterwards?'

'Well, if you are determined to eat a monster dinner, a walk perhaps will be the best thing for you.'

No more was said about Nunn's Court. John led his grandmother on to speak of other subjects, and as he left her, said gaily, 'I shall be back in time for tea—and tea-cakes, eh Granny?'

The fog hung thick and yellow over the Court on that cold raw afternoon, and every door was closed, to shut out as much as possible of the ungenial atmosphere. A whining sob caught John's ear, on his arrival there; and looking round, he discovered a child of three years old sitting on a door-step, with her little arms folded in her pinafore.

'What are you doing here, you small morsel?' John said to her kindly.

'Please, Sir, I's kying, cos I's so hungry.'

'No bread, no fire, I suspect,' he said to himself; then hearing an opposite door open, he crossed over to speak to Mrs. Smith, who was old Ben's only daughter, and who had come out of her cottage with her baby in her arms.

'A new baby, isn't it, Mrs. Smith?' he said at once.

'Yes, Sir,' she answered, uncovering its tiny face.

'Christened?'

'No, Sir, not yet; he is but six weeks old.'

'Then you must let me be its godfather.'

A smile, a real genuine smile, sat on the poor woman's face; the first that had beamed there since the child's birth; her husband had been one of the insolent labourers, and was now in gaol on a charge of poaching.

'What, a hand, old fellow!' John continued, as the baby stretched out its tiny arm. 'I wonder if you and I will ever have a game of cricket together! But take him in, Mrs. Smith, out of the cold air; I will come again to-morrow and see him.'

And going on to the next door, John gave a loud knock. 'Is Giles in?' he asked of the girl who responded to his knock.

'Yes, Sir; Master is in the shed, at work.'

'I will go to him there, then;' and passing through the house into the shed, frightened the man out of his wits, by saying, before he was perceived, 'Giles, will you give me some bread and butter?'

'Sir!' cried the startled man. 'Law, Sir, I never thought 'twas you! I'm right glad to see you, Sir! Bread and butter, Sir?'

'Yes, Giles; I want you to give me some; I will do as much for you some day.'

'As much, Sir! What haven't you done for me? If 'twasn't for you, Sir, I should have no bread and butter this day.'

Being supplied with what he required, he told Giles he should come again soon, and have a long chat with him; he then returned to the little girl on the door-step, and giving her the bread and butter, said, 'You have a brother, I know; go in and give him half.'

The mother appeared, as the child entered, and perceiving John, exclaimed, 'I thought I knew that voice, Sir! But,' she continued, reddening, 'you will excuse my asking you in, Sir; my poor husband is at home, and he would be ashamed to see you.'

'I could not stay now, thank you, Mrs. Perkins,' John replied; 'but tell your husband I want to see him, for I should like to make some fresh rules for our cricket-club: you know he is one of our best bowlers.'

'He ain't said much,' said Mrs. Perkins, as she watched him leaving the Court, 'still, somehow, he has put fresh life into me, with that cheery voice of his!' And before daylight had quite vanished, her husband had gone with a suitable apology to his master, was received into favour again, and promised work as soon as possible.

'So you go back to Oxford to-morrow, John!' said Agnes Murray, a fortnight afterwards. They had met at the school-room, and were returning together. John sighed; and Agnes looked up at him unobserved; she noted then that just a shadow of care betrayed itself in the unusual contraction of his brow.

'How much has been effected since you came home, John! are you not glad?'

'Glad, Agnes!' he replied; 'indeed I am, if only for my grandmother's sake.'

'Mrs. Treville?'

'Yes, to me she looks worn and altered; and old Ben, too, is more dejected than I ever expected to see him.'

'But he will look up again now all is right, and his son-in-law has been acquitted; he will very quickly see, too, that you were right in doing nothing to hinder the case being tried, since it has given Smith the opportunity of proving publicly that he was not a poacher: otherwise there would always have been some who doubted his innocence in the matter.'

'It was not only that, Agnes; but the case could only have been stopped by bribery, and that would have compromised too much principle to be thought of even. Yet, when I saw the old man's tears, and heard his entreaties that I would save his grey hairs from shame, I almost yielded.'

'You are glad you did not now?'

'And shall be more glad by-and-by.'

There was a pause. Agnes repeated to herself,

'The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to float:
We count them past,
But they shall last;
In the dread judgement they
And we shall meet.'

'Agnes,' he said, as they drew near her home, 'you will see as much of my grandmother as you can until I return at Easter. I know I may trust you to take all care of her.'

'I will do my best,' she answered. 'So you intend to come home at Easter?'

'Yes, and at every term, after this. I have left too much for my grandmother and all of you to do.'

'Grace would tell you, if she were here, what she has so often said, that you have only kept idle hands out of mischief.'

She was pleased to hear him laugh at this.

'And, John, one thing I want to ask you. Would you mind very much if I wrote to you sometimes for Mrs. Treville? In the cold weather it often pains her to hold a pen; and I think'—a slight pink tinted her cheek—'I could give you more details than Papa would think of, or I know he would write instead of me.'

'Anything to spare my grandmother,' he returned; then, looking straight at her, said, 'I think too, Agnes, I should like to have a letter from you.'

The pink in her cheeks became crimson, and she looked up, to meet one of his brightest and deepest smiles, as he shook hands with her, and said good-bye. Agnes then entered her home with a heart full of happiness.

(To be continued.)

HOMBURG DURING THE WAR.

BY AUGUSTA FRERE.

20th. The town dressed with flags for the King's great victory, of which news came late last night. Bells have been rung, the 'Wacht am Rhein' played, the Louisen-Strasse is brilliant with colours waving from the balconies along its far perspective. Happily the dreariness of the black and white Prussian flag (which our maid took at first for a signal of distress!) is relieved in many cases by the red stripe of Hesse; and the united German colours—black, red, and yellow—with Bavarian blue and white here and there, make a pleasant variety. Surely the poor prisoners in the hospital must see some of these tokens of rejoicing from their windows, and guess at the fresh defeat of French arms! We were desired not to tell them any war news the other day, as it would be dangerously exciting, but none of them asked for any; and in such a strange crisis, with an Emperor half dethroned, a Parliament scarcely restrained from rude conflict, a mob enraged still more against their rulers than their foe, and a panic equal at least to the presumptuous security of three weeks ago—ignorance of what is passing in France may indeed to a sick Frenchman be called bliss!

The trains to Frankfort have been re-opened for a week past, and there is now a general relieved feeling that the war has passed away from Germany, almost indeed without having entered it. We realize the blessing all the more for a forcible perception of what it might have been, had the French prevailed and the Turcos been let loose on us. As the Germans say, 'Christian soldiers can be kept within bounds; but these savages know no restraint, and might have murdered us all in our beds!'

It is still rather an adventurous thing to make one's way to Homburg. A clergyman who was resolved to do so, and who was told (erroneously, I should think) that the Rhine route was impracticable, has just come out viâ Paris and Basle. From the latter to Heidelberg, he was allowed to join a military train; but after this his means of transit were reduced to having his *box* put on the rails, and himself sitting upon it; and a few miles from Frankfort *both* were set down summarily, (as the 'train' went no further,) and he, reversing their positions, had to carry his box the rest of the way!

Monday, 29th.—A period of cold, wet, dismal weather has suspended most out-door doings; water-drinking is only practised by the sternly hardy in macintoshes, and the band has long ceased to enliven the process by cheerful music. Visitors—what there were—are perceptibly thinned; the conspicuous element in the gardens now is the convalescent in sling or bandage, or limping along with crutch or friendly arm, in such precarious gleams of sunshine as still brighten Homburg in this end of August! Some, alas! have ventured too far on their half-recovered condition, and one poor young fellow has died of a chill thus taken. His wound had been cured, and his relations had been over to see him, rejoicing in his safety! However, a good many others (our musical friend among them) have been sent away pretty sound again; the French to Biberich—a Turco, when the moment came, could nowhere be found, and afterwards he turned up, having *hid* because he was so comfortable, and didn't want to go!

Very various are the destinies of Homburg officers in this bloody campaign. The *Brautigam* of Miss G—— (a very handsome girl, sister-in-law to one of our doctors,) has gone through the whole untouched, and writes that his safety amid storms of bullets seems a miracle! Poor Madame, on the other hand, a young and very attractive wife, had from the first a strong presentiment of evil; she turned pale over the lint and bandages, was obliged to quit the committee, and soon after was summoned to nurse her husband, who had been severely wounded in the hand. This was amputated, then the arm also had to be taken off, and the two operations wore out his strength, and he sank. Now, the excellent Hofrath here, Dr. Müller, has fallen dangerously ill. Fever, from hospital work, has developed an already threatening brain disease, and this anxiety is felt as a public sorrow. Only a few days ago he paid us a visit, looking much as usual; but he never gives up, it is said, and has felt the horrors of war so acutely, that mind as well as body are exhausted.

31st.—Twice within the last week it has been announced that the Crown Princess was coming to Homburg, and twice the sun has got up to see her, but retired disappointed behind his usual screen of sulky cloud. To-day she has actually arrived, and all is brilliant again—blue sky, glowing sunshine, waving banners, only the crowd who had waited patiently some two hours for her train to come in, took the event at last with unnatural tranquillity, and *we* felt inclined to cheer for them as she drove along the Louisenstrasse, with her carriage full of slender fair children, to the Schloss, which has been polished up for the return of royalty to Homburg. Her pleasing face bore some marks of the sadness and anxiety of this time. She is come with the express intention of visiting the hospital, and as it is her first appearance here, people have been speculating a good deal on what her manners and actions would be. Of course we felt chivalrous about our English-born Princess, and related all we had heard from Berlin observers of her kind hearty ways; and once seen, she seems to have charmed everybody forthwith, and to be accepted with entire satisfaction as 'thoroughly German.'

Sept. 3rd.—Another period of most exciting telegrams has followed the Princess's arrival; successive despatches from Metz, Vitry, Sedan, &c., electrifying us at intervals all these three days, till late last night came the wonderful news of the Emperor's and MacMahon's surrender! That peace will follow is too natural a hope not to be indulged, even while so many contingencies darken the future; and our present is a scene of triumph, rejoicing, and congratulation. One heavy cloud mars the general brightness, for alas! Dr. Müller died just as the great news came. His state had been hopeless for two days, and it appears that recovery from this attack would only have lengthened out a painful disease; yet the blow comes very awfully and severely upon those for and among whom he was working; and his personal friends cannot take their part in the festive demonstrations around.

This morning all the notabilities of the town went up to the Schloss with music and banners. The Princess came out on the balcony and tried to speak, but was too much affected; and besides, (says our landlord, who was, as an *Oberamtrichter*, in the front of the procession,) the people *would not* stop cheering. The children also came out; and to his great amusement, one little girl who had been sent in from the balcony because her excitement was getting rather beyond bounds, instantly thrust her head out at a window and began kissing her hand more vehemently than ever! A *Fackelzug* was organized for the evening; and we saw the glowing mass move buoyantly along, while the band played and the crowd of torch-bearers shouted out the words of the never-ceasing 'Wacht am Rhein.' On its return, the procession halted in the Kurgarten, which was prettily illuminated in the manner common to festal nights of the Homburg season, but abandoned ever since war drove the gay world away. There was more playing and singing and cheering, and the whole population seemed to keep parading under the arches of lamps, till a positive refusal of the weary musicians to perform the *Wacht* any more that evening, closed the entertainment a little before ten. Nothing could be quieter than the streets—no trace of drunkenness or rude behaviour. I and a lady friend had gone, expecting to meet her husband; but we missed somehow, and were not in the least dismayed by our unprotected condition.

Saturday, Sept. 10th.—A week has gone by wholly without news, except of Napoleon's arrival at his luxurious prison at Cassel, and of the Republic now ruling in that stormy Paris he has left behind—probably for ever! The lull succeeding such a period of excitement has been partially animated by the presence of the Princess, who dropped at once into a quiet, domestic, yet stirring life, visiting this and other hospitals daily, and walking with all her six children in the park, very plainly dressed, and returning one's curtsey with pleasant smiles as well as bows. She is eminently practical, looks into all the arrangements for the sick, goes down to see how the soup is made, and speaks to *every* invalid, a sufficiently exhausting effort, (as one of her ladies, whom we know, told us after she had been through *five* hospitals one day at Frankfort!) but it gives so much pleasure, that doubtless she is glad to make it, and the poor men look quite cheered up after she has passed, with some kind word for each. *Our* Caserne is now comparatively empty, but the mass of wounded in Frankfort is enormous and terrible to think of; *twenty* extra buildings have been erected for their reception, and the ladies of the city, especially those of the higher ranks, have devoted themselves to nursing. I spent a day there lately, seeing a few of its sights, and dining with a nice intelligent family of the upper middle class, with whom we have 'relations.' They occupy a high flat in the *Hirschgraben*, formerly a ditch between the old walls of Frankfort, where deer were kept, now a sort of market lane. Their salon, with two or three rugs on its clean unpolished floor, some handsome furniture in dark wood carving, and several tall plants with rich green leaves disposed in corners, had a pleasant bower-like aspect; and between a sociable meal, flavoured with politics and telegrams, (as well as an excellent *compote* to the roast chicken,) and a welcome interval of solitude with sofa and books, the hours passed easily and cheerfully with these new acquaintance; perhaps the strong link of war sympathies made one feel more at home, and it certainly loosened my German tongue! They spoke of the part taken by Frankfort in this emergency, as generous and dignified; if the city could not *forget* how Prussia had treated her in '66, she had shewn a genial and forgiving spirit; and the idea of a great German kingdom had reconciled many to what otherwise appeared foreign dominion. This view is symbolized by the black, red, and gold flag, now adopted by the incorporated states in preference to the Prussian, or even the red, black, and white, as being an ancient national combination of colours, formerly exhibited in the lion banner—black, with red claws, on a gold ground. Even in Berlin a great stir was made the other day to substitute this for the modern tricolour, on the statue of Frederick the Great.

I travelled back with some ladies, whose grief about the war was most vivid in its expression. One of them said *all* her male relations were in the midst of it, and the horror was too intense—she felt absolutely crazed. If they even came back—these young men, whom she had known strong and healthy and happy—*how* did they come? Maimed and shattered, arms or legs or eyes destroyed; or ruined in constitution, consumptive or rheumatic—to die slowly, or suffer for life! Let those be enthusiastic for the war who had something to gain! The two sat exchanging details of misery and privation, while I put in a word or two of sympathy, and felt their trials were almost *too* deep for a foreigner to assume any comprehension of.

Tuesday, 13th.—After a long interval, with no fresh patients in the Caserne, late last night the bugle sounded, and nearly one hundred men arrived from other refuges, where they had been nursed for a time, but far less *luxuriously* than here. A lady at the *Verein* to-day gave an amusing description of their delight at the savoury soups and meats, and the 'double appetites' some of them displayed! Most of these had been wounded or invalided near Metz, where the privations have at times been severe, in spite of the wonderful organization which has kept an enormous army supplied so long on hostile ground.

Alas! the news came a few days ago that Fräulein G——'s betrothed, after escaping all hurt through so many dangers, was killed at the last battle near Sedan. One of the first shots fired passed through his body, and death was instantaneous—thus far a comfort to his family; but the poor girl, whose own health is very fragile, has only by degrees learnt the worst—the mere knowledge that he had been wounded threw her into such agonies of grief and tears, that her relations feared to tell her more. A week ago we saw her at the Schloss, looking so bright and lovely! Lieutenant B—— also was highly esteemed here, and a remarkably handsome young man, we are told. They had been engaged about six months.

On Sunday, the Princess, after the German service in the Schloss Kapelle, had all the ladies of the committee collected, and spoke pleasantly to each, besides giving a large chest of linen to the fund. The rooms were to-day in a very busy state when I entered—Madame von M—— and several others ironing away, with flushed faces, just like laundresses, and chatting all the time in that familiar cackle which it is hopeless for a foreigner to follow! Germans, among themselves, always seem to me to slip over half their words—but then, they say the same of *us!*

Going into a music-shop this afternoon, I was amused to find the entire table spread with arrangements of the *Wacht am Rhein*, in about a dozen different forms—single, duet, easy, elaborate, *Fantaisiefied* almost past recognition—and all brilliant in flags and demonstrative title-pages. Its composer owes a good deal to the circumstances, which *must have* an appropriate air, and so have yielded it an honour scarcely deserved by its intrinsic merits. Schick's Library, opposite the Kursaal, is in a regular state of siege whenever telegrams are known to have arrived. It is there the placards are printed; and a crowd of men, women, and children, keep pressing into the shop, seizing the papers under the very hand of an expectant buyer, and wildly throwing down their three *kreuzers*, which here represent a penny—at least, everywhere except at the Post-office, which ignores all but the Prussian coinage. How sincerely do we wish that a united Germany may soon be represented by a united currency! for the medley in circulation here is perfect distraction to a stranger. There are *guldens* of every nation—Nassau, Bavaria, Holland, Austria, (which last are worth twopence more, and their subdivisions make horrible fractions,)—besides the *thaler* and its minor brethren; and generally speaking, the small coins are worn and dirt-ingrained to a point at which value or national stamp are wholly undecipherable to uninitiated eyes! A few weeks ago, speculators were trying to amass gold and silver, and to circulate notes of still dirtier aspect; but this difficulty has ceased with the turns of the war.

16th.—Our friend the *Hofdame* has just been staying in the Palace at Darmstadt. There are more than five hundred wounded in the place, and Princess Alice visits them daily, taking the kindest personal interest in each; so that when a bad cold kept her away for a few days, the blank was quite depressing. The poor men have such unlimited confidence in her judgement, that they always want her to advise them whether or not to have their legs or arms taken off! Countess B—— also told us that her own younger sister is working as a regular nurse in one of the Berlin hospitals. She has taken the place of a trained one, who is thereby enabled to join the camp; and at first the life seemed very rough, as she has to share a room with two other ladies, to rise at five daily, and clean her lamp and door-handle, and sometimes the windows, besides attendance on the sick; but she thrives on the work now, and finds it greatly allay those anxieties which *must* press heavily where so many friends and relations are in danger!

These are our last days at Homburg. The season is too cold for a longer stay to be desirable; but we are sorry to leave so many interests behind us, and to see no end, as yet, to the miseries connected with them. A long and sharp trial seems still to lie before this nation, already sorely afflicted, yet how happy compared with France! What *there* may be the results of this terrible campaign—whether the fierce passions of her people may not prove a rod of more cruel chastisement than the invading army of her enemy—we dare not speculate, but have much cause to fear. It is a time of strange events and of solemn thoughts. And yet, through all these anxieties, all these urgent calls for exertion and self-sacrifice, the unnatural life of the gambling-tables goes on as usual! In several of the *bads* they have been closed, thus, I suppose, throwing more of their frequenters into Homburg; and often, in passing the open door of those gloomy airless saloons, a stifling sensation has come over me, at the ceaseless chink of the gold, and the groups of eager spectators, day by day wasting health and means and powers in this (in every sense) poisonous atmosphere.

At least, we are glad to leave our friends under no apprehensions of hostile invasion, such as were rife when we arrived here two months ago. We have been amused to learn lately that at that time we were spoken of as *the* English ladies who came to Homburg when everybody else went away! And certainly so peaceful a sojourn in these agitated times was a boon hardly to be hoped for then, and most thankfully to be acknowledged *now*. Possibly some who were driven from the place by the blast of war, may form from this rough journal some clearer idea of what it became, thus transformed. *Our* Homburg must be a very different one to theirs—sad and stern, not rich and gay; yet probably the few who have known it through this period of intensely *real* cares, hopes, and fears, will feel a far stronger interest in its people, than the experience of an ordinary watering-place season could have created.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

XVI.

NORTH TIROL—WÖRGL TO VIENNA. III.

SALZBURG *(continued)*; HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TOWN—MILK DOG-CARTS—CATHEDRAL, ITS STYLE, CONGREGATION, ORGAN—MOZART; HIS HOUSE, STATUE; HIS LAST WORK; MYSTERIOUS VISITOR; EFFECT ON HIS SPIRITS; HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF THE SCENE; MEMORY OF THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE NOZZE DI FIGARO; FINAL TOUCHES AT THE REQUIEM SCORE; PERFORMANCE AT HIS FUNERAL; NEAPOLITAN OPINION OF HIS POWERS; PROSE ACCOUNT OF THE LAST REQUIEM; COUNT WALLSEGG; GOTTFRIED WEBER'S INVESTIGATION; SÜSSMAYR'S ADDITIONS AND CLEVER FORGERY; LATER SUPPLEMENTS—MONUMENT TO HAYDN'S BROTHER; CEMETERY OF S. PETER—CELLS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS—CEMETERY OF S. SEBASTIAN; TOMB OF PARACELSUS; HIS HOUSE; HIS MEMORY; LEGEND OF HIM, TOLD BY THE OLD HERB-COLLECTOR—THE PRINCE-BISHOP'S CASTLE; THE KEEPER'S LEGENDS; MARIA-PLAIN; THE LIEBE FRAU ZUM LINDENBAUM; KAISER KARL IN THE WUNDERBEBG; ANALOGOUS MYTHS OF WILLIAM TELL AND FREDRICK BARBAROSSA; HEINRICH HEYNE; DANGERS OF ASCENDING THE UNTERSBERG; ITS MYSTERIOUS RECESSES; WILD SCENERY; WEIRD INHABITANTS; THEIR CHARACTER, OCCUPATIONS, PRANKS, GIFTS, DWELLINGS, RICHES; THE MISSION OF KAISER KARL, HIS HALL OF STATE, HIS SLUMBER, HIS AWAKING—THE KAPUZINERBERG, KALVARIENBERG, LEGEND OF THE WEEPING WILLOW—INFANT FUNERAL—FRANCISCAN DOLE; PECULIARLY CONSTRUCTED CHANCEL—SALZACHE SACRED STREAM—EXCURSION TO BERCHTESGADEN; ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE WUNDERBERG; THE WATZMAN; THE KÖNIGSEE, THE EISKAPELLE; OUR MAIDEN ROWER—SALT-MINES—COTTAGE HOSPITALITY—THE STORY OF FRANZ HOFFMAN—THE EDELWEISS—MINERS SAYING THE AVE—JOURNEY TO ISCHL—HOF—THE FUSCHELSEE—S. GILGEN; NEW COPPER CUPOLA; THE 'VIERZEHN NOTHHELFER;' LEGENDS OF S. GILES—S. WOLFGANG, VILLAGE AND LAKE, REMARKABLE ECHO; THE BLIND MAN'S PETITION—COTTAGE DEVOTIONS.

ISCHL; IMPERIAL VILLA—KALVARIENBERG—CHURCH; INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS; INSCRIPTION—THE TRAUNTHAL—EBENSEE—THE GMUNDENSEE—TRAUNKIRCHEN; FATE OF THE IMPETUOUS LOVER—THE FIECHTHAUER WIND—AQUATIC PROCESSION FOR CORPUS CHRISTI—TRAUNFALL; THE CANINE GUIDE—LAMBACH; PRIMITIVE INNKEEPERS—BAURA, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH—LINZ—THE DONAUFAHRT.

SALZBURG is a most interesting town; its peculiar history, its surpassingly beautiful situation, and its many romantic traditions, give it an irresistible claim on the sympathies of its visitors. It has a thriving, stirring aspect, too, which preserves it from the reproach of gloominess attaching to many places dear to the lover of the picturesque and the collector of traditions; while at the same time its old local customs have not been altogether swept away by the assimilating tide of modern habits: but it has still many peculiarities to engross one's attention as one passes along, and distract it from the monotonous routine to which we are now almost everywhere in Europe condemned.

On the first morning of my visit, I was awaked early from my comfortable rest at the *Goldene Traube* by a loud barking in every key of canine utterance. I soon found the sounds proceeded from a herd of stout muscular dogs, who had just drawn in a number of little carts containing the morning's milk supply of Salzburg. They were unharnessed at the head of the bridge just opposite my window, and turned loose, whereupon with loud and eager vociferation they trooped over the bridge to cater for themselves in the precincts of the market-place, where some hours later I observed they had a regular rendezvous with their keepers, by whom they were easily reclaimed.

Once out in the fresh morning air, I made my way to the *Dom*, an imposing Italian edifice, just two hundred years old; the congregation at Mass was very large. The exquisite tones of the organ brought back to mind the story that had often charmed me in childhood, of Mozart's Requiem—his last work—performed there for himself. I resolved to trace out his memory, and hear it once again on the spot which boasts of having given him birth. The enterprise was no difficult one, for the memory of the great *maestro* is held in high veneration in his native town; and you can meet no one in the street who will not find it a pleasure to direct you to Mozart's house, in front of which a statue has been lately erected. Nor was I disappointed in my desire of hearing the traditions of the Requiem. In the beginning of the year 1791, Mozart was yet at the height of his fame, and he was only forty-four; but it had been observed that the dreamy melancholy, which was one of his characteristics, had assumed a more decided hold over him than formerly: one day, his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, found him a prey to an unusual elation; the change of symptoms aroused her attention, but he seemed withheld by some strange restraint from imparting the ground of his excitement, though she observed that he was feverishly occupied on some fresh composition. But as weeks passed by, his sadness gradually returned, and with redoubled force; till at last a day came—she remarked it well—it was exactly two months after the beginning of this delirium, she found him once again under the influence of a similar paroxysm of unusual gladness, which he was equally loath to account for, and which also faded away like the last. She now watched him more closely, and observed that the fevered season of rejoicing returned once again at a shorter interval than before, and the succeeding melancholy also supervened more rapidly than on the first occasion.

One day, when he was more than usually serious, he called her to him, and revealed the cause that had so strangely affected him. He said that on the first day he had received an unknown visitor, tall, pale, sad, and dressed in black, and of strange appearance and manners. A moment before, he had been trying to seize a melody which had ofttimes before floated before his mind's ear, full of associations with loved and holy ones departed, and the hope and promise of a better life. And the mysterious stranger, who had thus broken in on these musings, came to propose to him to write the score of a Requiem Mass for a departed relative. The *maestro* had answered that he accepted the commission willingly; and having promised to complete it in two months time, the stranger undertook to come for it at the time specified. Then he dwelt on the strangeness of the coincidence of his ideas with the subject of the visit, and the fantastic character of his visitor, till he betrayed his conviction that he was a messenger from the other world, and that the Requiem was for his own burial.

It instantly suggested itself to his wife that the proper test would have been to require the name and abode of the person who came charged with such a commission.

'That was just the strange part of it,' replied the composer; 'though of distinguished manners, and princely in his dealings, as you shall see, nothing could induce him to reveal his name. But that I might have no hesitation in trusting him, he laid on the table before me the pledge that he was in earnest. Though I found afterwards the parcel he left contained the splendid sum of two hundred ducats, I felt at the moment that it was not the money alone that formed the promised pledge, for as he spoke the afflatus of heavenly melody streamed powerfully over me as I never felt it before; and as soon as I was left alone, for I never observed him depart, the strains with which I had had to grapple seemed all too broad and high for my weak spirit to contain. I struggled with them day by day, till the two months drawing to a close shewed me how mighty were the ideas with which I was stirred, and I—how powerless to interpret them! On the appointed day he came again, and seemingly more weird than before. . . . .'

His wife started, for she remembered how she had watched his room that day, and she felt persuaded that no earthly visitor had passed its threshold; but she refrained from interrupting the overwrought narrator.

'I explained to him,' he continued, 'that I had been incapable to complete my undertaking, but shewed him that in the meantime I had by no means been idle; but I offered him his ducats back, for I felt as if the capacity had gone out of me, and I told him I could proceed no further with it. He seemed neither annoyed nor surprised to find the work not done, but he would not listen to any plea I advanced for excusing myself from going on with it. "You will find your muse will come back to you," he said. "I will return for the score in five weeks, only remember that will be the last time; and here is the pledge that I will keep my word." He laid on the table as he spoke a sum double in amount to that he first brought, and disappeared. It was true my muse came back, and I went on with the work; but the thrill of mingled terror and joy which had risen in my breast when he said "Remember, it will be the last time!" convince me that this time when he comes I shall not see him in the flesh, for it is my soul that he came to call.'

He paused, overcome with emotion; and his wife poured in all the balm of her woman's courage and sympathy. Though she could not alter his convictions, he continued to speak with more self-command and cheerfulness.

'I have no reason to be otherwise than glad,' he said, 'for I have indeed been highly favoured. This score, though I shall not live to complete it, will, I know, be a lasting note of comfort and triumph to the sorrowing; while for you, for whom have been my greatest anxieties of the past months, are provided means which I had never hoped to see in our power. True, I am Kapel-meister to the Emperor, but the salary is measured by the state of his Majesty's exchequer; and though Joseph II. has never been wanting in giving encouragement, it is little else he has to give.

'Do you remember that evening,' he continued after a pause, and his eye brightened, 'when the *Nozze di Figaro* was brought out at Prague—I think it was in 1784—Joseph II., at whose earnest wish I had written the score for an adaptation of Beaumarchais' comedy, was as anxious about its success as myself. But Schaabaham was out of sorts with her part, and murdered the melody. I was too indignant to complain to her; but when the drop fell at the end of the first act, I flew to the Imperial box, and entreated an order to close the house. "I will do better than that," replied his Majesty; and with that he sent down a peremptory message to the artists, to say that if I was not satisfied with their execution during the remainder of the evening, he would have them marched off to prison. He knows how to make himself obeyed; and I must say, nothing could be more perfect than the rendering of the subsequent acts. And he would do the same thing again to-morrow, I know; but the calls on his purse are too serious for him to be able to patronize art as he would wish.'

Later, the playful light left his eye again. The conviction that he had but a few days to prepare for his last account, and for the separation from those he held dear on earth, returned. The hours which were not spent in pious conference with his confessor, or affectionate intercourse with his family, were devoted to working at his Requiem.

In proportion as the appointed day approached he grew stronger and calmer, so that those around him had almost ceased to attach any importance to his predictions; but it was only that his well-regulated soul having made its peace with Heaven, and accepted with perfect resignation the decree which cut him off for a time from the ties of kindred, had found its rest in contemplating the future place so soon to be his.

It was the vigil of the last day; he was seized with a short paroxysm of feverish excitement; he called for the score of the *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*, and re-wrote it in the present form, which never fails to thrill all who hear it. Afterwards he grew calm again, and presently sent once more for his confessor. His wife anxiously looked out, in the fond hope that the stranger would appear to claim the Mass and break the spell; but amid the crowds who came hour by hour to inquire after the health of the *maestro* she failed to recognize one who answered to his description. A few hours later, she was called to the bed-side to receive her husband's last sigh; and that day week, the organ, which charmed me to-day in the *Dom* of Salzburg, poured out for the first time at his funeral office the inspired strains of Mozart's Requiem.

Such is the legend: and if the Master's command over his instrument was so magical, that at Naples they asked him to take off his ring before they would believe the jewel was not a talisman conveying supernatural power, it is not wonderful that there should have been thought to be something more than human in the inspiration of his compositions. The prose account of the origin of the Requiem is, that it was actually written at the request of Mozart's patron, Count Wallsegg, to be used at a funeral service for his wife; but even this version has its mystery. It is now universally acknowledged that Mozart left the score unfinished; and it has long been a subject of dispute whose was the genius that could venture, and so successfully, to fill up the great master's composition; the difficulty of the investigation was increased by Count Wallsegg having paid an extra high premium for the privilege of bringing it out in his own name, under a pledge of secresy as to its real origin. Gottfried Weber, who investigated the matter with great care, came to the conclusion that the whole Mass had been sketched out by Mozart, and that some of the principal movements, particularly the *Agnus Dei*, were undoubtedly his, but much was filled in by a pupil of his, Süssmayr by name. Though too wild and unstable to make a name for himself, he was very clever; and besides grappling so successfully with the imitation of his master's style, he forged his peculiar notation so closely, that those who first saw the score never doubted but that it was all in one handwriting. The MS. was, at the death of Count Wallsegg, purchased for the Imperial Library of Vienna, where anyone may compare the notation of the various parts for himself.* Since the forgery has been brought to light, other composers have attempted to supply Süssmayr's share. This was done again at the funeral office of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany in S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini in Rome, in April, 1870, by Meluzzi, with a perfection of appreciation of Mozart's style which astonished all connaisseurs present.

Nor is Mozart the only composer whose memory is cherished at

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* For further details, see 'W. A. Mozart, von Otto Jahn,' Leipzig, 1859; and the official narrative of the investigation, by J. F. Edlin von Mosel, Vienna, 1839, under the title, 'Ueber die Original Partitur des Requiem von W. A. Mozart.'

Salzburg. Haydn's brother Michel has a monument in the Church of S. Peter, where his skull is preserved. This collateral relic, so to speak, is treated with as much regard as if it had belonged to the great master himself, and that, though he was not a native of Salzburg, but a Hungarian. The cemetery of S. Peter is full of quaint and curious monuments; close adjoining it are reached some cells, and a chapel high up in the living rock, which served as a place of refuge to the Christians during the inroad of the Huns, and also to S. Rupert.

The grave-yard of S. Sebastian boasts of possessing the tomb of another celebrity, Theophrastus Paracelsus, though we have already seen that Innsbruck claims that he died with her. The famous doctor passed a great part of his life at Salzburg; the house he occupied is still shewn, in the Linzer Vorstadt: the memory of the cures he effected were long remembered, and gave rise to many fantastic tales; the only one I came across, however, bore out his fame probably less than any other. We were pursuing the long shady winding walk, which, though not the most direct, is the pleasantest road for reaching Hellbrunn; the tangled brake was richly enameled with wild orchids, and clusters of ripe blackberries covered with a purple bloom which justified their French name of wild mulberries. A wrinkled old woman wandered through them, so bowed with age that she was often hid amid the brambles, filling her baskets with various blossoms and roots with jealous scrutiny of selection. Right pleased she seemed at our friendly curiosity in her occupation, and ready enough to tell in her hardly intelligible dialect the virtues she ascribed to each plant. From the healing virtues of plants the transition was short to Theophrastus Paracelsus. She had a good deal to tell of him, which would have been interesting, I dare say, could I have followed her dialect with greater ease. Here is the only one that was consecutive enough to transcribe.

Among the various persons who came from all parts of the world to take advantage of his skill, was a rich lady, who came to Salzburg to seek the cure of a dangerous malady at his hands: as he was slower in working it than she had anticipated, she so loudly expressed her dissatisfaction, that it got talked of in the city, and other doctors came to offer their services, and among them a Dwarf from the Wunderberg; (of which more anon;) the weird aspect of the little doctor tickled the lady's fancy, and she accepted his services in preference to those of all the others; Paracelsus indignantly declaring that she would come to rue having had recourse to his despicable aid. The Dwarf not only undertook, but effected the cure on the instant, requiring for his fee nothing but that his patient should remember his name till that day year: the condition was so easy, that the lady had no hesitation in accepting it; nor did she even trouble herself about the penalty he attached to its non-performance, though it was no less than that she should marry him. The lady's memory, however, proved more treacherous than she had anticipated: long before the year was out she had forgotten the Dwarf's name; and then she remembered indeed, and in terror, the penalty of her forgetfulness.

In her wild distress she sent for Paracelsus, but he told her dryly it was not a case in which he could render assistance; he had no share of the magic powers the people ascribed to him, and by no ordinary wisdom could the name be devised. He had predicted she would rue the day when she trusted to the Dwarf, and now his words had come to pass.

If Paracelsus could not help her, no one else could, she thought; and the lady gradually fell, as the year advanced towards its close, into a hopeless state of dejection. And yet help came to her from one much less great and clever than Paracelsus—even from a poor old woman who went out gathering medicinal herbs on the Wunderberg, 'just as I may be doing here,' my old friend added significantly, with the evident intention that I should apply the subsequent hint concerning almsgiving to myself. To this old woman the rich lady had often given charitable alms; and with grateful interest she was now absorbed with the thought of her benefactress's distress. Benefit often accrues to us from the good we have done to others: as this old woman was searching about for her plants, and still thinking only of the good lady, she perceived through the mask of tangled briars a cleft in the mountain side which admitted to a sight of its mysterious interior. Full of delight at the chance of seeing what all mankind have longed in vain to see, she strained forward to find a wider interstice of the interlacing branches, that she might contemplate its wonders more at ease. Ere she had succeeded in this, her ear caught some words that a dwarf, who sat in the entrance, was singing with manifest glee:—

'Hurrah! I've a right to be pleased with my lot,
Since the lady my name 's Hahnenguckerl 's forgot.'*

'So his name's *Hahnenguckerl*, is it!' reasoned the shrewd old woman; and without waiting for so much as another look towards the Wunderberg, set off running back to Salzburg as fast as her feeble legs would carry her. The lady no sooner heard the name of *Hahnenguckerl* than she recognized the talisman of her freedom, and, you may be sure, endowed her humble deliverer with money enough to keep her at ease for the rest of her days.

Salzburg's greatest ornament and glory is undoubtedly the noble ruin of her former Prince-Bishop's† Castle, which looks proudly down from a considerable eminence, overlooking the town, like some majestic bird with her wings extended for the defence of her dependent brood. The steepness of the ascent is the penalty of the beauty of its situation; and not being a good climber, I had had quite enough of the work by the time I had reached the galleried platform. I stationed myself at one of its windows, to make out by a map the various eminences around, while the rest of the party continued to toil upwards, and make acquaintance with the upper apartments, some of which are in a habitable state, and to sketch the splendid panorama seen from the highest terrace. Presently the old keeper of the castle, having gone through his parrot-routine of notabilia above stairs with them, came back to persuade me to submit to the same. I have a sovereign dislike to these hackneyed recitals, repeated year after year to half-unwilling ears, till the narrators in very weariness have themselves lost not only interest, but often the very sense of the story. I assured him I knew all he had to tell, and begged him to leave me to enjoy the glorious prospect; but the loquacious cicerone was not to be so easily shaken off. I spoke of enjoying the prospect; did I know anything about the country I was looking at? I thought I did, and named some points so accurately, that I only increased his desire to perfect my knowledge. I submitted to the evil I couldn't cure with the best grace I could command, and had no reason to regret the conversation; for, the routine-language of his daily recital once laid aside, he talked to me with that genuine personal interest in the traditions of his country, which I delight of all things to meet with. Finding him so well up in folk-lore, I begged him to tell me what he knew about the marvels of the Untersberg—a remarkable isolated mountain, raising its rugged peak before us some six thousand feet above the swampy plain. I had observed that he, and indeed all the people of the place, never called it by any other name than the Wunderberg, and the old collector of herbs in her story yesterday had spoken of it as the recognized abode of wonder-working dwarfs; while some allusions to it in a political pamphlet, with which all Salzburg had been inundated for a few days previously, entitled *Kaiser Karl und Kaiser Napoleon*,* had suddenly reminded me of the fact that I was in the very presence of that mysterious height, concerning which in childhood my fancy had been fired with the traditions of Charlemagne ever living there to keep guard over the destinies of the German people. I had often been inclined to think that it was simply the bizarre manner of his burial—not resting peacefully like other Christians on the bosom of his mother earth, but seated as in life upon his imperial throne, wearing the insignia of his earthly dignity—that had suggested the myth; but I began to find it had a deeper origin than this, and that it was rather the popular belief in his continued vigilance which had suggested the fantastic burial. For this reason I persistently recalled my present informant from the traditions of Maria-Plain, (a favourite pilgrimage near Salzburg,) and of our Lady '*zum Wunderbaum*,' and all his other stories, to fix him on this most important one of the Untersberg.* He had plenty to tell, and insisted on preparing my mind for the wonders of his tale by drawing a fearsome picture of the inaccessibility of the mysteries within; only a few months before, he assured me, he had seen brought into Salzburg the mangled corpses of two young Bavarians who had been dashed to pieces in the attempt; and many a black cross marked similar mishaps all along the way.

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* 'Juhe! bin ich so froh dass die Dame nicht weiss; dass ich Hahnenguckerl heiss!'

† The Bishop retains the title of Prince, but has had no territorial jurisdiction since the legislation of Joseph II.

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* My visit to Salzburg occurred in the autumn of 1867, at the time of the Emperor Napoleon's visit to the Emperor of Austria, from which important consequences were expected at the time, enough to stimulate the energies of journalists and pamphleteers.

'Then there *is* a way into its recesses?' I interposed.

'Of course there is a way,' he replied, 'or how should we know what there is within? but they are few to whom it is given to follow it to the end. A path it is, like a mere thread, where scarcely a cat might find footing; two hours and a half of it bring you to a broad open space, round which the mountain peaks rise on all sides, making a frightful abyss of it. As long as you are still on the path, the air around is warmed by the sun's rays; but here, when you pass within the 'cauldron' I have described, the air is freezing cold. You descend more than a hundred steps hewn in the ice and snow, till you come upon a long narrow corridor leading to a broad plateau of ice—for ice is all around you in a thousand shapes; there it is like masses of rock, here like the pillars of a church, and all about you are mysterious caves all of solid ice. It is worth while here to step out of your way, and running down the path leading to Schellenberg, to overlook the panorama spread out before you, taking in even the beautiful little Königslake in the distance. When you have had enough of this, you may clamber back to the path, and continue to thread it, hugging the rock on one side, and if you are not inclined to be dizzy, enjoying the prospect on the other. Half an hour of this—now over rocks and creeping plants, where many, good for every ailment, are found; now through thick growth of underwood—brings you to the so-called stone staircase, a path roughly cut in the solid rock, leading to a rocky valley, out of which the Leopoldsalp rises. From this tip you may see spread before you Berchtesgaden, with its deep-green lake; Reichenhall, with its flowery mead; as well as the valleys of Hallein, Kuchel, and Golling, and the six lakes—the Waginger, the Armstorfer, the Chiem, the Matt, the Trummer, and the Seekirchner. And if while you are lost in the contemplation of these beauties a storm comes on, nature has provided you with the Loiderhöhle—a cavern, where you may be in safety till its fury is spent.

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* When or why the Untersberg came to be fixed on as the site of the retreat of Charlemagne, I have not been able to ascertain. An old legend quoted by Grimm says, 'Why it became his resting-place, and what is the manner of his occupation therein, knows no man, but it is hid in the secret knowledge of God.' Analogous myths have branched off from this one, and are to be met in various parts of Germany. Struve says that Nuremberg claims to be his residence: so does the Köterberg, near Paderborn. The Odenberg in Hesse has a similar legend, but applies it to Charles Quint. An analogous myth exists in some parts of Switzerland, applied to William Tell. But the most important travestie it has undergone is the fable which supposes that Fredrick von Hohenstaufen (Barbarossa) exercises a similar oversight over German affairs, from the Kyfhäuser Berg—'the rugged mountain,' writes an admirer of Heyne, 'where that wild genius Heinrich Heine, in one of his rhapsodical periods of blended mediæval mysticism and pantheism, once spent a night, calling on the mighty Emperor to "come once again,"'—a legend which has been preferred of later years to the original, by those who are jealous of the Catholic prestige of Charlemagne and the modern influence of Austria, because its hero was an irreligious leader, and its site on more northern soil.

'A mere thread of a footpath over steeps and rocks leads down to the Virgin's Well, a source of icy water in a cleft of the mountain.

'The Imperial Hochthron is the second highest tip of the Untersberg, 5864 feet above the sea; and from this, another hardly discernible footpath leads through masses of rock and glaciers and beds of snow, to where the marble walls of the Untersberg run up almost perpendicularly, so that the boldest chamois-hunter dare not climb them. Three hours of a path, sufficiently full of labour and difficulty, brings you to the highest point of all, the Bavarian Hochthron, 6227 feet.

'If you could see these desolate caverns, these steep and arduous heights, you would not be incredulous as to the folk that live in them, and whom it is sometimes given to us to see. The giants and the dwarfs and the wild women; the weird spirits that forge the thunderbolts, and the witches who sit at their lathes turning the hail.

'But the Bergmännlein are not a bad folk; and this is the way they go to work when one to whom they wish well is in difficulties:—One of them appears to him, and makes as if he would buy wine or wood of him, or anything he may have to sell, and then he says, "Come with me, and I will pay you." Then he leads him into the bowels of the mountain, and shews him wonderful things, and gives him wise counsel, and he pays him a generous price; and the Bergmännlein's (Little Man of the Mountains) money always brings luck, and he who has it to trade with never falls into distress.

'There was once a wedding going on in a village about an hour from the foot of the Wunderberg. At the evening festival appeared a dwarf who was not one of the invited company; but his manners were so polished, and his air so dignified, that no one durst ask him whence he came. He invited the bride to dance, and the bridesmaids too; and he danced so beautifully, that it was a pleasure to look at him. At the supper he sat down with the rest, and accepted what was offered him with grace, but he ate and drank sparingly; and before they broke up he gave some sage advice to the new-married couple, charging them to live in harmony, and to bring up their family in Christian love. Then he gave them some pieces of money of an unknown coinage, and told them to lay it up with their other money, and so their store should never fail. Then he turned and asked if there was anyone there who would ferry him across to the mountain side of the river. One of the guests, judging that he was a Bergmännchen, and had plenty of money to pay, readily offered to do the service; so they went out together. When they got across, the Dwarf held out the usual small sum in payment of the service, but John Ferryman shewed his disappointment by refusing to accept it. The Dwarf, instead of growing angry, explained to him that though the amount was small, yet if he put it along with his other money he would never come to want. He gave him also a bead made of the red marble of the Wunderberg, telling him if he wore it round his neck he would be preserved from ever being drowned; which proved true, for though he was in many dangers on the waters, he was always preserved through them all, when others went down.

'There was a poor vine-grower once driving his cart, heavily laden with the year's wine, over from Tirol, to try and find a good market for it at Salzburg. As he drove under the Wunderberg, a Dwarf met him, and said he would give him a better price than he would get in the town. The vine-grower saw there was something weird about the purchaser, and said he had rather try his fortune in Salzburg. "How will you find your way there?" said the Dwarf, with a laugh. "Oh! I know the way well enough," responded the vine-grower, and on he drove; but as he went, the way got stranger and stranger, and soon he ceased to recognize a single landmark. Still he had no choice but to follow the road; and so he did till nightfall, though when he met the Little Man of the Mountain he was not much more than an hour from Salzburg. When it got dark, there was nothing to be done but to lie down in his cart and sleep. When he woke, he found the road he had last been treading in the dusk was a fine broad newly-made road, and it led up to a magnificent castle which he had never seen before, all built of white marble, and surrounded by a moat and strong walls. Our man was hungry, and thought he could not do better than drive up to the castle. The drawbridge was down; but he had no sooner crossed it than it was drawn up, and suddenly he saw a number of Little Men of the Mountain all about. They were very civil to him, however, and put up his tired horses in the stable, and called the clerk of the cellar to come and attend to him. This worthy first set a good meal before him, and then took him round his well-ordered cellar, where he saw his own cart-load already stowed away. He was far too frightened to make any observation, but the clerk of the cellar pointed it out without embarrassment. Just then another dwarf, very well dressed and very polite in manner, came forward, and said he would take him over the rest of the castle. Here everything was very magnificent, and kept in excellent order; crystal and gold and tapestry adorned every apartment; but what struck the vine-grower more than all was, that in the state-room were four statues of giants, of solid gold, dressed in strong armour, and with weapons in their hands. But they had chains on their limbs, and in the centre of the vaulted roof was the effigy of a Little Man of the Mountains holding their chains, and, as it were, keeping them prisoners. This was explained to signify how the greatest rulers, here typified by Cyrus, Alexander, Augustus, and Kaiser Karl, were themselves subject to an invisible power, which, though men cannot search it out, is yet irresistible. Then another dwarf took him down many hundred steps in the rock, through dark subterranean passages, to a vast cavern, where a countless number of Bergmännchen were employed smelting precious metals and coining masses of money, and immense tanks stood all round filled with treasure. His leader here took him up to an old grey-bearded dwarf, who sat in a corner casting up accounts, who immediately counted out to him seven dozen bright new pieces of gold, which quite filled out his pockets, saying at the same time, "Buy more wine with this money, and sell it for more; and all your life through you will find that this capital will never fail you: but now speed on your way, and look not back."

'The vine-grower had greatly enjoyed the grand sights he had visited; but was too anxious to be free, not to obey the injunction without delay. The other dwarfs led him up into the light, and fed him again, put his horses to, and accompanied him out of the precincts of the castle; and when they left him, he found himself exactly on the spot where the first dwarf met him! However, he took care to avoid looking back, as he had been ordered; but the next week coming that way again with fresh wine bought with the money paid him in the castle, he sought in vain any trace of the place or the road to it. His trade never failed him; and though he never grew over-rich, he had always enough for his family, and for relieving his poorer neighbours, to his dying day.'

So Fritz ran on through many such stories, till I had almost ceased to listen. I believe he wanted to whet the curiosity he knew I felt to hear about Kaiser Karl. Suddenly I heard him say,

'Ay! but the greatest wonder of all is to come!' and then my attention woke up fresh.

'The whole Wunderberg,' he proceeded, 'and all it contains, is but a vast shrine of Kaiser Karl.

'Kaiser Karl, as all the chronicles agree, was a great and powerful prince, more successful in war than any other. And what is better, he turned his conquests to some account, for he spread the light of Christianity through all the west of Europe. Therefore God has chosen and preserved him to wait for the fullness of time, that he may protect the pious flock of the faithful against the hordes of unbelievers, and restore the honour of God's Name before the Day of Judgement.

'In a vast hall of state he sits in the centre of the mountain; the walls are each one slab of polished granite, and the roof of shining brass; while all round hang suits of armour and trophies of arms. In the midst of this splendid hall is his golden throne. His form is majestic and imposing. A richly embroidered mantle envelops it. A round marble table is before him, on which he rests, for he is ever fixed and immoveable as if in sleep. The crown is on his head, and his right hand clasps the sceptre. A long snow-white beard, interwoven with pearls, flows from his face, and winds round the table. And the saying goes, that when the beard shall have attained the length to encircle the table thrice, the world will be drawing near its end. That then he will awake and arise, and perform the work for which God has elected him.

'Close round him stand bishops and princes; and against the walls are ever on guard the noblest knights of the Empire, with their shields and banners. A death-like stillness reigns through the place; only once in seven years the spell is broken. Then the two knights who keep watch day and night before each of the four doors of the hall, blow their trumpets, and wake all the knights who are slumbering in every part of the vast palace. They seize their arms, and cry, "Is it time?" At this Kaiser Karl wakes also, and sends a page up to Geiereck (one of the steepest peaks of the Untersberg) to see whether the crows still encircle the mountain.

'Meantime, the Emperor's noble daughter measures his beard round the circumference of the table, and when she sees it fails to attain the third circuit, the tears fall from her eyes upon it, and weave themselves into it as pearls. Then the page comes back with the news that the crows still encircle the mountain: on which the Kaiser's daughter returns to her rocky grot. His head inclines itself once more upon his breast; and with a sigh of sorrow the whole brilliant assemblage falls into another period of insensibility.

'But when Germany is in need and peril, then Kaiser Karl wakes of himself, and the sound of his voice recalls all his court to life. Then he assembles his council, and they discuss the condition of the Empire; and when their council is agreed, he sends some trusty counsellor to whisper words of wisdom, unseen, into the consultations of the Empire in the upper world, or to confound those of her enemies; or else he sends his bravest knights to fight unperceived in the ranks of the Empire. And thus he is ever alive to every throbbing of the German heart, and so he will continue till the hour of her greatest need shall have sounded; then the page shall bring him back word that the crows have forsaken the mountain; then his daughter shall find that his beard reaches three times round the table. At that she will kiss him three times on the forehead in gladness; and he, full of might and majesty, will ascend upon the earth, followed by the countless train of his bishops, nobles, and knights, in battle array. So they will go out to fight till every one of the enemies of Germany be slain, though the earth be deluged in blood. Then he will return with his victorious army into Salzburg, which will not be able to contain the numbers who will come from all parts to rejoice with him. Then he will have a solemn Office of thanksgiving sung in the Cathedral, and announce to the people the reign of perpetual peace. He will then choose the noblest of the sons of Germany to be his successor, and having invested him with crown, mantle, and sceptre, he will quietly retire with his noble daughter to visit the cradle of his race, to heal private quarrels, and cure all bitterness. His work thus ended, he will enter at last the realms of rest and joy.

'But the mysteries of the Wunderberg will cease from that moment for ever, though not till then.'

The wooded height which embosoms the town on the opposite side of the Salza to the castle, is called the Kapuzinerberg, because crowned with a Capuchin monastery, though quite shut in by its belt of forest from the town; in fact, your only view of it is from the path leading to Hellbrunn, already mentioned, whence you realize its complete isolation. The good monks, however, do not monopolize all the amenities of their situation; the town side of the Kapuzinerberg is a delightful and favourite resort of promenaders and tourists, who make their pic-nics in the woods. The habit common to all Catholic countries, but which has received its greatest extension I think in Austria, of turning any pleasant height on the outskirts of a town into a *Kalvarienberg*, with the Stations of the Cross in life-sized representations all the way up, has its boldest development here. Each subject is carefully rendered in all its details, with every accessory which can afford food for devotion, and with sufficient toilsome space between to allow of serious meditation on the mystery typified by each; you may almost at any time of day see groups or individuals kneeling before them, quite undisturbed by any holiday-makers who may also be trooping past: the Entombment, however, has an appropriately sombre secluded bower on the summit. In some places (I cannot distinctly remember whether it was so here) over the group representing the Flagellation, a weeping willow is planted; for the Tirolean saying is, that the thongs used by the soldiers in the Passion were cut from the willow tree, which, in grief that it was so used, has since bowed down its head and wept.

As I came down from it I met a baby's funeral; little girls dressed in white, and carrying a white banner and wreaths of flowers, preceded the coffin, which was borne by one small boy. I saw it afterwards laid in the cemetery chapel, in a bower of flowers with tapers burning round, looking like a wax angel. I observed, too, in Salzburg, that the custom of kneeling as the Viaticum is borne along was more devoutly observed than in any other place where I have been, and the sentinels presented arms. Another custom, suppressed in so many parts of Catholic Europe, which I saw yet in use in Salzburg, was the mid-day dole of food given at the gate of the Franciscan convent, to the maimed, and halt, and blind. The church of this convent is one of the most noteworthy of Salzburg, being of very peculiar construction: the chancel roof is of equal height with that of the nave, although the chancel arch is low; in the centre of the chancel is a clustered column, serving for the dorsal of the high altar, from which spring in six diverging compartments the vaulting of its roof; a most striking perspective is thus obtained. The baldachino is supported by columns of a beautiful pale green and red marble of the country.

The excursions round Salzburg are exhaustless, as are the legends which teem by every way-side. The Salza, or Salzache, is thought to be the sacred stream of the old German mythology, because flowing through the great salt-bearing district, and salt was its type of blessing and fertility. Hence the traditions of the salt district have derived a peculiar character, and are almost exclusively concerned with witches and cobbolds; for that which had been an object of superstitious veneration under the teaching of a false religion, became a subject of special suspicion to the teachers of the truth.

One excursion which must on no account be omitted, is that to Berchtesgaden, with its salt-mines, and the Königs-See. The drive, starting early on a September morning, afforded a view of the Wunderberg, under which the road winds, calculated almost to make one give credit to its weird traditions; it was enveloped in fleecy masses of mist, its cloven sides peering at intervals through them; their red marble incrustations looking like flames piercing the seeming smoke; again and again its rugged towering heights broke through the clouds, and yet again at every opening where one expected a patch of the blue sky. Its lower slopes are cultivated and smiling, and adorned with colossal Calvaries, not badly executed, and kept in fresh and bright condition. You have not forgotten the Untersberg, when the peculiar outline of the beautiful Watzman rises before you in all the hoary beauty of its snow-streaked peaks that has so endeared it to the dwellers round its base. The whole road to Berchtesgaden, and the situation of the village itself, is most romantic. The Königs-See is about three miles further; it has its modern name from a hunting-seat of the King of Bavaria on its banks; it was formerly called the Bartholomäus See, from a chapel to S. Bartholomew, perched on a rocky promontory which a rapid mountain torrent detaches from the base of the Watzman. Not far from it, but reached by a very difficult path, is a strange cave left every year in the snow of accumulated avalanches—how, has not been satisfactorily discovered. The people have a tradition that a chapel containing some sacred relics was buried by the snow on this spot, and that it dares not destroy all trace of its holy precincts; hence they never call it a cave or vault, but always the *Eis-Kapelle.*

The little lake is singularly wild in its surroundings, and the name of the mountain which closes its further end, the *Steinerne Meer*—the stony ocean—can hardly be heard without a shudder. There are only a few houses on its shore, occupied by vendors of carved toys made in the neighbourhood; and there is one modest restaurant, where the tables were provided with those quaint mediæval cruets, on which the oil and vinegar seem perpetually crossing each other, and which a collector would have thought worthy a place in his museum.

For our pleasant row over its bosom, we had for our stroke-oar a remarkably handsome young girl, with braided hair, and the rest of the pretty costume of the locality; the other oar was her lover; and a grey-bearded father, who did not conceal the pride he felt in his children, steered. The women about here take a large share in the daily toil, and suffer sadly in appearance in consequence; the young ones are nearly always handsome, but by fifty they already look old and wrinkled; many too are disfigured by goitres; yet they seem unusually contented with their lot, and kind to strangers.

The salt-mines are situated about half way between this and Berchtesgaden, but on a different road from that usually employed for reaching it. Being more concerned with the people than the natural curiosities of the district, I declined the visit to the interior of these; but as it necessitates an entire change of costume, took charge of the seven or eight watches and appendages of our party, and wandered forth in quest of traditions. I had some way to go before I found any habitation at all, and I concluded the numerous workmen at the mines must have far to walk to and from their work.

When at last I found a cottage, I was so tired that my manifest need of rest formed a bond of interest at once with a wrinkled and toothless old dame who sat over her spinning-wheel on a bench before the door. I accepted her proffer of a seat beside her; and my request of a saucer of water for the *lupetto* who accompanied me, brought out a troop of prattling children, and to my great relief a buxom house-wife, who could speak a more intelligible lingo, and that with something like distinctness. The dog's thirst satisfied, it became the spontaneous and resistless resolution of the whole party that mine must be supplied too, and had I refused the new milk brought me in a wooden bowl, the incipient attempt at carving of one of the ruddy urchins in attendance, I saw I should have deeply hurt the hospitable household, as would also insistance on payment, though their feet were bare, their clothing of the meanest, their cottage floor of earth, and their whole surroundings of the scantiest; when I rose to leave after a long talk, however, the children gracefully accepted as presents some little objects calculated to interest them I had about me.

It was unlucky that communication was so difficult with the grand-dame, for I felt it was she who held the supply of which I was in search; but as I was thus driven to content myself with the conversation of the daughter, I took advantage of it to learn something about a subject which has always interested me, the rude representations of tragic accidents so commonly hung up in Tirol upon the way-side cross.

'Is this done still?' I inquired, 'or are those we see only a remnant of the piety of the past?'

She did not seem to apprehend the distinction, but on my putting the question in a different form, assured me that there was no peasant who, if a member of his family were cut off by a sudden accident by the way, would not set up such a memorial, that he might gain for him the suffrages of the passers by.

I asked if any such had been put up within her time, and if she could point them out.

She said she had known of several; and after a minute's thought as to whether any of them lay along my route, described a spot where stood a nearly new one. Its colours were so fresh, that it had not failed to attract my eye, and I had even observed that Franz Hoffman was the name inscribed on it. So I begged for its history.

Franz Hoffman, she told me, was an *edelweiss* gatherer. I had already made acquaintance with the *edelweiss*, the 'noble white' flowers growing only on the highest Alps, in the patches where the snow never melts; it is no wonder the people think their thick downy petals formed by fairies out of the snow crystals, so delicate and pure are they, and they are 'everlasting' too. The *edelweiss* affords employment to three classes of industrials: all the railway and posting stations within reach of the Tirolean, Julian, and Styrian Alps, are frequented by aged hawkers, who bring under the traveller's notice this produce of the daring travels of climbers; these men look with pride on the exploits the search of it occasions, and they are indeed only second to those of the chamois hunter. Besides the gatherer and the seller, the *edelweiss* likewise gives occupation to many a bed-ridden cripple and chronic invalid, who find cheerful exercise for their taste and ingenuity in drying and arranging the flowers, sometimes in conjunction with the peculiar magenta-coloured heathers of the district, but generally alone in their purity.

Franz Hoffmann was the only son of a lone widow, and a *crétin*. By his small glimmering of intelligence, he had made out the distress which fell on his mother when the house-father died; and though every attempt throughout life to teach him any useful occupation had proved futile, he now suddenly made out for himself that of climbing to gather the *edelweiss*, arranging it according to the best of his simple fancy in the evenings, and taking it round to the carriage windows to sell to passing travellers. The trade throve, and added to the earnings of his mother's toil more than the hard labour of his father had ever produced. The idiot boy's grotesque figure and strange contortions excited the sympathy of some and the curiosity of others, so that his basket was often emptied, while others stood all day offering their posies and taking nothing.

Jealousy at his success led the rest of the fraternity into a sort of tacit combination against him, and a hundred little stratagems were practised to shut him out from access to ledges of the mountain whither he had been wont to resort for the precious flower. With silent determination, the poor *crétin* patiently made his way to greater heights, where none cared to follow him; for the instinct of affection to his mother stood him in stead of maturer reason. As the field of his labours was here all his own, and moreover, as the *edelweiss* flourishes best at a greater altitude, his harvest was now greatly increased, and the other gatherers were often glad to purchase from his stock. Thus encouraged, he was led to scale yet giddier heights, and into situations in which only brute instinct or his guardian angel could have supported him. A day came, however, when both appear to have failed him; a withered root to which he had clung for support broke under his grasp, and in an instant he was dashed headlong down the precipice.

All animosity was forgotten in this instant of horror; there were plenty of volunteers to attempt the recovery of the body—no easy task; when it was at length accomplished, life was extinct. The bag tied round his neck, in which he was wont to stow his flowers, both hands being in requisition for climbing, was loaded with the dearly-bought spoil. Franz Hoffmann's last flowers became a sort of relic, and were bought up at a considerable price. The proceeds, though she could ill spare them, his mother would spend on nothing but a *Kreuzstocklein* by the way-side, to obtain for him the suffrages of the passers-by.

The sun was getting low ere the story was done, and reminded me to take a hasty leave, that I might regain the entrance to the salt-mines in time to see the cars of visitors come madly down the incline. The workmen had gathered, meantime, in a considerable body; I thought they were waiting for their pay before dispersing, but it was not so; they waited till the Ave chimed, and then they doffed their caps and said the short evening prayer together with hushed voices. I have never seen this beautiful devotion anywhere so reverently fulfilled.

It will be believed that I did not fail, by what light yet remained, to look out for Franz Hoffmann's memorial cross as we drove home. The catastrophe is depicted on it by a village artist, with more force than idealism. The *crétin's* body on its downward fall almost covers the giant mountain; the blood that flows from his wound rivals in proportion the stream running beneath; and close above through the opening sky are seen his heavenly protectors, ever on the watch to direct even the fatal accident to his eternal advantage. Underneath, a brief inscription records his fate, with the simple adjunct, 'May he rest in peace! Traveller, pray for him!'

The remainder of the journey to Vienna may be performed by rail in nine or ten hours; but to adopt that course is to bid adieu to legends and poetry, so I strongly recommend the route we adopted by preference, to the tourist who cares for these. We made our first stage at Ischl, for which carriages may be hired at Salzburg, primitive enough to blot out the memory of railways. The drive hither, and various pedestrian excursions branching from it, would afford pleasurable occupation for many days; but it may also be done easily in one. Hof, the first post, consists of only half a dozen houses gathered round the church, the churchyard of which is rather curious. The Fuschelsee, along which the road runs, after starting again hence, is much less striking than S. Wolfgangsee, reached an hour or two later. The halting-place is at S. Gilgen, at the head of the lake; a poor straggling village, but some accidents of travel gave us occasion to elicit the singularly kind and friendly character of the people. The steeple of the church, newly restored, and inaugurated as lately as S. Giles's Day, blazed forth all the glories of bright copper with tinned iron flushing, of which most roofs are made in Austria and Bavaria. The design comprised one of those bulbous caps by which we trace the influence of Turkish art, which coming through Hungary overspread all German territory from Augsburg to Venice.

S. Giles, though an Athenian, is much honoured in Germany, where he is honoured as one of the fourteen *Nothhelfer*,* and particularly in the mountain districts, as his life in a mountain cave, his adventures with mountain robbers, and the faithful attachment of his mountain chamois, which fed him with her milk when all other means of subsistence failed, have identified the details of his life with the genius of its people; there is too a tradition of his having passed through Germany on his way to his final resting-place in France, and that this village was one stage of his journey. Another beautiful legend there is of him, typifying the success of his eloquence, under the following elegant image. A monk is said to have come to him to expose his inability to accept the dogma of the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin; S. Giles quietly stepped out on to the sandy flat beside his hut, and with his staff traced the question three times upon its barren surface, and forthwith there uprose spontaneously a perfect bed of lilies wherever his staff had printed it. The birth of Pepin at his intercession, when requested by Charles Martel, after many years of childless marriage, has caused his aid to be often sought under similar circumstances.

In the village of S. Wolfgang, on the opposite side of the lake, is a curious church, well repaying a visit, built to enclose the rocky chapel and hermitage of that saint; it has also some interesting paintings on panel. A statue of S. Wolfgang, surmounting a fountain, stands in the piazza. When only giving one day to the journey to Ischl, this excursion has to be renounced; and the only compensation for it is to send the luggage on in the carriage by the road, and row across the lake to meet it an hour further on. The outline of the shore is so broken, and the heights around so steep, that you scarcely get a sight of S. Wolfgang; and the scenery assumes a wildness of character for which we were scarcely prepared, while the deep waters reflecting the rugged mountain sides which almost shut it in from the afternoon light, wore 'that dark greenish blue which Francia sometimes gives to the mantle of his Madonnas.' Arrived opposite a tiny island marked with a cross, and bearing some holy name I now forget, our boatmen took out a pistol, which, had it been of less antiquated make, might have alarmed us in so sequestered a situation; but they were only preparing to astonish us with the wonderful echo for which the lake is locally famous. Practised ears can distinguish fourteen repetitions. When we were satisfied with this mimic artillery, as well as with our own efforts to elicit the fascinating reverberation, an old boatman rose and solemnly thundered out, '*Heiliger Vater Wolfgang kommen wir glücklich zurück, sag' ja!*' and it required little play of the imagination to fancy it was the mighty patron's spirit which showered down the benevolent answer, '*Ja! ja! ja! ja! ja!* . . .'

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* I shall have occasion to give the legend of the Vierzehn Nothhelfer later.

No one tempted the echo after this, and our men pulled hard to make up for the time we had spent dallying with the voices of the mountains. As we were taking friendly leave of our conductors, two figures were seen approaching with imploring gesticulations, and as their utmost efforts betrayed feebleness and exhaustion, we could not refuse to wait for them. They were a blind man and his wife, belated on their return from the village of Strobl. 'I shall never get him home; kind people, send him in your boat,' pleaded the wife; and we gladly bargained, as we thought, for the return fare of the aged couple: both were profuse with their thanks. 'What a blessed chance S. Wolfgang has sent us! We asked him that there might happen to be a boat at Gschwant; (so I thus learnt the point we had reached was named;) and see, he sent the Herrschaften hither. God and S. Wolfgang be thanked.' It was only when both we and the boat had proceeded too far to repair the error, that I discovered the good wife's abnegation: all she had asked for was a passage for her husband, she expected no more; and we saw with regret she was dragging her weary limbs along the homeward road alone.

The falling night, which soon shut out from view the further beauties of the way, revealed to us as we drove along two or three instances of the beautiful Tirolean custom of cottage households gathered by the light of twinkling tapers round the Calvary, or other sacred image painted on its outer wall, for the vesper prayer.

Ischl is a pleasant watering-place, with plenty of walks, baths, and amusements, rendered gay by the frequent visits of the imperial family to their villa, and by the presence of a monster hotel which seems a palace, on its giant height, a speculation of an Austrian archduke; but it affords little appropriate to the present collection of traditions. Notwithstanding that it is so much laid out to afford pleasure to the *beau monde*, it maintains also a magnificent Calvarienberg, occupying a very steep but well-pathed ascent; its stations are quite artistically painted—the Entombment, as usual, in a chapel of its own. Ischl has only one church, and that of no great pretensions; but the habit common in Germany of leaving banners hanging on their poles fixed round the churches, and the quaint processional lamps and crosses, always imparts a bright and enlivening effect; on the other hand, the dark low fixed seats give more gloom than groupings of chairs, but the spaces between being left wide for processions, they do not interfere so much with the architectural proportions as in England. The interior decorations of this one are generally good, and it has some meritorious modern paintings. Its grey spire, which scarcely detaches from the mountains, suggests some excuse for the light green and red steeples common in Tirol and Bavaria, which strike one at first sight as bizarre and unartistic. It occupies the site of an ancient temple; which is thus quaintly and sympathetically expressed on a tablet in the outer wall—

> *Jahrhunderte ging hier oben die Gemeinde ins alte Gotteshaus.*
> *Jahrhunderte erhielt übigen Denkstein, der .Vorzeit Ehrfurcht.*

From Ischl a pretty drive through the Traunthal in the early morning brings you to the village of Ebensee, whence a steamer crosses the Gmunden or Traunsee: at first it shews only as a very confined sheet of water, closed in by stony heights; but soon a gorge is passed, and then the smiling beauties of the lake with its neat houses clustering round their church spires, and the island castle of Ort, open on the view on the west side, and on the east the mighty Traunstein. Gmunden, where you are disembarked, is an old town full of picturesque bits; its Calvarienberg is situated on a slope of unrivalled natural beauty, overlooking the blue lake. The most picturesque village on the lake is that of Traunkirchen, situated on so steep a bank, that, till the present road was made by blasting, it could only be reached from a boat by steps cut in the rock. It has a melancholy legend of a youth who persisted in pursuing the maiden of his love into a convent that existed here in the middle ages, whither she had retired from the world; he could only reach her by swimming across the lake; she forbade his repeating the visit, warning him of the anger of Heaven if he should persist. Her warning was prophetic; he did persist, and he met a watery grave. Sudden and severe squalls are common on this lake; the most dangerous is called, at Traunkirchen, the Fiechthauer wind, because a neighbouring promontory whence it seems to reach is called Fiechthau; the tower of the church having been more than once blown down by its gusts, is now built up no higher than the roof. Until the road I have mentioned was made, the only means of having the Corpus Christi procession was in boats along the lake.

At Gmunden we had to resign ourselves to the railway, but it is a very mild one, with only one tramway, and runs slowly through beautifully wooded country; there is a small station, called Traunfall, where trains stop when there are visitors for the Falls; it consists of a little shed in the midst of a forest of firs. The solitary station-master sent his little black dog with us, who led us with great intelligence down to the Falls, a walk of about two miles through the forest, and remained in attendance while we contemplated the rushing expanse of waters, and trod the precarious plank which passes under the foaming cataract, and explored all the natural curiosities of the place, evidently knowing his guerdon would be a share in our repast.

Late the same evening we halted at Lambach, where, deeming the bedrooms over the very noisy junction station did not give promise of rest, we imprudently decided on walking into the town. This turned out to be only reached by nearly an hour's walk, which in the dark and on a strange road was not without some amusing alarms; it proved a very primitive place altogether too, and it was not without difficulty and after one or two fruitless efforts that we prevailed on an innkeeper to admit us to his poor accommodation at all. In the morning we walked to Baura, an offshoot of the great Benedictine Abbey of Lambach. I have already had occasion to allude to the devotion paid throughout Austria to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. It seems to culminate here; the Church of Baura is designed to be in every possible way typical of the mystery. A sum of 333,333 florins was set apart for the building fund, and the whole not being expended, the remnant was distributed in alms to 333 poor people. The ground plan is triangular; it contains three altars, three doors, three windows, it is paved with three different coloured marbles, and in fact, this symbolism pervades every part and every ornament of the building; it was built in 1727.

At Linz, which is a short stage from Lambach, the same holy mystery is again celebrated by a *Dreifaltigkeitssäule*,* of striking proportions, with lamps burning round it, in the principal street or market. In Linz I observed, too, that wherever there was a holy shrine or image on any wall, the street gas-lamps were arranged so that the one which would come nearest it was formed into a bracket under it.

But we are now quite out of the precincts of Tirol, and my limits remind me that the legends of the pilgrimages round Linz, and the traditions picked up on the *Donaufahrt* to Vienna, must be reserved for another occasion.

(*To be continued.*) R. H. B.

QUEEN LOUISA'S GRAVE.

(1814 AND 1870.)

FEW people visit Berlin for the first time without going to see the monument to Queen Louisa, in the palace gardens at Charlottenburg. A dark alley of fir-trees leads to the mausoleum, which is built of polished red granite, after the design of the great architect Schinkel. It is surrounded by luxuriant shrubs and beds of bright flowers. Steps lead up through the iron gate to the interior, where the subdued light streams through the rich painted glass. Tread we reverently on the hallowed ground, under which an arched vault contains the mortal remains of a much-tried royal pair, Frederic William the Third, and Louisa 'the Unforgotten.' Their tombs, side by side, are never without offerings of flowers and wreaths; but the marble effigies, carved by the master hand of Rauch, are their grandest memorial. The sculptor, who had known the Queen living, full of the deepest veneration for her memory, executed this beautiful figure shortly after her death.

The Queen lies, as it were, slumbering on her couch. Rauch has skilfully blended in her features the peace of the blessed, the dignity of her rank, and the charm of her lovely womanhood. Her form is gracefully draped, her arms are crossed upon her breast, and her noble head wears the royal diadem. Truly she is here imaged as she was known to all during her life-time, and as she still lives in the hearts of her people. As wife, mother, and queen, she was blameless; the brightest jewel of the crown when living, and after her death the guardian angel of her country. Still more, she was the exalted type of the true German woman. In days of sorrow and distress, she, almost alone, preserved her unshaken faith in the regeneration of her Fatherland.

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* Holy Trinity column.

After her premature death, when Prussia awoke, and when the broken-hearted King decided on war to throw off the foreign yoke, her very name, under God, became the banner round which all true hearts rallied, to conquer or die. In a court where the corruption of French morals prevailed, her pure and happy married life was not without its influence, there, and over the whole nation. She took the liveliest interest in politics, but only interfered once, when the honour and dignity of Prussia were insulted by the arrogance of the First Napoleon. At that time, when the moral feeling of the country was shamefully wounded by this breach of the laws of nations, she desired a war of defence.

We do not, at present, give more of her eventful life. Hereafter we shall hope to do so. What we have said is merely to link the events of her time with those which are happening before us. Alas! in our day, Prussia, or rather Germany, and France, are again at war.

We must go back to the date of that great battle of Leipzig, more than half a century ago, four years after Louisa had been called to her rest. It was a solemn moment, when the royal widower, triumphant as he was, left his capital secretly and silently, to visit the beloved grave at Charlottenburg. With tears he laid the laurel crown upon Louisa's tomb. Alone with his God, he knelt at her feet, and with mingled feelings of grief and thankfulness, he strewed flowers over her, and placed there the wreath which he would fain have pressed upon her living brow, had she survived to see the day of freedom for her country.

There has been another solemn pilgrimage to Charlottenburg in this very year. The tall earnest form of Frederic William the Third, sculptured also by Rauch, has long since been placed beside that of his queen. They are once more united in death. The *heart* of his eldest son, the late King Frederic William the Fourth, is laid with the remains of his parents; and now Louisa's second son William is King of Prussia. His firm hand grasps the sword, as defender of the newly-formed Confederation. Once more, too, the ambition of a French Emperor threatens the peace of Germany. King William, like his father, returned in triumph to Berlin, after having spoken those haughty words at Ems. Never had the venerable white-haired soldier been received with such thundering acclamations in the streets of his capital. And now, after the decisive hour had struck, and war was declared, while the sons of Germany were hastening to join their banners, full of martial enthusiasm, the King, with his brother and his son, visits that sombre grove at Charlottenburg again. What words the King spoke to the Crown Prince, as they stood by the tomb of mother and grandmother, we know not; nor can we say what prayers for help and guidance he addressed to Heaven. How he invoked his guardian angel we cannot tell. But this we do know, that God will bless the righteous cause, and that his fervent prayers for his house, his people, and his country, will be heard.

Soon we hope that son and grandson will return to lay another crown of victory at the feet of the loved parent; and that, even more than before, Charlottenburg will be the resort of all whose heart is in sympathy with the Fatherland, and the fortunes of its guardian angel, Queen Louisa.

(To be continued.)

TWO WAR PICTURES.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

THE FRENCH MOTHER.

He march'd exulting for the Rhine;
Claspt close, my tears I pour'd!
And Baby laughed to see his plume,
And Henri, capering round the room,
Rode on his father's sword.

A fortnight—and midst Woerth's green line
Of vineyards, in hot strife,
Where flashing blade and plunging ball
Mix smoke-wrapt, and the bravest fall,
Fell he—my all! my life!

Ah, break not, agonizing heart!
Prone on my couch I crush
Out grief! and you, dears—sad your blow—
God keep you! for no more you'll know
A father's care—but, hush!

She stirs! e'en joy renews the smart;
My pretty babe, awake,
Laughs as before; and 'Father, come!'
Cries Henri; 'bid Papa come home!'
Alas! poor heart! break! break!

THE FRENCH FATHER.

The sun had set deep-dipped in blood
Beyond the blue Moselle;
On sore-struck men and heaps of slain,
Hewn brand, torn banner—Glory's reign—
Thrice welcome darkness fell.

Then Mercy's Angel, lamp-lit, stood
O'er one whose soul to rest
Had fled, and who, though stark and cold,
Still press'd, with grasp that mock'd death's hold,
A letter to his breast.

These tender words the Sister read,
While pity's drops fast fell:
'His little girl keeps dear Papa
Much love; she tries to please Mamma,
And learn her lessons well.

'Good-bye now; I must run to bed;
How weary shines each day!
Baby sends love; I blow a kiss
To the Papa I so much miss;
God keep him safe, I pray!'

ST. STEPHEN'S, CLEWER.

NOT twenty minutes walk from Windsor Castle there is a Mission, which, to those interested in children and Church principles, would well repay the trouble of a visit. It is known by the name of St. Stephen's Mission, and is under the care of the Sisters of Clewer.

Daily, at nine o'clock, (with the exception of the Saturday holiday,) the bell may be heard summoning the children of the various schools to begin their morning work. Six rooms in the Mission-house are used for this purpose. One large school-room and a class-room for the elder children of the lower school; another school-room and class-room for the infants. Two hundred and thirty children are on the books of the lower school.

The upper school is intended for a different class—children of tradesmen, or girls intended for governesses. This school has sixty-five children on the books, four of whom live altogether in the Mission-house, and are fed and clothed as well as taught free.

There is, besides, an industrial school, consisting of six girls, who are being trained for servants; these live in the house, and are employed in house-work part of the day, and part of the day they are taught in the lower school.

But this account of the family at St. Stephen's would be incomplete were we to omit to mention the *babies!* two important little personages, who are indirectly very useful. They are the pets of the house, and they do the honours of the infant school very prettily to the new comers. One is an orphan, they are both under three years, and one has been at the Mission since she was fifteen months old.

Four sisters, and eleven workers under them, undertake all the management and teaching of the different schools; all live in the house, and are under the Sisters' care.

Besides the schools, the Sisters have parish-work in the district, and in Windsor. Some day they hope that St. Stephen's Church will be built. This will give them more room in the house for their schools. At present the large upper school-room is used for a chapel, in which there is a weekly Celebration, and daily Evensong. These services are open to all who like to come to them, and they are well attended.

The Mission Priest superintends the religious instruction of the children, frequently teaching and catechizing them himself.

When fit for service, the house-girls are sent to situations, with an outfit of clothes.

Children and girls belonging to the district often beg to be taken into the house; and the Sisters are not able to receive them, because the Mission is already so full. The expense of clothing and feeding those they have is greater than their funds can meet, yet they cannot bear to reduce their numbers by sending any of the children back to their homes, which would be, in many cases, sending them to earn their living anyhow, as some of them come from some of the worst parts of Clewer. Rather than do this, the Sisters have begged from house to house for help to feed these poor children; but they are still greatly in need of funds, and would be thankful for any help, either in money, clothes, or provisions.

Address:—

THE SISTER IN CHARGE,
ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION,
CLEWER,
WINDSOR.

Post-office Orders made payable to H. MONSELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO HOURS IN STRASBURG.

Hotel du Prince Charles, Heidelberg,
Sunday, October 16th, 1870.

Dear Monthly Packet,

If you and your readers will excuse a very hurried letter, I think some details of a flying visit to Strasburg may interest you and them. I need only say, by way of preface, that we consist of a party of four ladies—mother, cousin, sister, and self; that we have been watching for the time to return safely to England, and that we started from Bern last Friday, with the prospect, and in the hope, of a quiet and easy journey, and more disposed to avoid the adventures of these troublous times than to seek them. But the plans and discussions of sundry fellow-travellers as to the feasibility of visiting Strasburg *en route*, and the exciting tales told at the *table-d'hôte* at Basel by an eye-witness just returned from thence, stirred up our own spirit of enterprise; and after divers pros and cons, consultations with guards and officials as to interruption of journey, later trains, &c., the result was, that we all four stood on the draughty platform at Appenweich, watching the one regular train of the day pursuing its leisurely course towards Heidelberg, and bearing, moreover, all our luggage with it!

Forthwith we took our return tickets for Kehl, and our places in a train just starting thither, a long and crowded one, families returning, many employés and semi-officials, some sight-seers and curiosity-seekers like ourselves. We did not notice much difference in the usual aspect of the broad plains of the Rhine until we approached Kehl, and then all the meadow-grass was cut up with wheel-tracks, large patches seemed cleared as if by bivouacs or outposts, and on the margin of some sluice or side-branch of the river were piles of wicker baskets and planks, which had evidently been used for a floating bridge. Almost before we were aware we had reached the river, the train drew up, and out poured the mass of travellers to seek conveyances into Strasburg, which lies about three or four miles further on; the only measurement I can quote is the inevitable 'Stunde,' which the coachman assured me it would take to drive, and I should say the carriage we were fortunate enough to secure went the usual pace of from three to four miles the hour. The throng upon the road was a truly sad one; we met almost as many passing out, and all the bustle seemed one of enforced necessity, not of honest prosperous business. Let me here say that I know nothing of military matters, not even the technical terms, so I can only describe in the most unprofessional way, the many strange sights that met our gaze on every side. The first thing we noticed with consternation was the broken down end of the once beautiful railway bridge, which seems to have been built upon six stone piers, surmounted by spiral ornaments of cast iron. The last division upon the German side had been cut away, and the whole ponderous construction had toppled down into the river, part of it sticking up at right angles with the remainder of the bridge, and looking like the wreck of a foundered ship. Then we crossed the glorious river, a fit boundary of nations indeed, by the bridge of boats; and when we gained the Alsatian shore, the signs of devastation were grievous, and constantly increasing. All the mischief done here was caused, as we understand it, by the French guns from the citadel, directed against a Prussian earth-work we saw on our right, some distance below the railway bridge and nearer the town, which earth-work, in answer, did its task of destruction within the town, as we afterwards saw. At the guard-house, occupied by Prussian sentries, there was nothing that had escaped uninjured; windows were but dismal gaping hollows, walls were cracked and seamed, roofs had fallen in—more, as it seemed to me, with the shock of the ponderous missiles, than from the effects of the fire often caused by their explosion. I remember one or two *burnt* houses, but the rest seemed literally torn asunder by main force. Bent water-pipes, broken balustrades, all the lesser débris, were the incidents of this dismal scene; and added to this, a foggy autumn afternoon, a road ankle deep in sticky grey mud, and a procession of people who looked mostly as ruined as their former dwellings, combined to give one a lasting impression of even the lesser horrors of war. Just then, too, a cart went by with two sick soldiers in it, doubled up under their wraps, and crouching away from the damp and dreariness; then a Prussian officer came along, and a set of soldiers turned out, all looking conscious of their hard-won possession, and seeming easy as to the consequences of the struggle.

For some little way we went through the remains of what must once have been a beautiful avenue from the town to the river. Further on, however, all the trees had been felled, evidently when in full leaf, lest they should afford shelter to the besiegers; one tall poplar tree alone standing, and looking desolate enough. Then we came to a cemetery, sadder yet; we imagine it could not have been used during the siege, being 'extra-mural,' but now it was filled with new mounds, and men were at work in it, trying to get it into order, for it had been grievously trampled on, and in some places the shells from the town seemed to have overturned the monuments, and disturbed the resting-place of her former citizens. After the cemetery was an horticultural garden, and then an angle of the road, and a sign-post, still standing, with the inscription, 'Route de Paris!' Here, too, we could see traces of the suburban ornamentation in which foreign towns are generally so happy. A group of shrubs occupied this angle, and the wire fencing surrounding it was still there, all awry and out of gear. And so the general ruin increased until we entered the town, over moat and drawbridge, and through a gateway riddled with shot; and then, for a short space, the walls—with their green slopes facing the town, and the embrasures shewing where the guns had played upon the unhappy district outside—protected the interior of the place; and we drove through a street or two, and round corners where old hand-bills and advertisements still hung, one inviting to a cheap trip to Paris, and another announcing the result of the Plebiscite!

Our first quest was an order for the citadel, but we found we were too late in the day, as none are issued after three o'clock p.m. The soldiers at the guard-house were pleasant fellows, amused at our interest in all we saw; they told us where to find the worst of the ruins, and truly it was a pitiable sight to which they directed us. The street immediately below the citadel, whose gateways and strong walls we saw above us, seems to have received all those shots which failed to reach the citadel itself. The street is an avenue of ruins, not merely the shells of houses destroyed by fire, but of those battered to death by the cruel blows of lead and iron. There was one café, whose wreck was complete: the pretty iron balustrade still hung topsy-turvy on its torn supports, and the statues on it drooped head downwards; every floor had fallen in; half-charred blinds hung on some of the windows, and between each window were still the painted announcements of what the house had to offer—'Diner à la carte à toute heure' seemed a grotesque mockery.

Here I dismounted to search for relics, and penetrated into the ruins, not daring, however, to disturb the debris, still, it is said, dangerous and explosive. I picked up some signs of the home lives so cruelly laid waste; and meanwhile some boys brought bits of bomb and other missiles to the carriage, and also some really curious fused glass, found in a glass factory near by; the glass seems to have been exposed to the action of gunpowder, and to have been blown up by it into a mass of molten bubbles—something like thin pastry biscuits are blown out in baking. We could but mourn, and exclaim, and pity, and exclaim again; and did I describe further, it would still be but a repetition of the same scene. Even in the less-injured localities one saw holes in roofs and walls, panes of glass shattered, chimneys tottering, ornamental architecture damaged. The statues over the portico of the Theatre had lost their heads, the Museum was but a pierced screen of unsound stones. The people were working hard to clear the rubbish, little children were picking up charred bits of stick and wood, sentinels were keeping guard at dangerous spots.

At last we drove to the Cathedral, hoping, I think, to find that the worst of war's mischances had been spared that wonderful pile. I suppose one ought to be thankful that so much has survived, and that the architectural damages can so soon be repaired; but alas! the injury that is done is much more than one can patiently accept. The north-west corner has suffered grievously, and a large pile of fallen stones and bits of carved work has accumulated outside the western entrance; while inside the destruction gives one positive physical pain. The organ front has been shattered, and some heavy pipes hang over like suffering useless limbs; the wet has come in through the broken south-western roof; and as for the glorious windows, they too are as wounded as they can be to hold together. In one window whole divisions are gone, and the space filled in with canvas; another is riddled with pistol shot, that has torn away countless little passages, and left the intervening glass intact. A shell has completely knocked out one line of stone tracery, and carried the glass with it; and other windows are shaken and cracked by the mere concussion. The old verger mourned as if for a human being, and gave us some bits of fourteenth century glass, which can never find their proper place again in the wondrous tale these windows have told for so long. He had not words enough to bewail these evil days, and to describe the universal calamity; he himself had remained in the Cathedral while the shots, which might be reckoned by hundreds, so he said, came echoing in, and at night he slept in a cellar near by. The Cathedral was open again to the public and the inhabitants, and occupied, when we saw it, by many silent worshippers, pleading doubtless, as best they knew how, out of full and mournful hearts. Poor people! one was glad to leave them there, though the calamity had come near their holy and beautiful house as well as on their private houses.

By this time our two hours had nearly slipped away, and we drove to get some dinner in an hotel, once no doubt made bright and gay for pleasure-seekers, but now the mere dreary machine to furnish food and shelter. Both were good, however, though our meal was served in an empty echoing room, by the light of some flickering candles, to the accompaniment of war tales told by the waiter, and the roll-call of drum and trumpet in the streets. The present Commander of Strasburg, Count Bismark's nephew, was quartered there, and we had to pass his sentries at the entrance.

It was dusk when we regained our carriage, and full time to leave unlighted streets and strange unhealthy odours which seemed to rise from all sides. Through the ruined city again, and along the miry roads, until at the bridge we were bidden to walk over, by sentries who peered well into the carriage, as indeed all the soldiers seemed intent on doing: it struck me they might be on the watch for escaping prisoners. After crossing the bridge, we were civilly bidden to go through a covered wooden corridor, strewn with (I think) tannin, and strongly impregnated with creosote, chloride of lime, and other disinfectants, by which simple but effectual process the Government hope to check the sickness now raging in the afflicted city, and to keep it from spreading further. We certainly felt fresher and brighter as we struggled into the crowded shed that serves as railway station; and when we were again *en route* for more peaceful Heidelberg, we were glad both to have seen such scenes for once, and to have escaped from them without mishap. Further comment I need not make. I have told a tale as hurried and imperfect as our visit, but true enough as far as I can render it.

Your faithful friend,

F. A. G.

RESTORATION OF THE INTERIOR OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, IN MEMORY OF THE LATE BISHOP HAMILTON.

Dear Mr. Editor,

A year has now passed since our revered Bishop Hamilton was taken from us: and the work of Cathedral Restoration in Salisbury, which then took the special form of a Memorial to him, is still going on. Many of us who were so highly privileged as to have been *confirmed* by him, desire to present the *pulpit* as a token of our love and respect for his memory; but a large sum, probably £300, will be required.

Amongst the readers of *The Monthly Packet*, many must have received from Bishop Hamilton the rite of Confirmation: will they not avail themselves of this opportunity of shewing their gratitude for such a benefit?

Any contributions will be thankfully received by

Miss Andrews,
The Close, Salisbury;

or by

Miss E. Anderson,
Sherrington Rectory, Heytesbury.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor, Yours obediently,

M. S. A.

Notices to Correspondents.

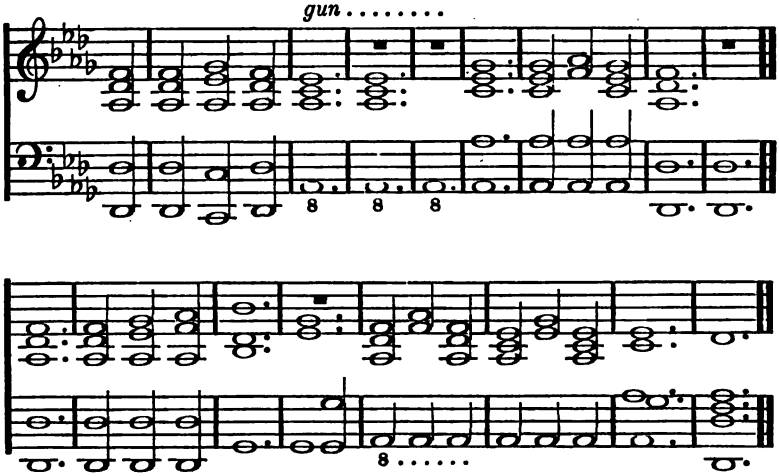
No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

A. K.—*Nothing in the way of Mythology for young people is equal to the Rev. G. W. Cox's* Tales of the Ancient Greeks, (*Longmans,*) *which is scientific, as well as simple and amusing. Miss Millington's* Mythology *is also very good, and brings in many interesting quotations of poetry.*

A. O. *will be much obliged to anyone who can tell her the origin of the name* '*Corisande,*' *in Mr. Disraeli's novel,* Lothair.—*Also, can anyone recommend a book of Infant School Songs, especially ones which may be sung with action, such as* 'The Loaf of Bread,' 'The Carpenter,' &c.——Corisande *is not a classical name. We believe it was one of the magnificent names invented by Mademoiselle Scudery, or some of her school—like* Orondate, *or the like.* Cora *is Greek for a maiden; and we suppose that* Corisandre, *who we believe was one of the heroines of these romances, had her name amplified out of this. Some of these were adopted as Christian names in France.*

E. A. B.— AUSTRIAN SAILORS' HYMN.



1.

Lone, lone is the deep;
Dark, starless the sky;
Wrecked, onward we sweep;
No human aid is nigh.

2.

Hark! vainly the gun
Peals, uttering our fear; .
No answer comes, none,
O'er waters dark and drear.

3.

Hope vanishes fast;
Floods yawn like the grave;
Death rides on the blast:
O Father, hear and save!

4.

Deep hollows the boom,
Rolls o'er the main,
Rolls on through the gloom;
We watch for aid in vain.

5.

Lord, let us not die
Here, on the lone sea:
Lord, pity our cry;
We have no hope but Thee!

E. A. H., and numerous other Correspondents.

M. S. P. *has found her children, when quite young, take unceasing delight in hearing read, over and over again, not only* 'Agathos,' *but* 'The Rocky Island,' *by Wilberforce,* 'The Triumphs of the Cross' *and* 'Deeds of Faith,' *by J. M. Neale, and more simple and charming still,* 'Snowball, and Other Stories,' *being very simple allegories, in nice language for children.* M. S. P. *hopes some of these, being all inexpensive books, may meet* A. P.'*s requirements.*

Miss G. E. Marryat, of 75, Eccleston Square, S. W., will feel very much obliged if anyone can tell her of a '*Home*' *where a poor woman in delicate health, who has seen better days, and who is now in* very *reduced circumstances, can be lodged and boarded on payment of a small sum per week. Miss Marryat will be thankful for an early answer.*

Ff., *in returning thanks for several contributions of books sent for the Library of* St. Peter's Home, Kilburn, *in answer to her appeal in* The Monthly Packet, *would remind contributors of the great expense which unpaid packages entails upon the small resources of the Home: some old music has lately been received, for which 4s. 6d. carriage was charged, the music itself being of no possible use to the Home.——[Indeed, to this we cannot help adding an editorial warning to the well-disposed. Think well whether what you send be worth the carriage, and really suitable. We have known knitted dolls' shoes sent in a missionary box for the Cape; and catalogues of sales, and hints on the management of infants, to soldiers in the Crimea. People think such an appeal enables them to dispose of their rubbish; but unless the gift is worth having, it is much worse than nothing.]*

Perhaps the lady who has lately been asking about Infant Hymns might like the following for first waking. It was written sixty years ago, by the late Catherine Lady Macartney, for her daughter.—C. B.

'O Lord, Thou hast unclosed my eyes,
And given me power once more to rise;
Blest me with spirits light and gay,
Fresh as the young beginning day.

Oh, may the heart Thou fill'st with joy
On Thee its earliest thoughts employ;
May the young morning of my days
Be spent for Thee in cheerful praise.

And when these little hands get size,
And when this foolish head grows wise,
Oh, for Thyself employ them still
To do Thy work and learn Thy will.'

K. A. H. *will be glad if any reader of* The Monthly Packet *can inform her where may be found the lines beginning—*

'No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
  Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
  From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.'

M. F. G. *will be much obliged if any of the readers of* The Monthly Packet *can inform her where she can procure short and easy stories (not tracts) in the French and German languages, suitable for foreign servant girls; also, if there is any publication in those languages similar to* The Band of Hope, *or* The Cottager and Artizan, *to be procured in London.*——Daheim *is an excellent German monthly magazine, illustrated, to be procured through Messrs. Williams and Morgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The subscription (we believe) is* 8s. *per year. Perhaps* Le Magasin Pittoresque, *to be obtained through the same publishers, would answer the purpose.*

Ella.—*For* Smyltan, *read* Smyttan; *for* R. W. Kyle, *read* Anon. *in* 'Foundling *Hymns*,' 1757. *I have not seen the collection, but Mr. D. Sedgwick has it: I do not know if all the hymns therein are Anonymous, nor what precaution the editors may have taken to exclude any of known parentage.—360 is, I fear, hopelessly unknown. A friend, whose name the Rev. C. S. Bere of Uplowman forgets, sent it through him for insertion in* Hymns Ancient and Modern. *I wish I could find the German from which it comes.—375, Rev. E. Caswall.—338, W. Williams, originally written in Welsh; translated either by himself or by W. Evans into English.*—L. C. B.

Declined with thanks.—The Story of Helène.

The Sisters of St. Alban's Mission *send very grateful thanks for the Bundle of Clothes, Hats, &c., sent by* E. L. *on September 2nd.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

DECEMBER, 1870.

'WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.'

JOB, xxxv. 10.

A CHRISTMAS LAY FOR THE SORROWING.

THE world was old in sorrow,
And faithful hearts were few,
When rose the earnest of that morrow
Which shall make all things new.

For, heaped with death and sin,
Till earth could bear no more,
The fullness of the time brought in
The Life for evermore.

All weary with her woes,
She lay in deepest night,
When, lo! Heaven's Morning Star arose
To guide her into light.

A song of triumph rends
Heaven's orient gates aside,
For God in very deed descends,
With sorrow to abide.

But those HE came to save,
No shout of welcome bring,
Only a Manger and a Grave
They offer to their King.

Oh! brighter sure the crown
Won by that heavy Cross;
Oh! nobler sure the rich renown
Bought by that bitter loss.

Sweeter the songs that rise
Around the crystal sea,
Than those which rent the morning skies
At Earth's nativity.

No angels' voices swell
That song of Jubilee;
None but the ransomed ones may tell
The joy of liberty.

So chant the carol still
Of welcome and release;
Deep in each listening heart shall thrill
Its sweet grave tones of Peace.

And if thou canst not hear
All that the Angels say,
Because the din of earth seems near,
And Heaven so far away;

And if thou canst not see
The glory of the Lord,
Because the fears that dazzle thee
Seem greater than His Word;

Gaze on, until the light
Break o'er the lonely plain,
Listen, until thou catch aright
The thankful, hopeful strain.

Only when clouds refuse
Their sable weight to bear,
Parts the pale light in rainbow hues,
And gems each falling tear.

The Eastern beacon kind
Shone through the night-clouds dim,
And on the wintry midnight wind
Arose the Angels' hymn.

So, bright o'er shadows past
Shall dawn upon thy way,
That Morn when Hope shall melt at last
In one long sun-lit Day!

M. G.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

The thirty-fourth and last Canto of the Inferno opens with the poets proceeding along the surface of the Giudecca, where Dante finds the spirits all wholly immersed within the ice, so that conversation with them is impossible. Here our readers may at length congratulate themselves on attaining the end of the long catalogue of crimes which Dante has selected from the world's history, the greater part of which he found ready to his hand in the records of contemporary Italian politics. There are few nations probably that at any period of their existence have had their misdeeds, both public and private, subjected to such thorough scrutiny, such heartfelt indignation, as Italy during the thirteenth century of our era at the hands of her greatest poet. Bearing this in mind, we may hesitate before we condemn the epoch of the Guelfic and Ghibelline factions as wicked beyond the average of mankind, or boast our belief in any superiority of our own times; and yet, so unfailing is the supply of criminals which Dante is able to provide for every circle of his Inferno, and so monotonous the explanation of their several offences, that we are reminded of Tacitus' complaint of the similar enforced monotony of his own Annals, or the dictum of a more recent writer, which the Inferno goes far to justify, that history, as popularly understood, is nothing but a tissue of murder and fraud stitched together with dates. However, we shall soon have done with the sinners; three only remain to be mentioned, Brutus, Cassius, and Judas Iscariot. It may excite some surprise in our readers' minds to find the two former considered worthy of being compared with Judas. But the true, though perhaps to our ideas insufficient, explanation is, that Brutus and Cassius were guilty of the same treason to their master, who was the embodiment to them of temporal power, that Judas was to his, the supreme spiritual Monarch of the universe. Now that the ancient Empire has disappeared, it is difficult for us to conceive the feelings with which men in the middle ages looked upon the occupant of its throne, as being as much God's vicar upon earth in things temporal, as the Pope in things spiritual. This conception was carried back to the first foundation of the Empire; and the treachery of Brutus and Cassius against Julius Cæsar is considered different in degree rather than in kind from that of Judas against our Lord.

The Canto opens with the first line of the Passion-tide hymn, *Vexilla regis*, used ironically by Virgil to describe the slow motion of Lucifer's wings forward to meet them. Already, in the preceding Canto, Dante had inquired the cause of the breeze he was then beginning to feel; and now the blast was so strong, that he crouches behind his guide till close to the monster himself. It has been calculated that Lucifer, by Dante's reckoning, must be as high as Saint Paul's Cathedral. His three faces denote the three then known continents of the world, which contribute a continuous supply of inhabitants to his dominion; the bat's wings symbolize the nocturnal gloom of the regions over which he presides. Then the poets advance to the shaggy sides of the fiend, within the play of his wings; and Virgil, with Dante clinging to his neck, descends below the surface of the frozen lake, holding on fast till he reaches the centre of the earth, when he turns round and begins his ascent to the southern hemisphere. It is not to be wondered at that Dante, who knew merely the fact of universal gravitation to the earth's centre, should have imagined (what is precisely the reverse of the truth) that the attracting force increased as the centre was approached. He could not know that strictly speaking there is no attraction on a body at the centre, the surrounding masses neutralizing one another's effect. Hence he represents the devil as jammed inextricably at the centre, and overwhelms Virgil with fatigue before twisting himself round ready for his ascent to the antipodes. Our readers must not think the poet's conception of Lucifer's fall from Heaven as unnecessarily grotesque. At the worst, he has only given too literal a meaning to the Apocalyptic vision, which portrays the great dragon cast out into the earth with his angels, and denounces woe to the inhabitants of the earth because the devil is come down unto them. The idea of the ugly worm at the earth's core, poisoning the previously wholesome fruit, grotesque as it may seem, is in perfect accord with the grand sentiment of lines 34–36, itself one of the finest in the Inferno. Then, by the simple reversal of their positions, the poets pass from sunset to sunrise, and according to Antarctic reckoning, the Easter Day morning dawns when they begin their toilsome ascent through the opening cleft by Lucifer in his fall. Lines 125, 126 refer to the mountain of Purgatory, the only land in the southern hemisphere (according to Dante's hypothesis) not covered by sea. What reports he founded this idea upon we cannot say; but the prevalence of water at the antipodes may well have been known as a general fact from early times. Then, as they took a day to descend from the gate of hell to the traitor's circle, so they take a day to ascend on the other side, and on the Easter Monday morning issue from the cave, and behold the southern constellations overhead, and dawn just tinging the waters of the eastern horizon.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO XXXIV.

'*Forth move the banners of the king* infernal
  To meet us; therefore look,' my lord commanded,
  'If thou mayst see them through the gloom nocturnal.'
As, when our hemisphere in night is landed,
  Or when mists gather fast in dense collection,
  Seems from afar a windmill; so expanded
Before mine eyes appeared some such erection;
  Then I withdrew me, for the wind unveering,
  Behind my guide, for there was no protection

Save him. There stood we, and my metre fearing
Records it, where the ghosts were whole inhumed
Transparent through like twigs in glass appearing.
Some lay full length; some were erect entombed,
Or with head under; some an arch persistent
Of bow, with faces turned towards feet, assumed.
When we advancing forward, were as distant
As to the Master seemed aright for shewing
The creature in such beauty once existent,
He made me stop, and from before me going,
'Lo, Dis,' he said, 'the place where it is needed
Thou arm thyself with courage.' Reader, knowing
How frozen I then became, of breath impeded,
I bid thee ask not: for I shrink from giving
Report of that which all device exceeded
Of speech. I died not, nor remained living;
Think of thyself, on thy mind's power reliant,
How both of life and death was my depriving.
The sovereign of that realm of woe defiant
At mid breast issued from the icy hollow,
And I compare my stature to a giant
More than the giants to his limbs. Then follow
In power of thought what must the whole be, suited
To such a part. If he who there doth wallow
Were once as fair as he is now imbruted,
And yet his eyebrow 'gainst his Maker raised,
Well may from him our woe be all recruited.
O with what marvel was I then amazed,
When I beheld unto his head three faces:
One was in front with hue vermilion glazed;
Of the other two, that over the mid spaces
Of either shoulder there adjoined their fellow,
And up converging formed the high crest's bases,
The right hand seemed to me 'twixt white and yellow,
The left to look at such as one beholdeth
Where Nile adown his cataracts doth bellow.
He beneath each two mighty wings unfoldeth,
That fit a bird so monstrous. Sail of ocean
Ne'er saw I that thereto proportion holdeth.
No feathers had they; but their sort and notion
Was as a bat's; these to and fro he waved,
So that three winds received thereat their motion.
Thereby Cocytus all with ice is paved.
At six eyes wept he, and with tears descending
And flakes of bloody foam three chins he laved.

A sinner at each mouth his teeth were rending,
  Who as beneath a crushing engine fared,
  Whereby the three endured pangs unending.
But that to him in front was nought compared
  To the fierce clutch whereby full oft was riven
  His back, of all its skin remaining bared.
'That soul above, to whom more pain is given,
  Is Judas,' so began my lord's explaining;
  'He with head inside, and legs outwards driven.
Of the other two, their heads beneath sustaining,
  Brutus is he that from the black jaw swingeth;
  See how he writhes, no word to utter deigning.
Cassius the other, who such large limbs wringeth.
  But all is seen, and night hath reascended,
  That now the time for our departure bringeth.'
His neck then clasped I, as he recommended,
  And he the fitting place and time selected,
  And when the wings were far apart extended,
He clutched the flank with shaggy hair protected,
  Twixt the thick pile and frozen crust contriving
  A way, and so from fleece to fleece directed
His downward steps. But when thereto arriving
  Where the thigh's pivot on the haunch is based,
  The Master then with sore fatigue and striving
Turned round his head to where his feet were placed,
  And the thick skin as one that climbeth clasped,
  And so the way to hell methought retraced.
'Hold by me fast,' so spake he then, and gasped
  Like to one spent, 'for by such stair 'tis fitting
  We part from so great evil.' Then he grasped
A rocky cleft above, and raised me sitting,
  And placed me on the rim of stone; then fetched
  Unto my side a footstep not unwitting.
Upwards my gaze with eyes intent I stretched,
  Expecting to see Lucifer unchanged;
  But saw his legs upheld aloft. How wretched
It made me, from composure all estranged,
  Let the dull sort of people think, not knowing
  What was the point past which I then was ranged.
'Arise,' then said my lord, 'the time of going
  Is long, the pathway hard: lo, now doth waken
  The sun already, in his first watch glowing.'
The spot we stood in could not have been taken
  For palace hall; a natural dungeon rather,
  Of footing rough and near of light forsaken.

'Before I tear me from the abyss, my father,'
  I said, arisen according to his warning,
  'Allow me from thy lips the truth to gather.
Where is the ice? and whence hath come his turning
  Thus upside down? and how in so short season
  Hath the sun passed across from eve to morning?'
And he in answer said, 'Thou yet dost reason
  As if beyond the centre, where I wended
  To clutch the guilty worm, fixed for his treason
In the world's core. As long as I descended
  Thou wast that side; when I turned, thou hadst gained
  The point whereunto every weight hath tended:
And now the hemisphere hast thou attained,
  Adverse to that which the dry land compriseth
  Beneath whose vault was spent the Man unstained
By sin in birth or life. As now adviseth
  My lore, thy feet are on the smallest sphere
  Which makes Giudecca's other face. Day riseth
Here when 'tis evening there: and he whose hair
  Served us for ladder, hath yet here his station
  Fixed and imprisoned as he hath been e'er.
Hither from heaven he fell in swift damnation;
  And earth that once this region had acquired,
  Veiled herself with the sea in trepidation,
And back into our hemisphere retired;
  Perchance to shun him, that yet here existent,
  Left its place empty, and on high aspired.'
A place there is from Beelzebub as distant
  Below, as downwards the abyss extendeth,
  Known not by sight, but by the sound persistent
Of a small brook that far therein descendeth
  Through a stone's rift that it hath eaten, winding
  Its course thereby, and little downwards bendeth.
My guide and I that hidden pathway finding,
  Back to the world of day our voyage essayed,
  And for repose or respite little minding,
He first, I second clomb, nor aught delayed,
  Till through an opening to our sight was given
  The fair lights in the firmament displayed;
And issuing we beheld the stars of heaven.

(*End of 'The Inferno.'*)

HYMN-POEMS ON NOTABLE TEXTS.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF 'LYRA FIDELIUM.'

No. XII.—WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

'Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.'—*Isaiah*, xxi. 12.

Watchman on Zion's Hill,
Thy vision pierces far,
Discerning good and ill,
The signs of peace and war.
What of the night? Is yonder light
The morn or even star?

It is the Star of morn;
Ye sons of God, be glad!
The burdens ye have borne,
The portion ye have had,
Cloud-like shall roll from every soul
Which He hath not made sad.

The morning comes, behold
Its walls and gates descend!
The beauty never old,
The glory without end,
In one full blaze of purest rays
The Twelve Foundations blend!

All hail the Day! how sweet
This Light to longing eyes!
How glad the songs that greet
Creation's groans and cries!
O Rest and Peace that never cease,
O Bliss that never dies!

Watchman on Zion's Hill,
Thy vision pierces far,
Discerning good and ill,
The signs of peace and war.
What of the night? Is yonder light
The morn or even star?

It is the Star of eve;
O world, the doom is near,
When they who laughed shall grieve,
And they who mocked shall fear;
Yon herald light prevents the night
When thou shalt disappear!

Lost world! the darkness grows:
How shalt thou not be sad,
Who 'mid the Church's woes
Thy dear delight hast had?
For now God's sun shall rise for none
Whom He hath not made glad.

Hear we the Watchman's cry:
'Morn comes and night;' and pray
To Him, the Lord most High,
That He will make our way
More purely bright with shining light
Unto the perfect day.
Amen.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY F. HARRISON.

FIRST LESSON AT EVENSONG.

(ISAIAH, LX.)

Arise and shine, for glory v. 1
Is risen on thee, and light,
Blot out the ancient story
Of them that walked in night: v. 2
The Gentiles gather round thee, v. 3
The Kings obey the Star,
Thy daughters now have found thee, v. 4
Thy sons come from afar.

And who are these, come flying v. 8
Straight onward like a cloud,
As doves their home espying,
About the window crowd?

They call thy name the City v. 14
  Of the Holy One, the Lord;
He saves thee with His pity, v. 15
  Defends thee with His sword.

Call thou thy walls, Salvation, v. 18
  Thy gates, the Gates of Praise;
Thy Sun's illumination
  Shall have no waning rays;
The sun is not thy Splendour, v. 19
  Nor moon thy lovely Light,
Thy Lord, the Great, the Tender, v. 20
  Is Light by day and night.

Thy people are victorious, v. 21
  Thy land hath peace and rest;
Thy Monarch is the Glorious,
  Thy Ruler is the Best;
Life is thy flowing river,
  Love, joy, on either shore,
Life flowing on for ever,
  Love, joy, for evermore.

Though, worn with long endeavour, v. 22
  Through troubled lands we roam,
Loved City, thou for ever
  Art promised as our Home:
As children, not as strangers,
  We seek thy shining wall;
Bright City, from our dangers
  Receive and shield us all!

MAGNETISM OF THE EARTH.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

AUTHOR OF 'OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS,' &c.

There is a prevailing impression that the magnetic needle points to the North Pole. 'True as the needle to the pole' has become a proverbial expression, and our poets adopt the needle as the fittest emblem of constancy. Yet in reality the magnetic needle does not point, in this country at any rate, towards the Pole. Anyone who possesses a compass may readily test this for himself by observing at noon that the southern end of the needle is pointed perceptibly away from the sun's direction.

The actual deflection is about twenty degrees towards the west, corresponding to the deflection of the minute-hand of a watch from the hour-mark XII., at three and one-third minutes before any hour. But this deflection is small compared with that which is observed in many parts of the earth. In Iceland the needle points some forty-five degrees towards the west. In Greenland it points due west. In Russian-America, again, it points about forty-five degrees towards the east; and near Melville Island it points due east.

This, however, is but one of many remarkable peculiarities which characterize the Earth's magnetism. I propose now to give a brief account of the discoveries which have been made during the last half century in this interesting field of physical research.

Undoubtedly the discovery of the directive power of the magnetized needle was made in very early ages. Eight hundred years before the Christian era, the Chinese applied this property to guide them in their journeys over the wide plains of Asia. 'They employed,' says Humboldt, 'a magnetic car, on the front of which a floating needle carried a small figure whose outstretched arm pointed southwards.' How long these appliances had been employed before the date of the record referred to by Humboldt, does not appear; but it has been suspected that the discovery was one of old date even at that distant epoch.

It is probable, too, that at a very early period the Chinese must have discovered that the needle did not point to the true north. We find that they knew this in the twelfth century, but we have no record of the date of the actual discovery. The deviation of the needle from the north was independently detected by European observers in the thirteenth century; for there is in the library of the University of Leyden a manuscript work by Peter Adsiger, bearing date 1269, in which the deviation is clearly described.

This peculiarity of the needle is that which English seamen commonly call the variation. But continental physicists have named it the declination; and this term is now generally employed in scientific researches. I shall employ this term henceforward in the present paper, so that the reader must remember that the declination of the needle signifies the deviation of its axis from the direction of the north point.

When the declination was discovered, it was commonly supposed that in all parts of the earth the same phenomenon would be presented. The comparatively rough instruments employed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries did not suffice to indicate any difference between the declination in Spain or Italy, and that in France or England. But towards the close of the fifteenth century, the discovery was made by Christopher Columbus, that the magnetic needle does not in all parts of the earth point in the same direction. As the reader will conceive, this discovery was made during the first of his voyages across the Atlantic. The magnetic needle had long been employed to guide the seaman when out of sight of land; but in that bold voyage the great Genoese sailor looked to the needle with a new anxiety. He was not only passing out of sight of land, but he was passing beyond the bounds of known seas. No guide was left him but the needle and the stars; and it was above all things needful that these two guides should be in accord. So that on clear nights Columbus studied the behaviour of the needle, comparing its indications with those of the stars, in order that if any errors should appear in the former, he might correct them while there was yet time. It was fortunate for him and for his purpose that this was done; for had he followed the indication of the needle alone, he would undoubtedly have been led astray.

When Columbus sailed from Europe, the needle was pointing towards the east of north. But as he continued his journey westwards, he found the easterly declination of the needle gradually diminishing. At length, on the 13th of September, 1492, he being then two hundred leagues to the westward of the Isle of Ferro, he noticed that the needle was pointing due north. Afterwards, as he continued to travel westwards, he found that the needle shewed westerly declination, which gradually increased throughout the remainder of the voyage.

But it will not have failed to attract the attention of the observant reader that there is a discrepancy between the statement made in the last paragraph, respecting the declination of the needle in Europe in the time of Columbus, and that account of the present declination of the needle which was given in the first paragraph of this essay. We are thus led to notice a peculiarity much more remarkable and perplexing than the merely local differences of magnetic declination. I refer to the changes of declination taking place with the progress of *time*. The magnetic needle pointed to the east of north in all parts of Europe in the time of Columbus: at the present time it points to the west of north.

Who was the first to notice the gradual change of the needle's declination, is not known. We have, however, the dates of those observations which led to the recognition of the law. The earliest exact observation on record of the needle's declination was made in 1580, when the magnetic needle was found to have in London an easterly declination of 11¼ degrees, and in Paris an easterly declination of 11½ degrees. The gradual change which has taken place since that time, is well worth following attentively. In 1618, the magnetic needle in Paris pointed only 8 degrees to the east. Four years later, in London the magnetic declination was 6 degrees. In 1634 it had diminished to 4¼ degrees, and in 1657 the needle pointed due north in London. But in Paris the needle still pointed towards the east at this time, and it was not until 1663 that the Paris needle pointed due north. By this time the London needle was pointing one degree to the west of north, and with this start the London needle was still travelling westwards when the Paris needle had begun to acquire westerly declination. Both needles travelled westwards, the London needle somewhat increasing its lead, insomuch that in 1805 it pointed 24¼ degrees to the west of north, while the westerly declination of the Paris needle was but 22¾ degrees.

During all this time, be it noted, both needles had been travelling westwards. The London needle had completed a westerly march of 35½ degrees, the Paris needle one of 34¼ degrees, since 1580. And thus far there was nothing to shew that the magnetic compass both in London and in Paris, was not about to make a complete revolution westwards. But Arago, the French astronomer, noticed about this time that the westerly motion of the Paris needle was flagging, and with that confidence which characterized him, he announced as early as 1814—at which time the westerly motion of the Paris needle was still in progress—his opinion that the needle would before long cease to travel westwards and commence its return journey; though he admitted that 'as the needle had already in former times been stationary for several years together, it would be prudent to await ulterior observations before definitively adopting this conclusion.'

'In 1817,' says Arago, 'I thought I might dismiss my reserve. I then said: "On the 10th of February, 1817, at one hour after noon, the magnetic needle pointed 22° 19 to the west of north. This observation, when compared with the results of the two preceding years, seems no longer to leave any doubt as to the retrograde movement of the magnetic needle."'

But in London no retrograde motion had commenced. If Arago's view was to be regarded as just, then the two needles which for two centuries and a half had been travelling in the same direction were now travelling in different directions. The London observers were not at first prepared to admit this. 'Colonel Beaufoy,' says Arago, 'thought at first to invalidate my opinion, by quoting against it the observations made in London from 1817 to 1819. But this skilful observer soon gave up his first impression, and came entirely into my views, which have now been corroborated—he wrote in 1853—by a retrogression which has continued for nearly forty years.' Let me add, as evidence of the amount of labour which modern physicists are willing to give to such inquiries, that Arago's opinion 'had been based,' he tells us, 'on more than twelve thousand observations.'

Here, then, was a most surprising circumstance. The magnetic needle, the poet's emblem of constancy, was swaying to and fro in a wide arc, and in a period to be measured by hundreds of years. By what process of change is this slow oscillation brought about? 'It was already sufficiently difficult,' Arago justly remarks, 'to imagine what could be the kind of change in the constitution of the globe which could act during one hundred and fifty-three years, in gradually transferring the resultant of the magnetic forces of the globe from due north to 23 degrees west of north. We see that it is now necessary to explain, moreover, how it has happened that this gradual change has ceased, and has given place to a return towards the preceding state of the globe. How is it that the directive action of the globe, which clearly must result from the action of molecules of which the globe is composed, can thus be variable, while the number, position, and temperature of these molecules, and, as far as we know, all their other properties, remain constant?'

It is this which makes it so difficult to theorize respecting the Earth's magnetism. If the direction of the magnetic needle were invariable in each region of the Earth, then we might be inclined to ascribe the peculiarities which distinguish one region from another, to the action of masses of magnetic metal in the Earth's interior, or to the influence of oceans and continents, mountain-ranges, lakes, and the like. But oceans and continents have not shifted since 1580; earthquakes and volcanoes may have affected to some small extent the aspect of mountain-ranges or the arrangement of fluid masses beneath the earth's crust. But when we consider the relative minuteness of the changes which such forces as these can exert, the suddenness of the action on which they depend, and other like circumstances of their action, it seems impossible to recognize in them the explanation of progressive changes continuing for hundreds of years in succession.

Before passing on to other peculiarities of the Earth's magnetism, let us inquire what is the actual distribution of easterly and westerly declination over the surface of the Earth at the present time. The region in which magnetic needles have westerly declination, comprises the whole of Europe, except the extreme north-western parts of Russia; Turkey, Arabia, Africa, the greater part of the Indian Ocean, and the western parts of Australia; Greenland, the eastern parts of Canada, the whole of the Atlantic Ocean, and the north-eastern corner of Brazil. It will be seen that all the regions here named form one great continuous section of the Earth's surface. But there is besides, in the midst of the remaining section of easterly magnets, an oval space within which the magnets point (but very slightly) towards the west. This space includes the eastern parts of China, the Japanese Islands, and Manchouria.

Besides turning towards a certain point of the horizon, the magnetic needle tends to dip very sensibly at its northern end. In the ordinary adjustment of the compass, this dip is not recognized; but if a needle be carefully poised, so that were it not magnetized it would remain in a horizontal position, then when magnetized the needle will take up an inclined position. This peculiarity was first discovered by Robert Norman in 1576. It is called the magnetic *inclination*, and is measured by the angle which the needle makes with the horizon plane.

Like the declination, the inclination is different in different parts of the Earth. In southern latitudes it is of course the southern end of the needle which dips. Hence in passing from the northern to the southern hemisphere, a line must be crossed where there is no inclination. North of this line the northern end dips, south of it the southern, and upon the line the needle is horizontal. This line, called the magnetic equator, or the line of no inclination, does not coincide with the terrestrial equator, but forms an inclined circle which crosses the equator in longitude 3 degrees west, and 173 degrees west, of Greenwich; lying north of the equator to the east of Greenwich, and south to the west.

As might be anticipated, the inclination varies from time to time as well as from place to place. In fact, if we consider that inclination and declination are merely parts of one characteristic feature of the needle—its position of rest or poise—we see that one cannot change without the other.

It will naturally occur to the reader to inquire whether the inclination varies in the same periodic manner as the declination. For instance, we have seen that in London the needle pointed due north in 1657, and completed its westerly excursion in 1819; and that in Paris the needle pointed due north in 1663, and completed its westerly excursion in 1814. Has the inclination in these two places shewn any peculiarities corresponding to these epochs?

At first sight it would seem as though an answer must be returned in the negative. The inclination at Paris has been continually decreasing since it was first observed, viz. in 1671, and is steadily decreasing at the present time. The inclination in London has not been observed so long, but since 1786 it has steadily diminished, and is now still diminishing. The actual inclination in Paris is now about 65 degrees, in London about 67 degrees, so that (since an inclination of 90 degrees would mean that the needle is pointing vertically downwards) the needle's position of rest or poise is much nearer the vertical than the horizontal in London and Paris.

But can we reconcile the apparent discrepancies between the change of inclination and the change of declination? Can we shew why or how the inclination might continue to change in one direction, while the declination was passing through its extreme limit of change towards the west? It is not difficult to do so; but we have to attend to some considerations not yet dealt with, before we can see the real significance of the peculiarity.

We have seen that there is a line along the Earth where the needle has no inclination. With increase of distance from this line on either side of it, the inclination increases, much in the same way that with increase of distance from the Earth's equator the apparent elevation of the visible pole of the heavens increases, only not altogether so regularly. And just as at the two poles of the Earth the pole of the heavens is overhead, so at two points which lie nearly as far as possible from the magnetic equator—so as to correspond very closely to the mathematical poles of that circle—the magnetic needle assumes a vertical position. These points are called the magnetic inclination poles of the Earth. One lies in about 70 degrees north latitude, and 263 degrees east longitude. The other lies in an inaccessible part of the Antarctic Seas. Captain Sir J. G. Ross, who discovered the northern magnetic inclination pole, made the nearest approach yet effected towards the southern one, and he assigned to it a position in 75 degrees south latitude, and 154 degrees east longitude.

Now these inclination poles—which for my own part I should much prefer to call the magnetic poles simply, only science bids otherwise—are also the declination poles, or nearly so. That is, if the direction of the needle considered with respect to the horizon could be noted at different places round one of these poles, it would be found to be always in the direction of the pole. But it is clear that the declination of the magnetic needle cannot be very easily noted in the neighbourhood of the inclination poles; since the tendency of the needle is to be nearly upright, and its directive power with respect to the horizon is therefore all but evanescent.

Now when we learn that the inclination of the needle in London or Paris is diminishing, we may conclude pretty confidently that the distance of the magnetic inclination pole from London or Paris is increasing. For we know that when voyaging towards or from these poles, we find the inclination increase or diminish respectively, and so we come to regard the greatness of the inclination as a measure of the nearness of the magnetic inclination pole. But London and Paris are not travelling over the face of the Earth away from the northern magnetic pole. Most assuredly the mountain is not coming to Mahomet. We conclude, therefore, that Mahomet is going to the mountain. Or, in plain words, the magnetic inclination pole is removing farther away from London and Paris.

But in what way is this pole leaving our neighbourhood? To learn this we need only refer to the change of declination. In 1667 the magnetic pole was certainly due north of London, for the needle pointed due north. It was as certainly moving westwards, for the needle which before had been pointing eastward of north, thenceforward began to point westward of north; and furthermore, the pole is now, as we know, somewhere near Melville Island, or far to the west of the longitude of Greenwich.

Since then this magnetic pole has been travelling from a place due north of us and relatively near, to a more westwardly place farther from us; is it not obvious that it has been travelling around the real pole of the Earth (say near the Arctic Circle) westward towards its present place?

But in so travelling it would reach its greatest westwardly range after completing about a quarter of a revolution. Its increase of westwardly longitude would continue; but if we could see it through the Earth's mass, we should find it returning to the northerly direction. That this is so needs no proof, because it is obvious that after a half revolution round the true pole of the Earth, the magnetic pole would be due north again, only on the further side of the pole.

The westerly declination, then, would reach its greatest amount when the magnetic pole had completed about one-fourth of a revolution round the pole of the Earth. But the inclination would not at the same time have reached its least value. For it is obvious that the magnetic pole's distance from us would continue to increase until half a revolution had been completed; or, in other words, until the magnetic pole was due north again, but on the farther instead of the nearer side of the true North Pole.

I would not be understood to assert that the magnetic pole travels thus in an uniform way around the true pole of the Earth; on the contrary, I have little doubt that the course of the former pole is tortuous, and its motion irregular. But that, on the whole, and taking the outstanding balance of motion among all such deviations, the magnetic pole has made its way through more than a fourth of a revolution around the North Pole of the Earth, I consider to be a demonstrated fact.

Hitherto we have been considering two features of one magnetic element, the directive power of the needle. A properly-poised needle in any place assumes a certain definite position, which determines at once the relations called the declination and the inclination. But there is another characteristic, of equal, many think of greater, importance; and that is, the force or energy with which the needle seeks its position of rest or poise. This is not the same in all places; and in fact, it varies systematically over the Earth's surface, just as the inclination and declination have been seen to vary. It need hardly be said that the force in question is exceedingly minute. If we attach a thread to the extremity of a magnetized needle properly poised, and having allowed the needle to assume its position of rest, try to determine what force is necessary to pull the north end away from its position, we find that the very minuteness of the force prevents us from determining its amount. But fortunately there is a very sure way of determining the force with which the magnetized needle seeks its position of rest; or rather—for this is the point of real importance—there is a very sure way of comparing the intensity of the magnetic force at different stations. We have only to set the poised needle in vibration, and to count the number of vibrations taking place in a given time. The rapidity of vibration is proportionate to the intensity of the force. This follows from a well-known mechanical law. Anyone who possesses a somewhat powerful magnet may test the law in a variety of ways. Thus if he compare the number of vibrations made by a poised needle in presence of this magnet, when the latter is placed at different distances, he will recognize the increase resulting from the proximity (and therefore increased action) of the disturbing magnet. Or again, if he hang a piece of iron by a string and count the vibrations made by this pendulum under the action of gravity alone, and afterwards when the magnet is placed beneath the swinging iron so as to reinforce the action of gravity, and yet again when the magnet is placed above the swinging iron so as to diminish the action of gravity, he will soon become convinced of the importance of this means of measuring the intensity of attracting forces.

Now men of science have been careful to apply this method to determine the force of the Earth's magnetism at a number of stations. I believe that General Sabine, who accompanied Ross and Parry in their scientific Polar explorations, was the first to insist on the importance of such observations. To him undoubtedly we owe in large degree the extension of the system of observation to a number of stations in different parts of the British Empire; and Humboldt and others co-operating in other lands, the means were soon obtained of determining the intensity of the Earth's action at a very large number of stations in the Old and New World, and in both hemispheres.

It results from these observations that the intensity—as this element of the needle's action is called—has its least value along a curve lying not very far from the Earth's equator, but neither coinciding with it nor with the magnetic equator already considered. The intensity increases on either side of this line, somewhat as the inclination does; only instead of attaining its greatest value at one pole in either hemisphere, there are two magnetic poles in each hemisphere. For be it noticed that we are directed by the authorities in this special department of science to regard the intensity poles as the true magnetic poles of the Earth, and the inclination poles as but of secondary importance. Of the northern magnetic poles, one lies in Siberia, nearly where the River Lena crosses the Arctic Circle, the other a few degrees to the north of Lake Superior. One of the Antarctic poles lies near Adelie Island, the other close by the Antarctic Circle, in about 120 degrees west longitude. To these relations we must add the peculiarity, that 'there is a line of lower intensity running right round the Earth along the valleys of the two great oceans, passing through Behring's Straits, and bisecting the Pacific on one side of the globe, and passing out of the Arctic Sea by Spitzbergen and down the Atlantic on the other.'

For my own part, as I have already hinted, I venture to demur to the arrangement which attaches primary importance to the intensity poles and the intensity equator. It appears clear to me that the inclination pole and the inclination equator should be regarded as the true magnetic pole and equator respectively. General Sabine, the present esteemed and venerable President of the Royal Society,* has urged that the intensity is to be regarded as more essentially a magnetic element than the inclination or declination, which depend on the vertical and the cardinal points—that is, on non-magnetic relations: and on this account he regards the intensity equator and pole as the true magnetic equator and pole. It does not appear to me that this reasoning is sufficient. To take a parallel case: suppose the Earth's equator were in question. Then we might argue, that to determine the place of the Earth's equator by observing when the poles of the heavens are on the horizon, or by any other method of astronomical observation, is incorrect, because such relations are celestial, not terrestrial: whereas (it might further be urged) the force of gravity is a true terrestrial force, and our Earth's equator ought therefore to be determined by noting where the force of gravity is least, and the poles in like manner by noting where the force of gravity is greatest. This reasoning seems strictly parallel to that which leads to the adoption of the magnetic intensity (instead of the *direction* of the needle) as the true guide in determining the magnetic equator and pole. And precisely as it would be a most tremendous problem to determine the place of the Earth's equator and poles by noting the variation of the force of gravity as we passed from station to station, while the results never could be quite satisfactory, so it is a very difficult problem to determine the place of the magnetic intensity equator and poles; and very little confidence can be placed in the results which have been obtained. For as we near the intensity equator, we find the intensity changing more and more slowly, until at last its diminution is almost imperceptible even in a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and similarly near the poles the intensity changes very slowly. But the inclination changes as fast when we are crossing the inclination equator as when we are at a distance from that curve; so also as we cross the inclination poles, we find the inclination changing quite as fast (for given distances) as in other regions. So that nothing is easier than to determine the true place of the inclination poles and equator. Besides, we can conceive that very slight peculiarities in the configuration of a region as respects mountains and valleys, land and water, metallic veins or their absence, and so on, would quite appreciably affect the intensity, and make the determination of the poles and equator not merely difficult but untrustworthy; whereas, such relations could by no means affect to the same extent the inclination and declination.

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* A day or two after this was written I heard of General Sabine's resignation of that office. I preferred, however, to leave the passage unchanged.

In fine, adopting the magnetic intensity for our guide seems to me as unsound a plan, as though one should insist on determining when each hour is reached by measuring the distance of the end of a clock's minute-hand from the ground, in preference to noting when that hand is vertical.

We have now considered the three main features of terrestrial magnetism—the inclination, the declination, and the intensity—with reference to those broader characteristics which relate to position on the Earth's surface, and time counted by years and centuries. But the most interesting features of the Earth's magnetic action are those which have reference to minute changes occurring in shorter periods.

Graham discovered in 1722 that a well-poised magnetic needle performs each day a minute oscillation about its mean place. Since that time, but more particularly during the last sixty years, this peculiarity has been very carefully studied. The laws of the diurnal variation have been shewn to be in a general sense sufficiently simple, though their physical interpretation is by no means an easy matter. The Sun lies twice in the day in the direction pointed to by the magnetic needle: in the daytime, he passes somewhat before noon that part of his daily course towards which the southern end of the needle points; and during the night, he passes somewhat before midnight that part of his nocturnal course towards which the northern end of the needle points. Now when he is passing these points, the needle has its mean position. And again, when he is midway between those points, the needle has its mean position. But at all other times, the end of the needle which is nearest to the Sun is swayed slightly away from its mean place. It is precisely as though the Sun had the power of attracting the nearest end of the needle—to a slight extent, it is true, but still perceptibly. Looking at the oscillation in this way, we see why the needle is four times in the day in its mean position. For obviously, when the Sun is in the direction pointed to by one end or the other of the needle, (in its mean position,) he can exert no action to disturb the needle from that position; and it is equally obvious, that when the Sun is mid-way between those two parts of his path, he attracts one end of the needle just as much as he attracts the other, and so the needle remains unchanged in position. At all other times, his action is greater on one end of the needle than the other, and so disturbs the needle.

I have spoken of the Sun's action as of the nature of an attractive force, because the needle behaves as if the Sun so acted. But the reader will remember, of course, that this description has merely been employed to shew what really happens, not *why* it happens. We do not know that the Sun actually attracts the needle, only that the end nearest to him moves towards him *as if* attracted.

Then there is an annual variation in the needle's position, and also in the energy with which it seeks its position of rest. The daily oscillation is greater in January than at any other part of the year, and is least in July; the intensity of the magnetic force following the same law.

We see, then, that the heat of the Sun is not the chief cause of the magnetic oscillations. This is, indeed, proved not only by the annual but by the diurnal variation. For we have seen that the daily variation depends on the Sun's position with respect to the needle itself, not to the progress of the day as regards light and heat. And now we see that this is true of the yearly change. January, the coldest month in the year, is that in which the needle's oscillations are greatest; in July, when the Sun's heat is greatest, the daily vibrations are least. Nor are we left in doubt whether this may not mean that cold is favourable to the disturbance of the magnetic needle. For at Melbourne and Cape Town, and in other southern observatories, the same law holds good, though there January is the hottest and July the coldest month of the year.

Does astronomy tell us anything which may serve to account for this peculiarity? It does. In January the Sun is nearer to the Earth by three millions of miles than he is in July. His magnetic action, like his attractive energy, is thus found to increase as we approach him;

and precisely as the Earth when nearest to the Sun is forced to speed more swiftly on her orbit, so the magnetic needle, when brought by the Earth's motion nearest to the Sun, is found to vibrate more energetically.

Then there is a monthly period depending on the Moon's motion in her orbit round the Earth. We owe to General Sabine the detection of the Moon's influence on the Earth's magnetism. And though the influence is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, yet it may be regarded as one of the most instructive of all the features of terrestrial magnetism; since it seems to prove beyond all possibility of question, that the action of external orbs on the magnetism of the Earth depends, like gravity, at once on the mass and nearness of those orbs, and not on the heat they emit; for in the latter case the Moon could exert no sensible influence.

But of all the periodic variations of the Earth's magnetism, that which has a period of about ten years and a half is the most remarkable and interesting. Considered in itself the circumstance is striking, that the magnetic needle should vibrate with varying energy in a period of such duration. If we consider that a well-poised needle, placed quite out of the range of the sun's light and heat, will vibrate day after day in accordance with his motion along his (apparent) diurnal path; that these vibrations will wax and wane in extent and energy, as the Sun traverses his (apparent) yearly path; and lastly, that in a period ten times as long, the vibrations, with their annual waxings and wanings, will pass slowly from a maximum to a minimum of energy—we cannot but wonder at the apparent complexity of the whole system of changes. But how much is our wonder enhanced, how greatly is the significance of the evidence increased, when it is found that this ten-and-a-half-year period synchronizes with the Sun-spot period—that as the spots and stains on the Sun's face increase and diminish in size and frequency, so also the sway of the magnetic needle increases and diminishes in extent! Into the evidence on which this striking fact depends I need not here enter, as it is fully dealt with in a paper on the Sun in *The Monthly Packet* for January, 1869; in which paper also the association between terrestrial magnetism and auroral displays, and that existing between magnetic storms and solar disturbances, was sufficiently described.

Here, for the present, I take leave of this interesting subject, reminding the reader, however, that I have been able to touch but imperfectly on some of its most important branches. Those who wish to obtain a fuller knowledge of the subject, should study the masterly papers by General Sabine in the Philosophical Transactions and Reports of the British Association. They will find much that is interesting and instructive; and, unless I mistake, the value of such information will daily increase, since there is every reason to believe that before long the science of terrestrial magnetism will take an even worthier and more assured place than it yet holds amongst the demonstrative sciences.

In fine, to quote words which I wrote more than a year ago—'In dealing with the indications of the magnetic needle; in studying the changes which take place from day to day, from year to year, and from century to century, in fixed observatories; in comparing the directive action of the compass in different localities; and in watching the processes of change affecting the general aspect of the Earth's magnetic habitudes during long intervals of time—we are in reality dealing with phenomena of cosmical importance. We may, in fact, look on our Earth as an outlying observatory, whence we are enabled to watch the changes of the Sun's magnetic action, and to determine the laws according to which it operates. Viewed in this light, the study of terrestrial magnetism becomes one of the most interesting and important which can occupy the attention of our men of science.'

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XII.

GIANT DESPAIR'S CASTLE.

'Who haplesse and eke hopelesse all in vaine,
Did to him pace sad battle to darrayne;
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde,
And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountaine which him feeble made.'

Spenser.

Felix's majority made no immediate difference. His thirteenth part of his father's small property remained with the rest, at any rate until his guardian should return from his travels in the East; but in the course of the winter, his kind old godfather, Admiral Chester, died, and having no nearer relation, left him the result of his small savings out of his pay, which would, the lawyer wrote, amount to about a thousand pounds; but there was a good deal of business to be transacted, and it would be long before the sum was made over to him.

Wilmet and Geraldine thought it a perfect fortune, leading to the University, and release from trade; and they looked rather crest-fallen when they heard that it only meant £30 per annum in the funds, or £50 in some risky investment. Mr. Froggatt's wish was that he should purchase such a share in the business as would really give him standing there; but Wilmet heard this with regret; she did not like his thus binding himself absolutely down to trade.

'You are thinking for Alda,' said Felix, smiling. 'You are considering how Froggatt and Underwood will sound in her ears.'

'In mine too, Felix; I *do* not like it.'

'I would willingly endure it to become Redstone's master,' said Felix quietly.

'Is he still so vexatious?' asked Geraldine; for not above once in six months did Felix speak of any trials from his companions in business.

'Not actively so; but things might be better done, and much ill blood saved. I cannot share W. W.'s peculiar pride in preferring to be an assistant instead of a partner.'

'Then this is what you mean to do with it?'

'Wait till it comes,' he said oracularly. 'Seriously, though, I don't want to tie it all up. The boys may want a start in life.'

Neither sister thought of observing that the legacy was to one, not to all. Everybody regarded what belonged to Felix as common property; and the 'boys' were far enough into their teens to begin to make their future an anxious consideration. Clement was just seventeen, and though he had outgrown his voice, was lingering on as a sort of adopted child at St. Matthew's, helping in the parish school, and reading under one of the clergy in preparation for standing for a scholarship. He tried for one in the autumn, but failed, so much to his surprise and disgust, that he thought hostility to St. Matthew's must be at the bottom of his rejection; and came home with somewhat of his martyr-like complacency at Christmas, meaning to read so hard as to force his way in spite of prejudice. He was very tall, fair, and slight; and his features were the more infantine from a certain melancholy baby-like gravity, which music alone dispersed. He really played beautifully, and being entrusted with the organ during the schoolmaster's Christmas holidays, made practising his chief recreation. That Lance would often follow him into church for a study, and always made one of the group round the piano when Alice Knevett came to sing with them, was a great grievance to Fulbert, who never loved music, and hated it as a rival for Lance's attention.

These two were generally the closest companions, and were alike in having more boyishness, restlessness, and enterprise, than their brothers. This winter their ambition was to be at all the meets within five miles, follow up the hunt, and be able to report the fox's death at the end of the day. Indeed, their appetite for whatever bore the name of sport was as ravenous as it was indiscriminate; and their rapturous communications could not be checked by Clement's manifest contempt, or the discouraging indifference of the rest—all but Robina, who loved whatever Lance loved, and was ready to go to a meet, if Wilmet had not interfered with a high hand.

Before long Felix wished that his authority over the male part of the family were as well established as that in her department.

One hunting day the two brothers came in splashed up to the eyes, recounting how they had found a boy of about their own age in a ditch, bruised and stunned, but not seriously hurt; how with consolation and school-boy surgery they had cheered him, and found he was Harry Collis, whom they had known as a school-fellow at Bexley; how they had helped him home to Marshland Hall, and had been amazed at the dreariness and want of all home comfort at the place, so that they did not like to leave him till his father came home; and how Captain Collis had not only thanked them warmly, but had asked them over to come and shoot rabbits the next day.

There was nothing to blame them for, but Felix had much rather it had never happened. Captain Collis was one of a race of squires who had never been very reputable, and had not risen greatly above the farmer. He had been in the army, and had the bearing of a gentleman; but ever since his wife's death, he had lived an unsatisfactory sort of life at the Hall, always forward in sport, but not well thought of, and believed to be a good deal in debt. His only child, this Harry Collis, had been sent somewhat fitfully to the St. Oswald's Grammar School, and had been rather a favourite companion of Lance's; but separation had put an end to the intimacy, and this renewal was not at all to the taste of their eldest brother.

'It can't be helped this time,' he said, when he heard of the invitation; 'I suppose you must go to-morrow, but I don't fancy the concern.'

Fulbert's bristles began to rise, but Lance chattered gaily on: 'But, Fee, you never saw such a place! Stables for nine hunters. Only think! And a horse entered for the Derby! We are to see him to-morrow. It is the jolliest place.'

'Nine hunters!' moralized Clement; 'they cost as much as three times nine orphans.'

'And they are worth a dozen times as much as the nasty little beggars!' said Fulbert.

On which Angela put in the trite remark that the orphans had souls.

'Precious rum ones,' muttered Fulbert; and in the clamour thus raised, the subject dropped; but when next morning, in the openness of his heart, Lance invited Clement to go with them to share the untold joys of rabbit-shooting, he met with a decisive reply. 'Certainly not! I should think your Dean would be surprised at you.'

'Oh, the Dean is a kind old chap,' answered Lance, off-hand; 'whenever he has us to sing at a party, he tips us all round, thanks us, and tells us to enjoy ourselves in the supper-room, like a gentleman as he is.'

'Do you know what this Collis's character is?'

'Hang his character! I want his rabbits.'

And Lance was off with Fulbert; while Clement remained, to make Geraldine unhappy with his opinion of the temptations of Marshland Hall, returning to the charge when Felix came in before dinner.

'Yes,' said Felix briefly, 'Mr. Froggatt has been telling me. It must be stopped.'

'Have you heard of the mischief that—'

'Don't be such a girl, Tina. I am going to do the thing, and there is no use in keeping on about it.'

Felix had not called Clement Tina since he had been head of the family, and irritability in him was a token of great perplexity; for indeed his hardest task always was the dealing with Fulbert; and he was besides very sorry to balk the poor boys of one of their few chances of manly amusement.

He would have waited to utter his prohibition till the excitement should have worked off, but he knew that Clement would never hold his peace through the narrative of their adventures; so, as they had not come in when his work was over, he took Theodore on his arm, and retreated to the little parlour behind the shop, where he lay in wait, reading, and mechanically whistling tunes to Theodore, till he heard the bell, and went to open the door.

The gas shewed them rosy, merry, glorious, and bespattered, one waving a couple of rabbits, and the other of pheasants, and trying to tickle Theodore's cheeks with the long tails of the latter, of course frightening him into a fretful wail.

'Take Theodore up-stairs, if you please, Lance,' said Felix, 'and then come down; I want you.'

'The Captain was going to dine at Bowstead's,' said Fulbert, 'so he drove us in his dog-cart. If the frost holds, we are to go out and skate on Monday.'

Felix employed himself in putting away his papers, without answering.

'I had very good luck,' continued Fulbert, 'four out of six; wonderful for so new a hand, the Captain said.'

'Such a lovely animal you never saw,' said Lance, swinging himself down-stairs. 'You must walk out and see it, Fee, for you'll have it in the Pursuivant some Saturday.'

'Lance, I am very sorry,' said Felix, standing upright, with his back to the exhausted grate. 'Just attend to me, both of you.'

'Oh!' said Lance hastily, 'I know there's a lot of old woman's gossip about Collis; but nobody minds such stuff. Harry is as good a lad as ever stepped; and there was no harm to be seen about the place;—was there, Ful?'

'The old Frog has been croaking,' hoarsely muttered Fulbert.

Boys of sixteen and fourteen were incapable of coercion by a youth of one-and-twenty, and the only appeal must be to conscience and reason; so Felix went on speaking, though he had seen from the first that Fulbert's antagonism rendered him stolid, deaf, and blind; and Lancelot's flushed cheeks, angry eyes, impatient attempts to interrupt, and scornful gestures, told of scarcely repressed passion.

'You may have seen no harm, I find no fault;' (Fulbert scowled;)

'but if I had known what I do now, I should not have let you go to-day. My father would rather have cut off his right hand than have allowed you to begin an acquaintance which has been ruinous to almost all the young men who have been in that set.'

'But we are not young men,' cried Lance; 'it is only for the holidays; and we only want a little fun with poor Harry, he is so lonely—and just to go out rabbiting and skating. It is very hard we can't be let alone the first time anything worth doing has turned up in this abominable slow place.'

'It is very hard, Lance. No one is more concerned than I; but if this intimacy once begins, there is no guessing where it will lead; and I do not speak without grounds. Listen—'

'If it comes from old Frog, you may as well shut up,' said Lance. 'There's been no peace at Marshlands since he took that cottage—a regular old nuisance and mischief-maker, spiting the Captain because one of the dogs killed his old cock, and bothering Charlie to no end about him.'

'I have heard from others as well,' said Felix; and he briefly mentioned some facts as to the scandals of the dissipated household, some of the imputations under which Captain Collis lay, and named two or three of the young men whose unsatisfactory conduct was ascribed to his influence.

He saw that both lads were startled, and wound up with saying, 'Therefore it is not without reason that I desire that you do not go there again.'

With which words, he opened the door, turned off the gas, and walked up-stairs, hearing on the way a growl of Fulbert's—'That's what comes of being cad to a stupid brute of an old tradesman;' and likewise a bouncing, rolling, and tumbling, and a very unchorister-like expletive, from Lance; but he hurried up, like the conclave from the vault at Lindisfarn, only with a sinking heart, and looks that made his sisters say how tired he must be. The boys were seen no more, but sent word by Bernard that they were wet through, they should not dress, but should get some supper in the kitchen, and go to bed.

On Sunday Lance had recovered himself and his temper, but in the evening he made another attempt upon Felix in private. His heart was greatly set upon Marshlands, and he argued that there was no evil at all in what they had been doing, and entreated Felix to be content with the promise both were willing to make, to take no share in anything doubtful—not even to play at billiards, or cards—if that would satisfy him; though, said Lance, 'I've played games upon games with the Harewoods; but we will promise anything you please against playing, or betting, or—'

'I know, Lance, you once made such a promise and kept it. I trust you entirely. But before, it would have been cruel to keep you from that sick boy; now this would be mere running into temptation for your own amusement.'

'Harry is not much better off than Fernan was,' said Lancelot wistfully.

'Poor fellow! very likely not; but it would be more certain harm to yourself than good to him. Any way, no respectable person would choose to be intimate there, or to let their boys resort there; and it is my duty not to consent.'

'Ful is in such an awful wax,' said Lance disconsolately. 'Fee, you don't know how hard it is, you always were such a muff.'

'That is true,' said Felix, not at all offended; 'and I had my father and Edgar; but indeed, Lance, nothing ever was so hard to me to do as this. I cannot say how sorry I am.'

'You do really order me not?' said Lance, looking straight up at him.

'I do. I forbid you to go into Captain Collis's grounds, or to do more than exchange a greeting if you meet him.'

'I will not. There's my word and honour for it, since—since you are so intolerably led by the nose by old Frog;' and Lance flung away, with the remains of his passion worked up afresh, and was as glum as his nature allowed the rest of the evening; but Felix, though much annoyed, saw that the boy had set up voluntarily two barriers between himself and his tempted will—in the command and the promise.

But the command that was a guard to the one, was a goad to the other; for Fulbert had never accepted his eldest brother's authority, and could not brook interference. Still his school character was good, and there was a certain worth about him, which made him sometimes withdraw his resistance, though never submit; and Felix had some hope that it would be so in the present case, when, while speeding to church in the dark winter Monday morning, he overheard Lance say to Clement, 'I say, Clem, 'tis a jolly stinging frost. If you'll take your skates and give us a lesson, we'll be off for the lake at Centry.'

One of the Whittingtonian curates had taken the boys to the ice in the parks, and taught them so effectively, that Clement was one of the best skaters in Bexley; but he was too much inclined to the nayward not to reply, 'I have to practise that anthem for Wednesday.'

'Oh, bother the practice!'

(Which Felix mentally echoed.)

'I can play that anthem, if that's all,' said Lance; 'and I believe you know it perfectly well. Now, Clem, don't be savage; I think if you will come, we *might* put that other thing out of Ful's head.'

'Well, if you think it is to be of use—'

'That's right! Thank you,' cried Lance. 'And you won't jaw us all the way? He can't stand that, you know.'

Clement winced; but in compensation apparently for this forbidden lecture, he observed, 'I am glad you at least take it properly, Lance, though it would be worse in you than in him, considering your—'

'Bother it!' unceremoniously broke in Lance; and the words of wisdom were silenced.

Lance did his best to organize his party, but it was a failure; Fulbert said he had made an engagement, and would not break it; he was not bound to toady old Froggy, nor in bondage to any old fogeys of a dean and chapter; and he walked off the faster for Clement's protest, leaving Lance to roll on the floor and climb the balusters backwards to exhale his desire to follow. He was too much upset even to follow Clement to the organ, or to settle to the drawing which Cherry was teaching him, and was a great torment to himself and his sisters till dinner-time, when Clement had done his organ and his Greek, and was ready for a rush for the ice; and Robina went joyously with them. 'Between two young ladies, one can't well run into harm's way,' said Lance.

So things went on for a fortnight. Fulbert never shuffled, he went openly to Marshlands Hall; and though not boasting of his expeditions, did not treat them as a secret. Wilmet and Geraldine each tried persuasion, but were silenced rudely; and Felix, unable to enforce his authority, held his tongue, but was very unhappy, both for the present and for the future. He did not believe much harm was doing now, but the temptation would increase with every vacation as the boys came nearer to manhood; and he seemed to have lost all influence and moral power over Fulbert.

Good old Mrs. Froggatt gave a small children's party, to which, with many apologies, she invited the lesser Underwoods, under charge of Wilmet. They were to sleep at the cottage, and Wilmet having offered to help in dressing the Christmas tree, they set out early in the day to walk, escorted by the three brothers. That the trio did not return to tea did not alarm Felix and Geraldine, who suspected that the dislike the two elder expressed to the whole house of Froggatt had melted before the pleasure of working at the tree.

The evening was taken up in the discussion of a letter of Edgar's, more than usually discontented with his employment; and another of Alda's, who had been laid under orders to write to her eldest brother, and desire him to remonstrate with Edgar on his inattention, laziness, and pleasure-seeking. The anxiety had long been growing up; Felix had come to write his difficult letter by the light of Geraldine's sympathy, and they were weighing what should be said, when the door-bell rang, some sounds puzzled them, and just as Felix was getting up to see what was the matter, Fulbert put his head in at the door, and said low but earnestly, 'Step here, Felix, please.'

He thought there must have been some terrible accident; but when from the top of the stairs he beheld Clement's aspect under the gas in the passage, and heard the thick tones in which he was holding forth according to instinct, his consternation was almost greater than at any injury. Fulbert looked pale and astounded. 'I can't get him up-stairs,' he said.

However, sense enough remained to Clement to give effect to his eldest brother's stern words, 'Be quiet, and come up;' and they dragged him stumbling up-stairs without more words.

'Where's Lance?' then asked Felix.

'Stayed at the Froggatts'. I wish he hadn't. He will walk home by-and-by.'

'Now, Ful, run and tell Cherry that nobody is hurt. Do not let her get frightened.'

Felix spoke resolutely, but he felt so full of dismay and horror, that he hardly knew what he was doing till Fulbert had returned, and repressing all poor Clement's broken moralities, they had deposited him safely in bed, and shut the door on him. Then Fulbert gazed up at Felix with eyes full of regret and consternation, and he gathered breath to enter his own room, and say, 'What is the meaning of this?'

'His head must be ridiculously weak; or there was some beastly trick. Nobody else was the least queer!'

'Marshlands Hall?'

'Well, he had gone on at me so, that when Lance let himself be persuaded into staying to hang up the lamps, it struck me what a lark it would be to take Tina across the Hall lands, and then tell him he had been on the enemy's ground. So I told him of the old chantry that is turned into a barn, and of course he must go and see it, and take sketches of the windows for his clergy. While he was doing it, up comes young Jackman. You know young Jackman at the Potteries—a regular clever fellow that knows everything?'

'Yes, I know him.'

'Well, they got into early pointed, and late pointed, and billets and dog-tooths, and all the rest, and Clem went on like a house on fire; and by that time we had got to the big pond, where Collis and half-a-dozen more were, and he had got his skates, and I believe he did surprise them, they called it first-rate.'

'Did he know where he was?'

'Not at the beginning of the skating. I only wanted to get him down from his altitudes, and never thought it would come to this. You believe that, Felix?'

'Yes, I do. Go on.'

'It was fine moonlight, and we stayed on ever so long, while Jackman and Clem and two more danced a quadrille on the ice; and when it was over everybody was horridly cold, and Captain Collis said we must all come in and have something hot; and Jackman said he was going to drive home to dinner at eight, and would take us; but everyone got talking, and it was half-past eight before we started. It was all in such a scramble, that I had no notion there was anything amiss till Clem began to talk on the way home.'

'What were they drinking?'

'Various things—brandy and water chiefly. I don't like it, and had some ale; but I was playing with Harry's puppies, and not much noticing Clem.'

'Do you think it was a trick?'

'I can't tell. He is so innocent, he would have no notion how stiff to make it. If anyone meant mischief, it was Jackman; and I did think once or twice he had found out Tina, and was playing him off. On the way home, when I was trying to hinder poor Clem from falling off, he went on chaffing so, that I longed to jump off, and lay the whip about his ears.'

'Poor Clem!' said Felix, more grieved and shocked than angry, and not insensible to Fulbert's being even more appalled, and quite frightened out of his sulkiness.

'It is a bad business,' he sighed. 'It was all Lance's fault for letting himself be lugged into that baby party.'

Even this was a great admission, and Felix would not blight it by a word.

'It is well the girls are not at home,' was all he said.

'I only told Cherry that Clem wasn't well. I can't face her; I shall go to bed. I would not have had this happen for the world.'

'I shall say nothing to her,' said Felix dejectedly, turning to leave the room under a horrible sense of disgrace and stain on the whole family; but at the door he was caught hold of by Fulbert, who looked up at him with a face quite unlike anything he had ever seen in the lad.

'Felix, I never was so sorry in my life. I wish you would give me a good rowing.'

Felix half smiled. 'I could not,' he said. 'You did not know what you were doing. Good-night.'

Fulbert gazed after him as he went down-stairs, and went back, with a groan, to his own room.

Felix had never before felt so hopeful about Fulbert; but still he was too much overset to talk to Cherry, and hurried her off to bed, soon following her example, for he had not the heart to see Lance that night.

Of course, the first hours of the morning had to be spent in attending on the victim, whose misery, mental and bodily, was extreme, and was aggravated by his engagement to the organ. Lance could supply his place there, and was sent off to do so, but looking as subdued and guilty as if he had been making Fulbert's confession instead of hearing it, and stumbling uncomfortably over the explanation that Clement was not well, and that Felix could not leave him.

For there was a fragility about Clement's long lank frame that made any shock to it very severe, and he was ill enough to alarm his happily inexperienced brothers, and greatly increase Fulbert's penitence; but by the time Mr. Froggatt drove the sisters home, and Wilmet wondered that she could not go out for a night without someone being ill, he had arrived at a state which she could be left to attribute to Mrs. Froggatt's innocent mince-pies.

He burrowed under his blankets, and feigned sleep and discomfort beyond speech whenever she came into the room, begging only that the light might be kept out, and that nobody would speak to him. He was too utterly miserable for anger with Fulbert, but only shewed a sort of broken-hearted forgiveness, which made Fulbert say in desperation to Lance, 'I wish you would just fall upon me. I shall not be myself again till I've been blown up!'

'I suppose you are doing it for yourself, and that is worse,' said Lance. 'And you know it was all your doing, for going to that disgusting old Philistine's tea and cake.'

'What, you and Clem wanted me to lead you about, like two dogs in a string?' said Lance.

'No; Tina would have kept the baby-bunting out of harm's way.'

'More likely he would have bored me into going. Poor Tina! I should almost like to hear him bore again! After all, you and he never promised, and I did.'

'I wish I had,' said Fulbert; 'I am awfully afraid they are getting hold of it in the town.'

'So am I. Mowbray Smith looked me all over, and asked me after Clement, when I met him just now in the street, as if he had some malice in his head.'

'What did you tell him?'

'I said he was in a state of collapse, and that serious fears were entertained for his life and reason; and then he warned me against the nineteenth-century manners, and I thanked him and made a bow, and now I suppose he is gone to tell my Lady.'

When Felix was free in the evening, he found Clement dressed, and sitting over the fire in his room—so well indeed, that he might have been down-stairs, but that he shrank from everyone; and that fire had been the fruit of such persevering battles of Wilmet and Sibby with the smoke and soot, that it would have been a waste of good labour to have deserted it.

'Well, Clem, you are better?'

'Yes, thank you.'

'Head-ache gone?'

'Nearly,' with a heavy sigh.

Felix drew an ancient straw-bottomed chair in front of the fire backwards, placed himself astride on it, laid his arms on the top and his forehead on them, and in this imposing Mentorial attitude began, 'After all, Clem, I don't see that you need be so desperately broken-hearted. It was mere innocence and ignorance. Water-drinkers at home are really not on a level with other people. I always have to be very guarded when I have to dine with the other reporters.'

'No,' said Clement sadly; 'I do not regard the disgrace as the sin so much as the punishment.'

It was more sensible than Felix had expected. He was conscious of not understanding Clement, who always seemed to him like a girl, but if treated like one, was sure to shew himself in an unexpected light.

'You did not know where you were going?'

'Not at first. I found out long before I came off the ice; and then, like an absurd fool as I was, I thought myself shewing how to deal courteously and hold one's own with such people.'

'You are getting to the bottom of it,' said Felix.

'I have been thinking it over all day,' said Clement mournfully. 'I see that such a fall could only be the consequence of long-continued error. Have I not been very conceited and uncharitable of late, Felix?'

'Not more than usual,' said Felix, intending to speak kindly.

'I see. I have been treating my advantages as if they were merits, condemning others, and lording it over them. Long ago, I was warned that my danger was spiritual pride, but self-complacency blinded me.' And he hid his face and groaned.

Felix was surprised. He could not thus have discussed himself, even with his father; but he perceived that if Clement had no one else to preach to he would preach to himself, and that this anatomical examination was done in genuine sorrow.

'No humility!' continued Clement. 'That is what has brought me to this. If I had distrusted and watched myself, I should have perceived when I grew inflated by their flattery, and never—egregious fool that I was—have thought I was shewing that one of our St. Matthew's choir could meet worldly men on their own ground.'

Felix was glad that his posture enabled him to conceal a smile; but perhaps Clement guessed at it, for he exclaimed, 'A fit consequence, to have made myself contemptible to everybody!'

'Come, Clem, that is too strong. Your censorious way was bad for yourself, and obnoxious to us all, and it was very silly to go to that place after what you had heard.'

'After telling Lance it was unworthy of a servant of the sanctuary,' moaned Clement.

'Very silly indeed,' continued the elder brother, 'very wrong; but as to what happened there, it is not reasonable to look at it as more than an accident. It will be forgotten in a week by all but Fulbert and yourself, and you will most likely be the wiser for it all your lives. I never got on so well with Ful before, or saw him really sorry.'

Clement only answered by a disconsolate noise; and Felix was becoming a little impatient, thinking the penitence over-strained, when he broke silence with 'You must let me go up to St. Matthew's!'

'Really, Clement, it is hardly right to let you be always living upon Mr. Fulmort now your occupation is ended, and it would be braver not to run away.'

'I do not mean *that!*' cried Clement. 'I will not stay there, I would not burthen them; but see the Vicar I *must!* I will go third class, and walk from the station.'

'The fare of an omnibus will not quite break our backs,' said Felix, smiling. 'If this is needful to settle your mind, you had better go.'

'You do not know what this is to me,' said Clement earnestly; 'I wish you did.' Then perceiving the recurrence to his old propensity, he sighed pitifully and hung his head, adding, 'It is of no use till Saturday, the Vicar is gone to his sisters.'

'Very well, you can get a return ticket on Saturday—that is, if the organist is come back.'

'Lance must play; I am not worthy.'

'You have no right to break an engagement for fancies about your own worthiness,' said Felix. 'Rouse yourself up, and don't exaggerate the thing, to alarm all the girls, and make them suspicious.'

'They ought to know. I felt myself a wicked hypocrite when Wilmet *would* come and read me the Psalms, and yet I could not tell her. Tell them, Felix; I cannot bear it without.'

'No, I shall not. You have no right to grieve and disgust them just because you "cannot bear it without." Cannot you bear up, instead of drooping and bemoaning in this way? It is not manly.'

'Manliness is the great temptation of this world.'

'You idiot!' Felix in his provocation broke out; then getting himself in hand again, 'don't you know the difference between true and false manliness?'

'I know men of the world make the distinction,' said Clement; 'I am not meaning any censure, Felix. Circumstances have given you a different standard.'

Felix interrupted rather hotly: 'Only my father's. I have heard him say, that if one is not a man before one is a parson, one brings the ministry into contempt. The things the boys call you Tina for, are not what make a good clergyman.'

'I don't feel as if I could presume to seek the priesthood after this.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' cried Felix. 'If no one was ordained who had ever made a fool of himself and repented, we should be badly off for clergy. You were conceited and provoking, and have let yourself be led into a nasty scrape—that's the long and short of the matter; but it is only hugging your own self-importance to sit honing and moaning up here. Come down, and behave like a reasonable being.'

'Let me stay here to-night, Felix, I *do* need it,' said Clement, with tears in his eyes; 'if I am alone now, I think I can bring myself to bear up outwardly as you wish.'

The affected tone had vanished, and Felix rose, and kindly put his hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Do, Clem. You know it is not only my worldliness—mere man of business as I am—that bids us to hide grief within, and "anoint the head and wash the face."'

Just then an exulting shout rang through the house, many feet scuttled up-stairs, knocks hailed upon the door, and many voices shouted, 'Mr. Audley! Felix, Clem, Mr. Audley!'

'Won't you come, Clem?'

'Not to-night; I could not.'

Clement shut the door, and Felix hastened down among the dancing exulting little ones. 'I thought you were at Rome!' he said, as the hands met in an eager grasp.

'I was there on Christmas Day; but Dr. White's appointment is settled, and he wants me to go out with him in June. My brother is gone on to London, and I must join him there on Saturday.'

'I am glad it is to-day instead of yesterday,' said Wilmet. 'We were all out but Felix and Cherry, and poor Clement was so ill.'

'Clement ill? Is he better?'

'He will be all right to-morrow,' said Felix.

Mr. Audley detected a desire to elude inquiry, as well as a meaning look between the two younger boys, and he thought care sat heavier on the brow of the young master of the house than when they had parted eighteen months before.

His travels were related, his photographs admired, his lodging arranged in Mr. Froggatt's room, and after the general good-night, he drew his chair in to the fire, and prepared for a talk with his ex-ward.

'You look anxious, Felix. Have things gone on pretty well?'

'Pretty fairly, thank you, till just now, when there is rather an ugly scrape,'—and he proceeded to disburthen his mind of last night's misadventure; when it must be confessed, that the narrative of Clement's overweening security having had a fall provoked a smile from his guardian, and an observation that it might do him a great deal of good.

'Yes,' said Felix, 'if his friends do not let him make much of his penitence, and think it very fine to have so important a thing to repent of.'

'I don't think they will do that. You must not take Clement as exactly the fruit of their teaching.'

'There's no humbug about him, at least,' said Felix. 'He is really cut up exceedingly. Indeed, all I have been doing was to get him to moderate his dolefulness. I believe he thinks me a sort of heathen.'

'Well,' said Mr. Audley, laughing, 'you don't seem to have taken the line of the model head of the family.'

'The poor boys were both so wretched, that one could not say a word to make it worse,' said Felix. 'This satisfies me that Fulbert is all right in that way. He would not have been so shocked if he had ever seen anything like it before; but though he is very sorry now, I am afraid it will not cut the connection with those Collises.'

'You do not find him easier to manage?'

'No; that is the worst. He is not half a bad boy—nay, what is called a well-principled boy—only it is his principle not to mind me. I do not know whether I am donnish with him, or if I bullied him too much when he was little; but he is always counter to me. Then he is one of those boys who want an out-of-door life, and on whom the being shut up in a town falls hard. The giving up sporting is real privation to him and to

Lance, and much the hardest on him, for he does not care for music or drawing, or anything of that sort.'

'How old is he?'

'Just sixteen.'

'Suppose I were to take him out to Australia?'

'Fulbert!'

'Yes; I always intended to take one if I went, but I waited till my return to see about it, and I thought Clement was of a more inconvenient age; but you must judge.'

'Poor Tina!' said Felix, smiling, 'he would hardly do in a colony. He is heart and soul a clergyman, and whether he will ever be more of a man I don't know; but I don't think he could rough it as a missionary.'

'Is he going to get a scholarship?'

'He has tried at Corpus and failed. He is full young, and I suppose he ought to go to a tutor. I am afraid he learnt more music than classics up at that place.'

'Can the tutoring be managed?'

'I suppose a hundred out of that thousand will do it.'

'Is that thousand to go like the famous birth-day five?'

'Five hundred is to be put into the business; but the rest I meant to keep in reserve for such things as this.'

'If all are to be helped at this rate, your reserve will soon come to an end.'

'Perhaps so; but I have always looked on Clement as my own substitute. Indeed, I held that hope out to my father, when it distressed him that I should give it up. So Clem is pretty well settled, thank you. Besides, I am not afraid of his not going on well here; but I do believe Fulbert will do the better for being more independent, only it seems to me too much to let you undertake for us.'

'They are all my charge,' said Mr. Audley; 'and as I am leaving you the whole burthen of the rest, and my poor little godson is not likely to want such care, you need have no scruple. One of the Somervilles is going out to a Government office at Albertstown, and perhaps may put me in the way of doing something for him.'

Felix mused a moment, then said, 'The only doubt in my mind would be whether, if it suited you equally, it might not be an opening for Edgar.'

'Edgar! Surely he is off your hands?'

'I am greatly afraid his present work will not last. He always hated it, and I believe he always had some fancy that he could persuade Tom Underwood into making a gentleman of him at once, sending him to the University or the like, and they petted and admired him enough to confirm the notion. Mrs. Underwood makes him escort her to all her parties; and you know what a brilliant fellow he is—sure to be wanted for all manner of diversions, concerts, private theatricals, and what not;

and you can fancy how the counting-house looks to him after. Tom Underwood declares he requires nothing of him but what he would of his own son; and I believe it is true; but work is work with him, and he will not be trifled with. Here is a letter about it, one of many, I was trying to answer last night; only this affair of poor Clem's upset everything.'

'Six brothers are no sinecure, Felix.'

'They are wonderfully little trouble,' said Felix, standing on their defence. 'They are all good sound-hearted boys; and as to Lance, there's no saying the comfort that little fellow always is. He has that peculiar pleasantness about him—like my father and Edgar—that one feels the moment he is in the house; and he is so steady, with all his spirits. The other two both say all this could not have happened with him.'

'High testimony.'

'Yes, as both are inclined to look down on him. But think of that boy's consideration. He has never once asked me for pocket-money since he went to the Cathedral. He gets something when the Dean and Canons have the boys to sing, and makes that cover all little expenses.'

'What do you mean to do with him?'

'If he gets the scholarship, a year and a half hence, he will stay on two years free of expense. Unluckily, he says that young Harewood is cleverer than he, and always just before him; but I have some hope in the hare-brains of Master Bill. If he do not get it—well, we must see, but it will go hard if Lance cannot be kept on to be educated properly.'

Mr. Audley took the letters, and presently broke into an indignant exclamation; to which Felix replied,

'The work is not good enough for him, that is the fact.'

'If you are weak about anyone, Felix, it is Edgar. I have no patience with him. His work not *good* enough, forsooth, considering what yours is!'

'Mine has much more interest and variety; and he is capable of much more than I am.'

'Then let him shew it, instead of living in the lap of luxury, and murmuring at a few hours at the desk.'

'I ascribe that to his temperament, which certainly has a good deal of the artist; that desk-work is peculiarly irksome.'

'Very likely; but it is his plain duty to conquer his dislike. No, Felix; I wish I could take him away with me, for I am afraid he will be a source of trouble.'

'Never! Edgar is too considerate!'

'But he is exactly what Australia is over-stocked with already—a discontented clerk. If he be spoilt by luxury here, do you think he would bear with a rude colony? No. Fulbert is a gruff obstinate boy, but not idle and self-indulgent; and I am not afraid to undertake him, but I should be of Edgar.'

Felix had flushed up a good deal, for his love for Edgar was less paternal and more sensitively keen than that for any of the others; but he was more reasonable, and had more control of temper, now than when Mr. Audley had last crossed him; and he made answer, 'I believe you are right, and that Edgar could not be happy in a colony. Any way, you are most kind to Fulbert. But I am afraid I must go now, or Theodore will wake.'

'Do you still have him at night?'

'He is not happy with anyone else. You have not seen him yet? I am sure he is improving! There's his voice! Good-night.' And Felix hurried away, leaving Mr. Audley feeling that though here and there the young pillar of the house might mistake, the daily unselfishness of his life was a beautiful thing, and likewise impressed by his grave air of manly resolution and deliberation.

By the morning, Clement had recovered his tone, so as not to obtrude his penitence or to be much more subdued in manner than usual. Mr. Audley made him bring his books to the dining-room after breakfast, and the examination quite exonerated the authorities at Oxford from any prejudice except against inaccuracy, and shewed that a thorough course of study was needful before he could even matriculate; and Clement in his present lowliness was not incredulous of any deficiency at St. Matthew's, but was only meek and mournful.

'What shall I do?' he asked. 'Perhaps some school would take me to teach and study at the same time. Or I might get an organist's place, and read so that I might be ordained as a literate at last. It would come when I was fit, I suppose.'

Mr. Audley only said he would inquire, and talk to Felix; and Clement pleased him by answering that he could not bear to be an expense to Felix. The good principle in the boys was quite to be traced, when presently after it was necessary to put Fulbert to a severe trial. On going to pay his respects at the Rectory, Mr. Audley found Mr. Mowbray Smith there, and after some preliminaries, he was asked whether he knew how the young Underwoods had been going on of late; of course, though, it would be concealed from him: but it was night, &c. Then Mr. Bevan feebly suggested that he did not believe there was any truth in it, and was sharply silenced; and Miss Caroline observed that she was always sure that Clement Underwood was a great humbug; whereupon, between the mother, daughter, and curate, the popular version of the Marshlands Hall affair was narrated—or rather versions, for all were beautifully entangled and contradictory.

Someone had been in the street, and had seen poor Clement's exit from young Jackman's dog-cart, and reported indiscriminately that it was 'young Underwood.' Lance had not been able to put a sufficiently bold face on his morning's report of Clement's indisposition and Felix's absence; and this, together with the boys' hunting propensities, and Fulbert's visits to Marshlands, had all been concocted into a very serious accusation of the whole of the brothers, including Felix, of having entered into a dangerous friendship with Captain Collis, and underhand enjoying the dissipations of the Hall, which had been the bane of many a young man of Bexley.

There were different measures of indignation. Miss Price expected a grand series of denunciations—to Mr. Froggatt—to Miss Pearson, 'whose niece was always there—most imprudent;'—nay, perhaps to the Dean, and to the Vicar of St. Matthew's. The least excitement she expected, was Felix Underwood's expulsion from the choir.

Lady Price merely believed it all, and thought the friends ought to interfere, and save the poor young things while there was time for any of them. She would never mention it so as to injure them, but nothing else could be expected.

Mr. Mowbray Smith supposed there must be some exaggeration, but he had been surprised at Lancelot's manner, and he did not think Felix's absence accounted for; he did seem steady—but— And there was something unnatural in the way of life at St. Matthew's, that would make him never trust a lad from thence.

Yes; and even Mr. Bevan did not like St. Matthew's, (because it was not slack or easy,) and he too could believe anything of Clement. No doubt poor Felix found those great brothers getting too much for him.

Mr. Audley was standing by the window. He saw Fulbert with Lance and little Bernard going down the street, and by one of the sudden dashes that had often puzzled the Rectory, he flew out at the door, and the next moment had his hand on Fulbert's shoulder.

'Fulbert, they have made a terrible scandal of this affair at Marshlands Hall. They fancy Felix had something to do with it.'

'Felix! I should like to punch their heads.'

'You can do better. You can contradict it.'

'But, Sir—'

However, Fulbert, while still following to plead with Mr. Audley, found himself where he never recollected to have been in his life before, among the cushions, arm-chairs, and tables covered with knick-knacks, of the Rectory drawing-room. Mr. Bevan in an easy-chair; Mr. Smith standing before the fire; Lady Price at work, looking supercilious; and her daughter writing notes at a davenport.

Mr. Bevan half rose and held out his hand, the others contented themselves with a nod, while the big stout lad stood rather like a great dog under the same circumstances, very angry with everybody, and chiefly with Mr. Audley—to whom, nevertheless, he trusted for getting him safe out again.

'Fulbert,' said Mr. Audley, 'Mr. Bevan would be better satisfied if he could hear what intimacy there has been between your brothers and the Collises.'

'None at all,' said Fulbert bluntly.

'My boy,' said the gentle old Rector deprecatingly, 'nobody ever suspected your eldest brother.'

'I should think not!' exclaimed Fulbert, with angry eyes. 'All he ever did was to warn us against going. More fools not to mind him!'

'Then,' said my Lady, 'it has been the insubordination and wilfulness of you younger boys, that has nearly involved him in so grave an imputation.'

'Of nobody's but mine,' returned Fulbert. 'The others would have nothing to do with it.'

'That cannot be the literal fact,' said Mr. Smith, in a low voice, to Lady Price. 'There were certainly two of them.'

Fulbert heard, and turning to the Rector, as if he thought everyone else beneath his notice, said, 'The long and short of it is this: Lance and I picked young Collis out of a ditch, and took him home. Then Captain Collis asked us rabbit-shooting. Lance never went again, because Felix did not choose it. I did; and just by way of a joke, I took Clement there without his knowing what place it was. We fell in with them skating, and went into the house, the day before yesterday. That is,' said Fulbert, concluding as he had begun, 'the long and short of it. Whatever happened was my fault, and no one else's.'

'A very honest confession!' said kind Mr. Bevan, pleased to have something to praise.

'And I hope it will act as a warning,' said Lady Price.

'But,' said Mr. Smith, partly incited by Carry's looks, 'it was true that you—two of you were brought home by young Jackman.'

'Yes,' said Fulbert, growing crimson, 'he drove Clement and me home!'

'And,' said Mr. Audley, 'it was Clement's great distress that kept Felix at home the next morning.'

'Yes,' said Fulbert, 'there was nobody else but me, and Clem could hardly bear the sight of me, because I had led him into it. We thought no one in the house would know it—and I don't believe they do.'

'Ah!' said Lady Price, 'it is false kindness to attempt concealment.'

'From lawful authority it is,' said Mr. Audley; 'but in this case it was only from children and servants. However, Fulbert, I think you have fully satisfied Mr. Bevan, as to the amount of intercourse between your brothers and Marshlands.'

'Entirely,' said Mr. Bevan; 'in fact, you may assure your brother that I never believed anything to his discredit.'

'I shall say nothing about it,' said Fulbert, not choosing to see the hand held out to him. 'I should be ashamed!—May I go now, Sir?' to Mr. Audley; and with an odd sort of circular bow, he made his escape; and Mr. Audley, having remained long enough to ascertain that the worst that could be said of him was that he was a cub, and that it was a terrible thing to see so many great hulking lads growing up under no control, took his leave, and presently came on the three boys again, consulting at the ironmonger's window over the knife on which Bernard was to spend a half-crown that Mrs. Froggatt had given him.

'Can Lance and Bernard settle that? I want you a moment, Fulbert. Not to confront the Rectory again,' he added, smiling. 'It was a horrid bore for you, but there was no helping it.'

'I suppose not,' said Fulbert gloomily, as if he did not forgive the unpleasant moments.

'It was not about that I wanted to speak to you, though,' said Mr. Audley. 'I wanted to know whether you have any plans or wishes for the future.'

'I?' said Fulbert, looking up blank.

'Yes, you. You are growing up, Fulbert.'

'I suppose I must take what I can get,' said Fulbert, in the same sulky passive voice.

'That may be a wise determination; but have you really no choice?'

'Well, when I was a little chap and knew no better, I used to think I would be a soldier or a farmer—but that's all nonsense; and I suppose I must have some abominable little clerkship,' said Fulbert, with a certain steadiness for all the growl of his tone.

'Well, Fulbert, have you a mind to try whether the other side of the world would suit you better?'

Fulbert looked up. 'You don't mean that you would take me out?'

'Yes, I do, if you are inclined to come and try for work at Albertstown.'

Fulbert, instead of answering, quickened his pace to a walking run, dashed on, nearly upsetting half a dozen people, and was only checked by a collision with a perambulator. Then he stood still till Mr. Audley came up to him, and then again muttered under his breath, 'Go out to Albertstown!'

They walked on a little way, and then the boy said, 'Say it again, please.'

Mr. Audley did say it again, in more detail; and Fulbert this time exclaimed, 'It is the very thing! Thank you, Mr. Audley;' and his face clearing into a frank open look, he added, 'I'll try to do my best there. I wonder I never thought of it before. I would have worked my way out as a cabin-boy if I had. Where is Lance? Does Felix know?'

There was no sentiment about Fulbert. He jumped at the offer as instinctively as a young swallow would prepare to migrate, seemed to brighten all over, and shake off his dull defiant mood, and gave no sign of feeling about brother or sister—except that he said he believed Felix would get on better without him; and that he told Lance that they would have splendid fun together when he was big enough to come out and ride a buck jumper.

(*To be continued.*)

BYGONES.

BY A. MILUKOFF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSS BY H. C. ROMANOFF.)

CHAPTER IV.

MEMORABLE SIGHTS.

I WAS eight years old at the time of the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas,* and the rejoicings that we contrived to witness in honour of this solemnity present themselves vividly to my remembrance, probably because they formed a topic of conversation in our family for a long time afterwards. My father was not fond of public entertainments; he never went to the theatre, nor to summer nor winter fêtes; and only twice or three times a year accompanied us to the Simionoff,† or New Maiden Monastery, to say his prayers, and to drink tea in the open air. My mother was the extreme reverse. I never saw a woman who was so desperately fond of every description of sights. With all her cares for her children, all her domestic housewifery, she never let an opportunity pass of going to a public promenade in the city or its environs, or of seeing a ceremony. Our more than limited means did not allow of our frequenting the theatres; but somehow she contrived to see and hear everything that made a particular noise, and became acquainted with the best things that appeared on the Moscow stage: she saw 'The Mermaid of the Dneipr,' and 'The Unseen,' heard Catalani and Sandoùnoff. As for cheap and gratuitous sights, she rarely missed one of them—went to see reviews and the Consecration of Bishops, waited for whole days in the Kreml when any of the members of the Imperial Family were at Moscow,‡ and went on foot to Maria's Wood and Sokòlniky § to witness the feats of a strong man or a walking race. And each sight served her as a subject of narrative and reminiscence for a long time afterwards.

When I turned eight years old she began to take me with her to such sights and promenades as I have before alluded to. I also thoroughly enjoyed them, and everything delighted me equally: the great religious processions, with the Cross, with hundreds of church banners glittering with gold and silver, and the endless train of ecclesiastics in canonicals of various bright colours; or a fête at Novinsky, or on the frozen Moskva river, with its long rows of booths all ornamented with flags and sign-boards, with its bands of music and droll clowns; or an illumination in the Alexander garden, with garlands of fire-flowers on the walls of the Kreml, and glowing shields over the Iversky Gates. I was on the Tverskoy Boulevard when the remains of the deceased Emperor Alexandre Pavlovitch were brought on a car, ornamented with black feathers, followed by champions in armour, with their faces covered with their visors. I remember the grand entry of the Emperor Nicholas, with a long train of gilt coaches, and a crowd of horsemen with orders on their breasts and white plumes of feathers in their three-cornered hats.

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* August 22nd, 1826.

† An ancient monastery for monks, situated in the suburbs of Moscow.

‡ The palace is within the walls of the Kreml.—(*Trans.*)

§ Favourite resorts in the environs of Moscow.

But the Coronation was the finest time of all! My mother and I went to church, when the silver medals were given away; we were in the streets when the heralds rode in solemn procession, and we heard their reading of the proclamation and the manifests; we waited at the doors of the Ambassadors' mansions, when they gave their balls to the Imperial Family. But of all the grand doings that took place on this occasion, two episodes made a lasting impression on my memory; these were, the Eve of the Coronation, and the People's Feast in the Maiden Field.

My mother did all that lay in her power for more than a week previously, to obtain somewhat of a right to admission into the Kreml on the day of the ceremony. Thanks to the protection of some acquaintances of hers, she at length contrived to obtain tickets for places prepared by the bell-ringers in the belfry* of Ivan Veliki for spectators. Notwithstanding the strong objections of my father, she announced her intention of taking me with her; and I, of course, was in great transports. It was affirmed in the city, that on the eve of the Coronation all the gates of the Kreml would be shut at night, and that on the following day only such persons as took some part in the ceremony, and such as had obtained tickets of admission from the Palace counting-house, would be allowed to pass them. It need not be said that, as we belonged neither to the first nor to the second category, we were obliged to go to the Kreml the day before that appointed for the Coronation, and to pass the night in the belfry. My mother began to make preparations for this expedition from early morning: she baked a pasty and roasted a fowl, and tied them up in a napkin, together with some tea and sugar, and a supply of little cedar-nuts, which last were intended to shorten the long hours of expectation and delay.

Just before Vespers† we said good-bye to my father, and set off to the place of our destination, where we were to spend full twenty-four hours. Having inspected the platforms, between the Palace and the

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* Attached to the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the Emperors of Russia are crowned. In it is Ivan Veliki the Second, (see Monthly Packet, vol. xxvii. page 606,) so called from there being a small chapel beneath it, dedicated to one of the sixty-one S. Johns of the Greco-Russian Church. (See History of Christian Names, vol. ii. page 461.)

† *i.e.* About four or five o'clock in the afternoon. (*Trans.*)

Cathedral, on which the procession was to move the next day, we said a prayer before the closed doors of the churches, and began to ascend the dark windings of the stone stair-case in the belfry, from which we were to enjoy the sight of the procession. Scarcely anyone had arrived, so that if we were not the very first comers, we were among the first. The bell-ringer's wife, with whom my mother had contrived to make acquaintance beforehand, shewed us into a room,* where we were destined to pass the night with other holders of tickets. Here, on the floor, was a heap of bass-matting, intended to play the part of mattrasses and pillows. To judge by the number of tickets sold, we had every reason to suppose that we were doomed to pass the night after the manner of herrings in a barrel. Although our hostess made a great point of assuring us that the women and children only would sleep in this room, and that a separate one was provided for the gentlemen, my mother did not like the idea of such a dormitory at all. She implored Mrs. Bell-ringer to put her somewhere else, and after a very long parleying the hostess consented to admitting us into a little side closet, which served as her own sleeping apartment.

At ease with regard to our night's lodging, we accompanied our hostess to inspect the seats that we were to occupy the next day. They were in the middle part of the belfry, in the principal arch, immediately beneath the bell of five thousand poods weight, the iron tongue of which would work incessantly the whole of the time. Here, on a stone floor surrounded by an iron railing, were placed rows of seats, each higher than the other as in the gallery of a theatre. Our places proved to be in the third row, which promised us no very complete view of the procession, not to speak of the slight circumstance that the edge of the giant bell was within two arshines distance of our prescribed seats. My mother expressed her fears lest we should be deafened from the brazen monstrosity's booming over our very ears for so many hours together; but the ringer's wife consoled us by assuring us that her husband, who had rung the said bell with his own hands for several years, was not in the least hard of hearing, and always ran to her the instant she called him. She advised us, however, to avoid closing our lips during the time the ringing was going on, but to sit with our mouths open; a plan, she said, adopted and recommended by all the ringers in the belfry of Ivan Veliki. But as it was impossible to procure another place, there was no help for it, particularly as the purchase of the tickets and the arrangements with the hostess concerning the bed-room, had already cost my mother very dear.

Evening drew in. We drank tea with a stout rosy-cheeked merchant's wife, who shared the closet with us. Evening service had concluded, and a solemn silence reigned o'er the Kreml. My mother and I seated ourselves at the window, which overlooked the Place des Tzars. It was a clear fine night; beneath our feet the platforms, bordered by balustrades, were still visible; to the right rose the Cathedral of the Assumption, to the left the Church of the Archangels, and on their dark walls, just seen by the light of the lamps that burned before the doors, trembled the giant forms of the frescoes. Straight before us we had the principal façade of the Great Palace, with the Red Vestibule attached to it. In its windows not one light was to be seen, and the whole building appeared empty and uninhabited. I listened attentively; no sound from below reached our ears, except the measured tread of the soldiers on guard, and their alternate paroles to each other in a lengthened but at the same time subdued shout. Once only the sound of horses' hoofs and the clattering of sabres was heard on the Place, and a body of horsemen shewed themselves; it was, as we were afterwards told, the Governor General going round to inspect the Kreml, which by this time was closely shut on all sides.

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* Bell-ringers frequently have quarters in the lower part of the belfry. *(Trans.)*

But, while tranquillity reigned below, a pretty considerable noise and incessant conversation were making themselves heard in the belfry itself, for, to believe the words of our hostess, upwards of three hundred souls had assembled there. Very few were destined to sleep that night; barely one-third of the number could be accommodated on the bass-matting, and the rest would have either to lie down on the bare floor, or to make up their minds not to close their eyes the whole night, and by far the greater number chose the latter. As night approached, hunger and idleness had combined to render our belfry resemble a tavern or a house for travellers. In every corner where a human creature could find place, men and women were grouped; some on the window-seats, some at the table, and some simply on the floor, after the manner of the Turks. Various bundles and parcels of eatables were untied, and some few had bottles with them. Acquaintances were formed, merry jests and hearty laughter ensued; cards also appeared on the scene, and their presence was sufficient for disputes and quarrelling to follow. Urns were being heated on the landings of the stair-case; and somebody had the impudence to place a lighted lantern at the open door just before the very Palace! To crown all, a song sung in bacchanalian style began to make itself heard too distinctly.

As we had to get up very early the next day, we took our supper soon after evening service, and lay down to sleep in our closet on a mattrass prepared for us in the corner. The stout merchant's wife slept soundly on the hostess's bed. The excited conversation of the card-players, and of the owners of the bottles, reached our ears through the thick walls in noisy murmurs. However, I soon fell asleep, notwithstanding my mother's lengthened whisperings with the hostess, the subject of their conference being their anxiety lest any unpleasantness might arise from the conduct of the assembled public. Presentiment did not deceive my mother; misfortune was hastening to overwhelm the joyous assemblage with a dreadful blow. I was in my first sweet sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a hurried agitated whisper over my very head, and again distinguished the voices of my mother and Mrs. Bell-ringer.

'There's a disaster!' ejaculated the latter.

'But what have *I* done?' asked my mother; 'we were both sleeping quite peacefully, and not disturbing anybody!'

'But still we are to turn out everybody, Matoushka! everybody! Strict orders! What an awful to-do! The Governor himself is down-stairs.'

'What does he want here?'

'You see, he is prowling about all over the Kreml; well, he heard someone singing, and observed that lantern burning down-stairs. "What is the meaning of this?" he says. "The bell-ringers have a lot of company," says the policeman, "to see the ceremony to-morrow." So he got into an awful rage directly. "Is this the way," he says, "to spend the Eve of such a great Festival as the Anointing of our Tzar?" he says; "Clear out the belfry this instant! don't leave one living soul in it!" and he sent for the police-master and cozacks immediately. Oh! did not my heart foretell me—'

'What shall we do?'

'Really I don't know. I should not wonder if they turned you out also; they are hunting in every corner, those cozacks.'

'Perhaps they won't come in here.'

'Oh, but I am afraid that they will! They are routing out all the quarters; and in the lower storeys they poked into every corner, not a chink do they leave unsearched—even under the very feather-beds and mattrasses they looked! Oh, they'll be here directly!'

'Oh, please hide us somewhere!'

'Where on earth shall I hide you? I cannot think of anything properly. The closet under the stair-case—will that do? How sorry I am for you, Lizavetta Ivanovna; I am sure I am ready with all my heart to do what I can for you. What a dreadful affair! Well, come along, only as quietly as possible. I dare not light a candle, so give me your hand and lead the little boy yourself.'

'Get up, Sascha,' whispered my mother, bending over me.

But I no longer slept; I had heard every word the terrified whisperers had uttered. I was not entirely undressed, and therefore sprang from my couch and was ready in a moment. We proceeded on tip-toe towards a little door, which was just visible at the other end of our closet. It was evident that our hostess did not wish that the merchant's wife or any of the other guests should notice our flight. They already knew that there was danger: the lights were extinguished, the voices hushed, and only a deadened murmur might occasionally be heard. It was not so in the corridor whither we were being led—lights were moving about, and beneath the low vaulted roofs echoed the tramp of heavy steps, the clanking of sabres and spurs, and a mingled chorus of threatening and beseeching voices. We turned a corner, feeling our way some few steps further, descended five or six stone steps, and then our guide opened a creaking door.

'Sit there, with Christ's blessing!' she whispered. 'I'll shut you up;' and she closed the door on us. We heard how she hooked a padlock into the door and turned the key in it, while we remained in intense darkness.

'Now mind, Sascha!' said my mother, 'don't you stir. Perhaps they will not find us. Stay—let's see what they have here in this closet. Baskets,' she added, feeling about her; 'coals, chips. Sit down here!—here!'

I felt about with my hands and feet, and came upon a basket, on the cover of which I sat down, scarcely daring to breathe. In the meantime the confusion in the corridor increased every moment, the stamping of boots and the clanking of sabres and spurs grew nearer and nearer. We could now distinguish different voices, and by degrees could hear every word clearly and distinctly. Someone said loudly and peremptorily, 'Bring a light! and in a minute or so he continued, 'I thought so! there are guests here too! Have the goodness to get up, Gentlemen; and nimbly, if you please. We have orders to clear the belfry.'

'Your High Nobility!' said the other voices in reply imploringly, 'indeed, we are not the least bit to blame! as soon as ever we came we went to sleep! We lay down before Vespers.'

'I have no time to listen to you all,' objected the first voice, 'I have merely directions to turn you all out. The idea of such disorders! On such a great day you should all be on your knees praying to God, instead of howling tipsy songs. You may be thankful that you escape so easily. You ought to get a few crosses on your backs,* and a little hard labour. Now then, be off!'

'Please to shew us the divine kindness, your High Nobility,' begged the voices coaxingly; 'we never ate or drank anything at all here, but were praying to God for our Father-Tzar, and then each of us lay down to sleep in the utmost tranquillity. Don't let the innocent suffer for the sins of others!'

'I can't leave anybody here, I tell you! Talk as you will, it is all in vain; so get ready and make haste!'

'But where shall we pass the night, your Excellency?' said a man's voice.

'Well, it ought to be in the lock-up house, but there's no time for sending you there, so you may go home to your houses.'

'But how shall we get to see the ceremony to-morrow?'

'Probably you will receive tickets from Court, and be brought to the Palace in Imperial gilt coaches!' answered the first voice ironically. 'Such select company ought to be in the Emperor's saloons, and not in a belfry! Ceremony? I'll give it you with your ceremony! Get along with you this instant!—Ah! what have we got here? Lights! What, more company? Ah, this is the ladies' department.—Ladies, Ladies, please to get up, or I must send the cozacks to wake you.'

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* Let it be remembered that this was in the days when rods were made use of. (*Trans.*)

In answer to these last words, which were heard far more distinctly than the preceding talk, a grand chorus of female voices rose in earnest supplication, with an accompaniment of weeping and sobbing.

'Your Radiancy,* be merciful to us! Make us pray to God for you! for happiness in this world and the next! Set a watch of soldiers over us, and if one of us opens her mouth, do what you will with us.'

'I have no soldiers to spare, and can leave none of you here. It is your own fault—why did not you and your cavaliers sit quietly? Get yourselves ready directly, otherwise I shall be obliged to clear the room.'

'We shall be robbed on the road home! Where shall we go at this time of night?' said the women through their tears. 'It must be midnight by this time.'

'Never mind that; I will give you some cozacks to escort you. Make haste to dress yourselves without further talk.—What is this the door of? Hey! Hostess!'

'It is my bed-room, your Excellency,' replied the voice of the bell-ringer's wife, half naïvely, half terrified. 'There are no strangers there.'

'Let us see. Clerk! shew us a light here! And who is that asleep on the bed?'

'It is my dear sister.'

'Does she live constantly with you?'

'She lodges here.'

'And where is her bed?'

'She sleeps with me, your Excellency. She is a very quiet sleeper, and—'

'Hm! close quarters,' interrupted the peremptory voice. 'Get up, sister, dress yourself, and be off with God's blessing. Without any screams, if you please. Now let us have a look here; shew us a light. What have you got here?' said the awful voice, as its owner stopped at our door and rapped at the padlock with something metallic.

At the same moment the light of the candle streamed through a chink in the door, and illuminated our closet with a bright stripe. I was breathless with terror, and felt that my mother hugged me tightly round my neck.

'That's a little closet, your Excellency. We keep the kitchen utensils there, and coals, and the urn, and—'

'Open it! Give me the key!'

'I'll bring it directly, your Excellency.'

For a long time afterwards I could not bring that moment to mind without horror. I well understood that my mother and I were perfectly free from blame, and the utmost danger that threatened us was confined to the probability of not seeing to-morrow's sight; but I felt the trembling of my mother's hand as I clung to it in terror, and the agony with which my own childish bosom throbbed. I do not remember ever to have experienced so painful a sensation; and it occurred to me too that perhaps many others were thus suffering innocently as well as ourselves. And the thought of our return home in the depths of night, and the inevitable loss of so interesting a sight as that of even a part of the Imperial Coronation, did not distress me so much as the idea of the disappointment of my mother, who had spared neither money nor trouble in order to secure a glimpse of it. Like an ancient Roman matron, public spectacles were as necessary to her as daily bread.

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* Title of princes and counts, but hazarded here by way of wheedling, or gaining favour. (*Trans.*)

'Make haste there, can't you?' shouted the voice after the hostess, who was gone for the key. 'And whom have we here?' it added, as the clanking strides moved from our door. 'Light us here! It is fastened inside! Hey! open the door, or I'll have it broken through. Do you hear? Make haste, for I have no time to waste with you.'

Somewhere on the opposite side of the corridor, the sound of a bolt being pushed back and the creaking of a door were distinguishable, followed by tears and entreaties again. We could not exactly hear all that was said, but it was evident that a new and numerous assembly had been discovered, and that it also was being mercilessly dispersed. After this, in ten minutes or so, the steps retreated farther and farther, though now and then in the distance might still be heard a confused murmur of voices.

'Sh, sh, Sascha!' whispered my mother; 'perhaps they will not come back here.'

But her hopes were vain. Again the noise and the talking, the spurs and the sabres, made themselves heard, and nearer and nearer came the shouts. 'Be off with you all! Turn them out! See them all safe at the other side of the Spassky Gates! Quick!' Nearer and nearer! and again the clanking strides approach our closet, and again the streak of light illuminates it for a few seconds. I was frightened to death, and clung to my mother, hardly able to restrain my tears and sobs. Several moments passed in a sort of senseless agony. But when I raised my head again the stripe of light had disappeared, the noise of the sabres had become considerably deadened by distance, and only the shouts, 'Leave the place instantly! No stoppings on the road,' were distinguishable, but they grew fainter and fainter and fainter, and at last only a weak confused grumble reached our ears, which gradually quite died away. I began to breathe more freely.

'Well, thank God! they are gone,' whispered my mother.

'Won't they come back?'

'I do not think they will. See, Sascha, how good God is! Although we *have* had a fright, yet still we shall see the procession. How glad

I am? I will light a taper before the Protectress [*] to-morrow, that I will! Yes, they are gone; I hear no noise whatever.'

And indeed, so death-like a silence prevailed in our closet, that I think the beatings of my heart might have been counted. Half an hour passed thus, and I began to doze with my head on my mother's lap, when cautious steps were heard approaching our door, the key turned in the padlock, and the door was gently opened.

'Is that you?' asked my mother.

'I, Matoushka, I!' answered Mrs. Bell-ringer.

'Well?'

'The Lord has delivered us; they are gone. You may come out now, only pray be cautious. I dare not bring a candle, for fear of its being observed. Give me your hand, and I will lead you into the bedroom again; you must try to get a nap now. Well, we *have* had a fright! And we have suffered not a little for your sakes. I am regularly upset; I can't collect myself to this moment! Such thunderings! Lord, have mercy on us! Every one of our guests are gone, and I don't suppose that more than ten persons in the whole belfry contrived to conceal themselves.'

'How did they escape?'

'Our prayers reached Christ, that is evident. [†] There was not a mouse's hole that the brigands did not poke into. Where, where did not that police-master thrust his nose? In one of the other ringer's quarters a rich merchant hid himself under the stove, and yet they found him, and dragged him out! And we have not received all our money for the tickets, more's the pity!'

During this monologue we were creeping along the dark corridor, in which not a gleam of light was visible, nor the slightest sound to be heard; and in due time we found ourselves safe in the little bed-room, and finally we went comfortably to bed. Besides us, only one young woman remained in our hostess's quarters; she had contrived to hide herself in a tub. We passed the remainder of the night tranquilly, and the next morning we found that the police-master's invasion had done us an infinitely good turn, for not more than ten ticket-holders appeared in the belfry to witness the procession, and consequently we were at liberty to choose which places we preferred in the front row of benches. Gradually, however, some hundred or so of spectators assembled from somewhere unknown; but there was no crowding, no quarrelling; and we really had the satisfaction of beholding the Imperial procession, with only the slight disadvantage of seeing it *à vol d'oiseau*, from the height of some one hundred and forty feet.

How well I remember that picture, its pomp and its magnificence! the broad platform covered with crimson cloth, extending from the Red Vestibule to the Cathedral, the procession moving along it, the canopy with its waving plumes of white feathers, and beneath it the two Imperial figures, in their ermine mantles, and before and behind the flood, as it were, of people, all shining with silver and gold. It all passed, like a gigantic panorama, slowly before our eyes, from the Palace to the Cathedral, and from the Cathedral back to the Palace, between balustrades formed by brilliant soldiery, to the thunder of countless cannons, and the booming of hundreds of bells, to the shouts of thousands of people, and amid the chaos of unceasing echoes; beneath a clear sky and the sunshine of the summer's day, and surrounded by the stately building of the Kreml's sanctuaries.

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[*] One of the appellations of the Virgin. (*Trans.*)

[†] The frequent mention of the Divine Name, and expressions of thankfulness and faith, are not the least exaggerated, and are perfectly in keeping with Russian character. (*Trans.*)

But it may be easily imagined what my mother and I endured during all this, under the great bell. The belfry trembled from the vigorous ringing,* and the overpowering sound of the brazen giant, swelling like waves of the sea above our heads, was so tremendous that the noise of the cannons and the cries of the multitude were hardly audible. Long, long after the conclusion of the ceremony, I fancied that the booming of that bell still continued. It rang in my ears even the day following, and my mother complained of a head-ache for a whole week—not that she regretted for one moment that for the pleasure of a few hours she had undergone that martyrdom beneath the Kreml bell.

Another particularly memorable sight was the People's Feast in the long familiar and well-known Maiden Field.

The preparations for this remarkable fête extended over several weeks. The whole space of the vast field was covered with rows of tables made of rough boards, and surrounded by rude wooden benches; on the tables were quantities of eatables for the coming treat, kalatches† with gilt handles, fowls and geese ornamented with greens, sheep and oxen roasted whole, with gilded horns and hoofs, and to crown all, by way of dessert, immense pyramids of cakes and gingerbread. There was nothing like plates or dishes, nor were any knives and forks prepared, probably from the consideration that 'fingers were made before forks, and hands before spoons,' and that no one could possibly run the risk of swallowing a whole sheep. Between the tables on different parts of the field rose wooden pavilions, containing fountain-basins, painted white, and ornamented with gaudy wreaths. Into these basins it was proposed to pump vodka from casks concealed beneath them, and ladles and mugs hung all round for the greater convenience of drinking therefrom.

But the banquet was not to be confined to gastronomic enjoyment alone; esthetic (?) delights were also prepared for the public. On one side of the field facing the stables were several elevations, with scenery and decorations; open booths, in fact, where conjurors and acrobats were to entertain His Imperial Majesty's guests with gratuitous performances. Between them were placed revolving swings, each with four seats for two persons. At the end of the field were Russian mountains, surmounted by pretty little summer-houses, from whence fanciers of the terrific might slide down in little light carriages along a wooden railroad. In the centre of all these temporary buildings rose a pole, secured in the ground, and presenting the appearance of a tall smooth mast, on which were hung handkerchiefs, girdles, men's caps, kaftans—the higher the more valuable; and at the top, beneath a great nosegay of foliage and flowers, hung a purse full of half imperials.* It was presumed that the Russians, in order to shew off their agility, for the amusement and admiration of the rest of the public, would climb up this pole to obtain the prizes; and that at last one fine fellow would be found among them, who having attained the summit of the pole would get the reward that awaited him there.

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* See Monthly Packet, Old Series, Vol. XXVII., page 603.

† A kalàtch is merely wheaten dough baked in a shape somewhat resembling that of an old-fashioned door knocker. (*Trans.*)

Opposite the swings and booths on the other side of the field, extended a long row of wooden stands or galleries, intended for the spectators of the People's Feast. They were effective structures enough, adorned with arches, covered with white-washed canvas. The weather was particularly lovely and warm, so that they had got thoroughly dried, and at a little distance had the effect of white marble. *Enfin*, at the end of the field, close to the Maiden Monastery, were two large richly ornamented tents for the Court and Diplomatic Corps, and between them an elegant pavilion for the Imperial Family, decked with drapery and hot-house plants. All this was quite ready several days before that appointed for the feast, and the Moscovians went in crowds to look at these hitherto unseen and unheard-of preparations.

It need hardly be said that my mother, with her fondness for sights in general, did not let such an opportunity pass; and for a whole fortnight previous she was trying to ascertain the best way to see it all. At first she thought of looking from the windows of Uncle Simeon Afanasievitch's old house, but it turned out that even from the highest story of the manufactory nothing could be seen but the backs of the wooden galleries for the spectators. Then she went to the Convent, to ask if she might sit or stand on its battlements; but here again nothing was visible but the backs of the Imperial Pavilion. At last she reconciled herself, after much hesitation, to buying a ticket for a seat in the gallery, and of course in one of the cheaper, *i. e.* back rows. After this we calmly awaited the day of the feast.

In the meantime bills were circulated in the city and its suburbs, informing the orthodox of the festival prepared for them by their Tzar. In these bills, besides an invitation, the plan of the day's amusement was minutely laid down. Having informed the invited guests of the place and time of the dinner, it proceeded to beg them to wait with patience the appointed hour, and to control the pangs of appetite until the arrival of the Imperial Family. The order of the feast was to be regulated by the hoisting of certain flags above the Imperial Pavilion; by the first signal the guests were invited to assemble at the tables, at the second to take their seats, and at the third to begin their repast. After dinner they were at liberty to walk about in the field, slide down the mountain, refresh themselves at the fountains, and enjoy the performances of the gymnasts and acrobats. To judge from the programme, the whole was to produce an ideal picture of joy and gaiety, though many sceptics had grave doubts as to the possibility of the Russian being capable of going through a task, as it were, of given pleasures, which were not entirely in accordance with his 'habits and manners.'

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* An almost forgotten gold coin, value rather less than £1. (*Trans.*)

My mother and I repaired to the Maiden Field at an early hour on the appointed day. As we were to take part in the Imperial feast only as spectators, of course my mother took care that we should not look on with empty stomachs; and therefore, as on the day of the Coronation, we took a parcel of eatables with us. Early as it was, the amphitheatre was already beginning to fill, and not only the back seats where our places were, but the front seats also, were gay with the smart dresses of the holiday makers. The public was far more select than that in the belfry, and partook of the refreshments that accompanied them with the utmost propriety.

The weather was exactly calculated for sight-seers, bright and warm; the various coloured flags that were hoisted over the booths and mountains were scarcely stirred by the gentle wind. By noonday the whole enormous space of the Maiden Field became covered with people, who incessantly and unrestrainedly poured in from the streets and lanes that led to it, like rivers into a vast lake, while a murmur filled the air like the noise of the ocean. In the midst of this ever-moving mass stretched the long rows of tables and the vodka fountains, all of which were surrounded by a line of cozacks, who were placed there in order to keep within bounds the hunger and thirst of the Tzar's guests. In different parts of the field might be observed groups formed by military bands, with the brass instruments shining in the sun. It was very pleasant in our gallery, there was no want of laughing and joking and talking while we were waiting for the beginning of the day's amusements. One very affected lady, who sat in the front row, made a great fuss about the smell of the provisions on the table near her, and which she affirmed overpowered her; she threatened to faint away, which awakened universal merriment, but a ladies' man among the gentlemen spectators contrived to procure a smelling-bottle for her, to the consolation of her sensitive nasal organs. What amused me the most, however, was the throng of people below.

'Will there be room for them all at the tables?' I asked of my mother.

'Those who cannot get places must be content to stand to dinner.'

'And who will carve the meat?'

'I suppose the Court footmen will.'

'I wonder who will get the purse at the top of the mast?'

'It is a pity your friend Kolia is not here, he is such an active fellow.'

In the meantime, carriages, containing the Ambassadors, and other persons belonging to the Imperial suite, began to arrive at the tent, and the public in our gallery amused themselves by conjecturing as to which court each diplomate belonged, by the colour of the feathers in their lacqueys' hats; both tents filled rapidly with brilliant uniforms and elegant ladies' toilettes, forming in themselves a sight sufficiently interesting for such spectators as we. But now, from the direction of the Zouboffsky Boulevard we hear a distant lengthened shout, which approaches, increases with each second, deafening the field with its thundering peals, and at last, above the mass of heads, may be discovered a sort of stripe, formed by white feathers, and the glittering glass windows of gilt coaches. This was the Imperial procession, which moved through the mass, and made its way towards the Grand Pavilion.

An acquaintance of my mother's, who was sitting in the front row, called me to her just then, and placed me in front of her, at the very edge of the balustrade which surrounded our gallery. From thence I had an excellent view of the whole field and its temporary buildings. The procession moved slowly through the crowd, and at last stopped at the Pavilion; in a few minutes the Imperial Family made their appearance on the balcony, and I had a full view of the Emperor as he advanced towards the front, and replied with bows to the shouts which rang like thunder over the vast space.

Little by little all became comparatively tranquil again; echo no longer repeated the shouts of the people, and all eyes were directed towards the flag-staff, from whence the signals were to be given; and I think that we all awaited the hoisting of the first with as much impatience as those who crowded around the tables and fountains.

'The Flag! the Flag!' suddenly exclaimed a chorus of voices.

The first signal, according to the programme, was indeed made, and the feast was to begin in real earnest! But this first signal was also the last! Hardly had the long-wished-for flag appeared, when the heaving crowd, till this moment restrained by a wall of cozacks, rushed to the tables, and in a few minutes they were entirely cleared of the provisions! the heaps of kalatches and cakes vanished; the oxen and sheep disappeared, as if they had sunk into the earth; the very boards, of which the tables and benches were made, were taken possession of, together with the tressels on which they rested; and on the place where such profuse abundance but a few moments before awaited the guests of the Tzar, nothing remained but the still heaving agitated crowd. And while the hungry souls were thus arranging their affairs concerning the eatables, the thirsty ones had rushed to the fountains, where streams of white and red wine had already begun to flow. Some dipped deeply with the ladles and mugs, others helped themselves by means of their hats, while many simply applied their lips to the edge of the reservoir. Those who were pressing from behind, probably not fancying the idea of patiently waiting their turn, or not believing in the inexhaustibility of the fountains, set to to remove by force the foremost from the edge of the basins, and such as proved obstinate they dragged away by the hair of their heads. But at last one of the thirsty public discovered that the real source of the streams of wine was concealed in temporary cellars beneath the basins, and proceeded to penetrate thereinto, and to open the remaining casks. The fountains ceased playing, and the refreshment was continued below, in puddles of wine mingled with earth.

The amusements concluded in the same rapid and unexpected manner. Hardly had the performers, dressed in flesh-coloured tricot, and adorned with spangles and ribbons, appeared on the scene, or the sliders seated themselves in the little carriages at the top of the mountains, ere the respectable 'guests,' preferring solid gain to such fanciful delights, fell on the scenes of either of these amusements, and acted with regard to them exactly as they did with the tables and benches. In a few more minutes the flags and staffs were taken down, the little carriages and the seats in the revolving swings were carried away, the very boards were wrenched from the buildings, and in the place of the pretty effective structures now remained their mere skeletons, composed of beams and posts, which were too heavy for the excited mob to carry away with them, and did not offer any particular advantages. Not so with the mast and its prizes; unwilling, as it would appear, to exercise their limbs in 'German dodges,' when the matter might be concluded with the aid of mere Russian gumption, the guests managed to have their own way with this gigantic plaything also. Hardly had a few honest and conscientious climbers began to ascend the pole, in the lawful hope of honourably gaining a prize, when the more practical of the public actually felled down the mast, confiscated the prizes, and thus put at end to the whole fun. In a quarter of an hour after the hoisting of the flag, to the astonishment of all who were not well acquainted with the character of the Russian moojik of that period, the scene of the People's Feast presented one naked beaten-down plain, with the remains of the mass still heaving on it.

Many persons were highly indignant at this sudden and unexpected termination of the day's pleasure.

'The wild beasts that they are! The cannibals!' grumbled a gentleman near me, a foreigner, to judge by his accent.

'Yes, they nearly ate up the German * performers,' said a merchant, with an attempt at sarcasm.

While listening to these and other jokes, neither I nor my companions imagined that a near and frightful danger threatened us. When the

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* The word *German* is made use of by the lower orders frequently to express *foreigner*. (*Trans.*)

Court began to leave the Pavilions, the mob took it into its head to commemorate the old Russian custom of doing honour to the Tzar by 'taking a fortress,' that is, falling on Imperial property and carrying it off as a remembrance of the Tzar. For this purpose they selected the galleries occupied by the spectators, and several spirited fellows got up on the roofs and began to tear away the white-washed canvas with which they were covered. The white-wash had become so thoroughly dried in the rays of the sun, that this operation raised a cloud of blinding choking dust, which was taken at first for smoke, and occasioned a cry of terror, perhaps merely begun by a practical joker—'We're burning! Fire! Fire!' Of course everybody endeavoured to escape from the galleries, which another crowd immediately filled for the purpose of carrying off the seats and tearing down the draperies from the arches. Confusion ensued, accompanied by screams and cries.

Separated as I was from my mother by several rows of seats, I had not time to come to my senses ere I had completely lost sight of her in the whirl of the crowd, where I can by no means imagine how I remained alive; but I came to myself at last near the Imperial Pavilion, in the midst of strange faces, and of an awful crush and noise. I could see neither my mother nor my friend the merchant's wife, who had taken me under her protection. Somebody picked me up and put me on a ledge of the Pavilion, where I was out of danger of being crushed to death; and from whence the entire picture of that exciting moment presented itself to my eyes. The galleries did indeed appear in the midst of smoke, from the fine white dust of the agitated canvas; people with chairs and benches in their arms sprang through the arches, while the gens d'armes and cozacks on either side endeavoured to surround the thieves. So great was the noise, that the shouts of the truly loyal party, which accompanied the retiring carriages containing the Imperial Family, were scarcely distinguishable. We were subsequently informed that during this strange demonstration of delight, many respectable spectators lost valuable shawls and other articles of clothing, and some actually had their ear-rings stolen out of their very ears.

While I was standing on the ledge of the Imperial Pavilion, crying, and vainly striving to espy my mother in the crowd that passed by me, a tall powerful moojik came up to me. To judge from the sheep's head with gilt horns that he held, he had evidently taken a lively part in the People's Feast; and a red blister under his eye, and his torn kaftan, which shewed a rent of almost its whole length, testified how dearly he had paid for the gratuitous pleasure he had enjoyed.

'What are you crying about, my boy?' he asked.

I explained that I had lost my mother, and that I did not know how to set about to seek her.

'Do you live far off?'

'On the other side of the Soukhareff Tower.'

'Well, that's not in my way, or I would take you home. I suppose you do not know the way? Really, I am very sorry for you! Have you no relations or friends nearabouts?'

'Yes, I have some acquaintances in the manufactory.'

'What manufactory?'

'That great brick house, there.'

'All right! I'll carry you there, my boy, or else you'll get crushed to death. See how shamefully they are conducting themselves!'

My protector gave me the sheep's head to hold by its gilt horns, took me in his arms, and carried me through the crowd, vigorously making his way with his broad shoulders. In a few minutes we had reached the backs of the galleries, and soon found ourselves at the gates of my late uncle's house, where we met my terrified mother, who with a party of workmen was just on the point of setting out to seek me. My deliverer placed me in her arms, and not only refused any remuneration, but presented me at parting with a gilt cake.

We remained for an hour or two at the manufactory, for in the first place my poor mother had been seriously alarmed on my account, and required rest in order to bring her nerves to their usual state of cheerful tranquillity; and in the second, it was deemed but prudent to wait until the crowd should disperse in a degree. Notwithstanding that everything on the field, except the Imperial Pavilion, had long ago been broken and destroyed, large masses of people still remained. While my mother was resting, I took the opportunity of running into the dear old garden. My heart beat high when I heard the chimes of the convent clock, and the tolling of its minute-bell, which reminded me so strongly of past joys and past sorrows.

As we were returning home we met several moojiks, some with chairs, some with fragments of the white-washed canvas, some with nothing more than a board. We were told afterwards that the Police-master General placed soldiers at the various entrances to the Field, with orders to take all stolen property from such thieves as should fall into their hands; but the Emperor countermanded these orders, and the consequence was that the greater part of the stolen property was sold at various taverns for a mere trifle.

When my father came to know all that had befallen us on the Maiden Field, he gave my mother a serious lecture, and would not allow her to take me to any of the remaining fêtes attendant on the Coronation; thus I was deprived of the sight of the great illumination at the Kreml, and of the fire-works on the Lefort Field, with which all the public rejoicings concluded.

In a few months, however, I accompanied my mother to see a sight that interested the Moscovians deeply at that time. Reports were circulated that Montferraut, the celebrated architect,* had arrived from Petersburgh to raise the great Tzar bell. Until that time this Moscow curiosity, the real history of which was unknown to the many, lay in a deep hole opposite the Tchovdoff Monastery. Over this hole a wooden covering was placed, in which was a trap-door, the key of which was in the keeping of the bell-ringers of the Ivan belfry, and, thanks to the curiosity of the residents of Moscow and of occasional visitors from the provinces, was a source of inexhaustible perquisite to them. When we lived on the Maiden Field, my mother took me to see it; and I recollect well that we had to go down a flight of steps into a sort of cavern, preceded by the guide, who held a lighted lantern in his hand.

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* A talented Frenchman, who built the Isaac Cathedral at S. Petersburgh. (*Trans.*)

When the report became confirmed that the architect of the Isaac Church had really been sent to get the twelve-thousand pood bell out of its hole, the people began to talk more or less against such an undertaking. Some said that it was all of no use; that it would be far better to sell the bell-metal by public auction. Others wished that a relic of such historical interest should be left as it was, as a monument to posterity. And there were some few sceptics, who positively affirmed that the contemplated raising was an utter impossibility, not only on account of the tremendous weight of the bell, but also because it had been cursed, as they affirmed, by a saint, who had doomed it to remain in the earth as long as Moscow remained a city of the world.

But notwithstanding all this, a puzzle of scaffolding composed of immensely large and strong beams and boards, began to surround the hole where the bell lay, and in due time certain cylinders and other machinery were fixed in their proper places. The space occupied in this manner was bordered by a spacious amphitheatre, containing seats for such spectators as might wish to witness the release of the long imprisoned captive; and so many curious persons there were, even among the sceptics, that in a few days not a single place was to be procured. My mother contrived to get a ticket too; and on the appointed day we repaired to occupy our place, from whence we could see not only the hole but the cylinders on which the bell was to be rolled to the granite pedestal prepared for it, at the foot of the tall belfry of Ivan Veliki. When we arrived, a crowd of soldiers stood near the cranes, from which enormous cables proceeded, and coiled themselves like giant serpents into the hole. In our amphitheatre there was a great deal of talking and disputing, and even laying of wagers, concerning the fate of the bell, as to whether or no it would move: one gentleman declared that in the year '12, Napoleon Bonaparte during his sojourn in Moscow had made an attempt to remove it, but that the Tzar bell, at the very first attempt of a Frenchman to touch it, went further than ever into the earth!

But at last a signal was given—the groups of soldiers applied themselves to the levers, and worked vigorously, and in perfect unison; every moment the machines turned more and more rapidly, the enormous cables became stretched and strained, and by degrees wound round the massive revolving cylinders. The attention of the public was so vividly exerted, that for the greater part they stood up, in the momentary expectation that the mad-brained Frenchman would be made a fool of. At any rate, they devoutly wished it to be so. But the ropes did *not* break, and every moment they stretched more and more, reminding one of a gigantic cobweb. Then there appeared at the mouth of the hole a quantity of enormous knots, and among them the beams that were attached to them ; and at last the blackish-green mass of the bell itself, in a tangled net-work of cables, rose higher and higher—pausing at the scaffolding prepared for it ; inclined to one side, and gently rolled to its place, where by a continuation of clever contrivances, it was raised to its edge on the granite pedestal that awaited it. Thus in one short half hour the talented Frenchman laughed to scorn the prophecies of the blessed saint, and those of the more modern ill-wishers in Moscow.

A few days after this, I went with my father to look at the bell. It now stood quite free of all the scaffolding and cordage, and on its summit shone a globe surmounted by a gilt cross ; at its foot leaned the piece that was broken out of it, as if on purpose to shew off the thickness and massiveness of the enormous casting.

I once heard a narrative respecting this bell, which struck me by its originality. I happened to go with my schoolfellows to the arsenal, and having inspected its historical curiosities, we wandered towards the Tzar bell. Before it stood a group of persons, to all appearance workmen, between whom a lively dispute was going on respecting when and where the bell was cast. Their arguments were as confused as those on the same subject which subsequently occupied various Moscow journals.

'But it *is* a good inch that is broken out of it !' said a young fellow. 'It must weigh a hundred poods, eh ?'

'A hundred ?' retorted another, 'five hundred, at least, they say.'

'Oï, oï !'

'Yes, the bell-ringers say so.'

'And how did it get broken ?'

'They rang it too hard.'

'No such thing !' contradicted an elderly workman.

'Then how ?'

'Well, they say, brothers, (that is, I heard so at the factory,) that when the Tzar Peter the First had beaten the Swedes at Poltava, he came to Moscow to celebrate his victory. He had the Red Gateway built then, and passed through it in a grand procession with all his generals. And orders were given to fire the cannons, and cry hurrah, and to ring the bells in all the churches of the city. Well, you see, this same Tzar bell took the fancy not to ring. The ringers, hard as they worked and heartily as they tried, could not move the tongue ! it did not give out one sound ! and there's an end of it ! it would not ! because it did not choose to ! The Tzar Peter happened to pass through the Red Gateway just at that very time, and inquired—" What is the reason," he says, " that all the bells in Moscow are ringing, and that Ivan Veliki is silent ? How dares it not obey ? " And he sent an officer to know the cause. So the officer galloped off, and presently returned with the answer, "The bell won't obey." The Tzar got vexed, and sent again to order that the bell should ring immediately, or else he would have all the ringers put to death. The poor fellows were awfully frightened, and worked with all their might, so that the cords were on the point of breaking, yet still it would not sound, exactly as if it had no tongue at all. They could see Peter the First with his generals riding into the Kreml, very angry that his commands were not attended to; so all the ringers fell to the ground and in one voice begged for mercy, and said that it was indeed the bell, and not themselves, that would not obey. The Tzar shouted at them, "I'll make you ring it with your heads! Make it ring this instant!" He gave them a whole regiment of soldiers of the Guard to help them, the finest and bravest that there were. They set to work, and pulled so hard that the tongue fell out, and still it gave no sound. (You see it was more obstinate than the Tzar himself.) But when he saw that the regiment and the ringers could do nothing with it, he was so vexed, and scolded so furiously, that all the generals shook with terror. He had a great staff in his hand, the very one that he killed the Swedish King with;* and he went up to the bell in a rage, with the stick in his hand, and gave it a good beating. "That's for thee!" he says, "for not ringing to tell the people of my victory!" And he did it so stoutly that he broke this piece right out of it with one blow! The bell gave a great howl and fell into the earth, and the Tzar abused it roundly, and commanded it to remain where it was for ever and ever. But our Emperor, that now is, took compassion on it, and as a hundred years have passed since the victory at Poltava was gained, he pardoned it, and got the Metropolitan to give his blessing on its being removed from the hole. They say the Frenchman wanted to stick the broken bit into its place again, but they would not let him; you see they wish to leave it as a curiosity, and as a remembrance of how it disobeyed the Tzar Peter, and received its punishment for not announcing the victory at Poltava.'

'The Tzar Peter must have been pretty strong, eh, brothers?' remarked the young fellow, after listening attentively to this narrative.

'Yes. And a pretty considerable force was required to get it out of the hole, too,' said another.

This legend was long the subject of comment and repetition in our school of the Three Bishops.

(*Concluded.*)

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* Peter the Great really had a stick, of historical renown, with which he occasionally corrected offenders, and among others his favourite, Prince Menstchikoff. It still exists among the other curiosities that remain of Peter I. in the Hermitage at St. Petersburgh.

NUNN'S COURT.

CHAPTER VI.

'The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build.'

My dear Grandmother, Oxford.

The examination is over. I have passed. Expect me home on Thursday, by the six o'clock train.

Your affectionate grandson,
John Tydville Treville.

Brief as this letter was, the Grandmother's eyes glistened with pleasure as she read it, and she felt very proud indeed. 'Poor Johnny!' she exclaimed; but there was no pity implied in the tone of her voice, only exultant sympathy; and there was something allied to reverence in the care bestowed on the replacing the letter in its envelope.

The examination he had so much dreaded was over. And when they met, he said to her, 'No blushing honours, Granny; but it will be, I know, some comfort to you to think that when my name is added to the list of my forefathers, dunce will not now be appended to it.'

On the following St. Bartholomew's Day, the Tydville estate passed into his hands; and the Manor House, which had been partly shut up since the death of his father, was once again opened to receive an immediate heir. It was an ancient Elizabethan structure, dark and heavy, surrounded by cedar and cypress trees, whose thick and sombre foliage completely shut out even a glimpse of the flower-gardens and the park beyond, with its magnificent oaks and chestnuts, and meandering river. Mrs. Treville was very busy in getting the house restored to habitable order; and having been so long accustomed to her own little bright home, she quite shuddered as she went along the dark passages, or looked from the windows upon the tall dark impenetrable trees. Jarvis said she was reminded of the cemetery catacombs, and Mrs. Treville thought the comparison by no means inapplicable. John heeded neither; he knew what would bring both brightness and home to that house for him: but before he would rest on that thought, he must rise up and build. He betrayed something of what was passing in his mind, when Mrs. Treville asked what rooms he should use: in signifying them, he added, 'But not the little east sitting-room; leave that alone for the present.'

'But, Johnny,' the old lady remonstrated, 'that is the brightest room in the house! If you cut down that tree in front of the window, you can get such a pretty view of the rose-garden. Jarvis and I quite thought you would make it your own room.'

'That room shall be used by-and-by, Granny,' he answered, with so bright a smile that she could not misunderstand his meaning. 'When I begin to furnish that room, you will know that the waste places are filled up.'

Good substantial cottages had to be built to receive the different families residing in Nunn's Court, who could not be ejected from their homes until suitable dwelling-places were ready for them; and time was needed for this. Day by day John Treville watched the progress of the builders; and day by day was assailed by the reiterated entreaties of the aged people in the Court, not to turn them out of their old homes.

Old Ben was an especial charge at this time. Age was gradually depriving him of all mental power; nothing pleased or satisfied him; and he was at times incapable of listening to reason. To fret and whine about the coming change of residence was his chief occupation, and he succeeded in worrying all who waited upon him, and in giving pain to those who sought to comfort him.

'Ben,' said John one evening, after reading the Psalms to him—John's monotonous voice more often soothed him than anything else—'I hope you will sleep well, for I want to take you for a drive to-morrow.'

The old man took the hand stretched out to meet his, and retaining it, murmured, '"That Thy way may be known upon earth."'

John finished the verse and repeated the next.

'Miss Grace says, says she,' Ben continued, '"Do you think, Ben, that Master Treville's agoing to turn you out of your home for his own pleasure?" and I hadn't nothing to answer; only Miss Agnes, she said she was sure I should see it in the proper light by-and-by; and I think, Master John, the proper light come while you was reading that last Psalm. You want His way to be known upon earth.'

John closed his other hand over the wrinkled one which clasped his, and said slowly, while the blood crimsoned his brow, 'Ben, He chose and sanctified *this* place; and shall we hinder His way being made known *here?*'

'I see, Sir,' said the old man with a quivering voice; 'and I know I often worrit you—forgive me.'

'I am sorry enough, Ben, that I have to turn you out of your dear old home.'

'Sorry for me, Sir; but not sorry, I know, 'cause the way to right is a bit crooked.'

'No, I hope not,' John answered.

He was thankful for this unexpected glimpse of the hidden life in the imbecile old man, and did not fail to gather from it an encouragement to persevere; and if the shade of care, which Agnes first noticed, had been gradually deepening, yet the bearded young man still loved a game with the young ones, and the old dull look more often gave place to his own peculiarly bright smile.

And when St. Bartholomew's Day came again, the cottages in Nunn's

Court had been razed to the ground—not a brick or a stone remained. Wildly rang the bells of the parish church! Meet for the hour sounded the unruly joy of the winged choristers. The stars that roll round the Sun of Righteousness had their harps strung and set for a triumphal lay, 'built in light divine;' and with that lay, one 'faint warbler of the earth' sought to combine 'his trembling notes.'

'Who am I, and what is my house, that we should obtain strength to offer so willingly of this sort!' was John Treville's waking exclamation on that morning.

Old Ben heard, from the open window of his new home, the first note of the processional hymn, as clergy and choir issued from the little temporary chapel; heard, too, the words grow fainter and fainter, till only the tune was discernible; and even the sound of that was lost ere the destined spot was reached, where, with one shout, and as if with one voice, was heard,

'Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity.'

The Grandmother's hand was very tremulous as she took the trowel, and, guided by her grandson, fulfilled the part appointed for her in laying the foundation-stone of the future church; while her veil and the strings of her widow's cap were floating on the gentle breeze, which also lightly waved the white apparel of the priests and singers who sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because the foundation of His House was laid.

John did not join the choir on its return at the end of the service, for his grandmother looked pale and tired, and while Agnes waited with her, he went to fetch the carriage. When he returned, he bade them both get in, saying, 'I must drive you, for there are no coachmen to-day; it is a holiday for all.'

There were archways of evergreens and flowers up the drive from the park gate to the Manor House, and banners waving in every direction. There were swinging-boats, and merry-go-rounds, targets, and various tents, giving a bright and holiday aspect to the place, of which, as Mrs. Treville thought, the house did not partake. She had a nice long resting-time before the bustle began. John was sitting with her when the sound of distant music proclaimed the approach of his guests; and at that sound he rose to go, exclaiming, 'There are all the people! I must go and stand on the terrace, and by my presence bid them welcome, for it is very certain I shall not know what to say.'

'Johnny,' said the old lady then, 'your granny blesses God that she has lived to see this day, and the fulfilment of your heart's desire.'

The young man knelt on one knee and kissed her brow; then, just as he was about to dart out of the room, turned back to draw down a blind, remembering that any strong light was trying to her eyes.

'Never mind, Johnny,' she cried; 'why, you would quite spoil me if I remained here long. Go, my boy, go; the people will like to see you when they arrive.'

He was gone before she had fairly finished her sentence. His presence on the terrace was hailed with deafening cheers, to which he responded by raising his hat high in the air; then with one bound he cleared the steps, and stood amidst them all. The Vicar at once came forward, shook his hand, and made a very grave and suitable speech.

'Thanks, thanks!' said John in return. 'The house is open to all. Will you and Dr. Murray kindly help me to entertain my friends? I am afraid I shall be of more use out of doors than in.'

'In fact, you are "the people's man," Treville,' said the Doctor jocosely.

John laughed, and answered, 'That is what I want to be in its truest sense.'

Mr. Yardley again held out his hand, saying, 'Our future representative, of course.'

'Oh no!' said John, with a start.

'And why not?' asked Mr. Yardley, turning to Dr. Murray, as John moved away.

'Because,' answered the Doctor, 'he has such a dread of increased responsibility; the lad has such a tender conscience.'

There was a pause. Presently Mr. Yardley exclaimed, 'Look there! at any rate his responsibilities have not a very depressing effect,' and pointing to John, who was on one of the horses in the merry-go-round, with a little urchin on his knee.

'Just like him!' said the Doctor. 'What do you think of that, Ned, for the owner of such a place as this?' he observed to Mortimer, who was at his side.

'That Oxford has not spoilt him,' said Grace Allyn, intercepting Mortimer's reply.

'What a naughty insinuation, Grace!' returned the Doctor. 'Where did you spring from?'

'From no subterranean place, I can assure you, Doctor,' she answered gaily; 'I have only come away, in a most natural manner, from the little flock I have promised to watch over, to say that Mrs. Yardley's carriage is coming up the drive.'

'And that we are by duty bound to go and meet it,' retorted the Doctor.

But they were superseded by John, who, as soon as the carriage appeared, jumped down from the merry-go-round, and was at the hall door ready to hand Mrs. Yardley out.

'The lad is worthy of his position, Mortimer,' remarked the Doctor, as John conducted Mrs. Yardley into the house.

'Treville sustains his dignity under any circumstances,' was the quiet answer.

'He has one great gift, which he uses in an admirable manner,' remarked Mr. Yardley.

'Influence?' suggested Dr. Murray.

'Just so! And what a great gift it is! See what he has accomplished with it amongst a set of most unruly people!'

'Unruly! He speaks of them as if they were pattern people,' said Mortimer.

'Because,' said the Doctor, 'at the very beginning he regarded their wretched condition as the result of his forefathers' sacrilege and neglect, and therefore it would be painful to him to betray anything but his great interest in them; and again, he has such control over every one of them, that the spirit of insubordination is checked, and in some has entirely yielded to better influences. And I have no doubt that, now that little colony is no longer herded together in a court, the desire to resist lawful authority will gradually die out, and the old as well as the young learn to value a church and clergyman of their own.'

'The children are being well instructed, I find,' said Mortimer.

'Yes, that has been a most satisfactory part of the work; and with Giles for their school-master, their advantages will be still greater. And John is not likely to slacken his efforts or become wearied, if, after all he has done, the fruit apparently is not so abundant as might be expected.'

'It is *very* abundant, I consider,' remarked Mr. Yardley; 'I am reluctant to confess that when he first conceived the idea of introducing means for effecting a moral and religious reformation into that den of vice and ignorance, I looked upon it as the visionary scheme of a young and over-imaginative boy, deeming, from past experience, that the result he anticipated was an utter impracticability.'

'I too consider that his work has been bountifully blessed,' said Mortimer musingly. 'Yet I have learned to know that he had only the work and no result in view when he began.'

'That I firmly believe now,' said Mr. Yardley; 'hence *his* success, and *my* mistake.'

Here they were interrupted by Agnes and Grace, who came to tell them that John had gone to fetch old Ben in time for dinner; fresh guests had arrived, and Mrs. Treville was begging help to entertain them.

'And what mischief are you two about to concoct?' asked the Doctor.

'We have no intention of standing here to gossip,' Grace answered merrily; 'or you will have no honey to eat with your bread; for it is very certain you will make none for yourselves.'

'It is very obvious bees sting,' retorted the Doctor.

'Only those who are tempted to loiter on their way,' she said, and passed on.

The three gentlemen, however, fully redeemed their character during the day, and were not again found gossiping.

John and Edwin Mortimer paced the terrace that night, enshrouded by the light of the summer moon. The other guests had departed, and they were alone. The hour was still and solemn, and the light mystic and soothing; its influence was upon them and all around.

'Treville,' said Mortimer, 'your purpose is being fulfilled according to your heart's desire. It was no mere boyish dream, old fellow, was it?'

'My life's dream, rather.'

When they again broke the silence that followed, they had returned to the house. Mortimer asked if John intended to live alone in that large house.

'Till my life's dream is complete,' was the answer.

CHAPTER VII.

'Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine.'

'AND thus was the holy house finished!' 'Each nook and corner was swept and cleaned;' and 'there stood the church like a garden,' just as the sun was setting and pouring in its rays through the west window! It was the only coloured window, and bore the inscription, 'To the glory of God, and in memory of Elizabeth Giles, who departed this life on the day of her baptism, May 15th, 18—,' and the sunbeams reflected its many colours and danced about the sculptured font beneath.

It was the eve of the Consecration; and although there had been many helping hands, busy in the work of decoration fully a fortnight before the appointed day, there was at the last much pressing to get all done in time. A few of the workers remained to finish whatever was left to be done, and daylight was fast fading before Agnes had completed her task. So intently occupied had she been, that the fact of her fellow-workers having left her one by one, was not recognized until she had finished.

'Never mind,' she said to herself, 'I told Papa I should be late; he will be sure to come and meet me;' and taking one long glance at the whole, she prepared for walking home. At the door, however, she met both her father and John Treville, the latter having come to lock up the church for the night. The three walked back together, talking about the decorations and the morrow's service.

'Tired, Aggie?' asked her father, detecting a little sigh.

John left the Doctor's side, and coming round to Agnes, said he was afraid she must be very tired, which she did not deny.

'Doctor,' said John, after a slight pause, 'I want to ask you to give Agnes to me, if she will consent.'

'How—why—dear me! I never thought of it!' stammered the Doctor, 'nor did she, I'm—'

The Doctor paused; for unhesitatingly, though with downcast eyes and deep blushes on her cheeks, she had allowed John to slide her hand through his arm. Then the Doctor took out his handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously, and was unable to speak until he reached his own door.

There John said, 'I cannot come in, Doctor; I have promised to have tea with my grandmother, and I shall like to take your answer to her.'

'May God bless you, my children,' returned the Doctor in a broken voice; and that was all he could utter.

John was received by his grandmother with the usual fond smile. She was anxious to hear as much as possible about the church and the preparations for the morrow. John gave her all the details she desired, waiting until a proper pause gave him an opportunity of saying, 'Granny, I am going to furnish the little east sitting-room.'

'For Agnes Murray, Johnny?'

'Right, Granny.'

Her knitting was put down, and rising, she gave him a warm kiss of congratulation.

'Will you love her as your own child, Granny?'

'I love her already for her own sweet sake; and will love her now, Johnny, still more, for yours.'

There was a sudden and a protracted silence.

John's next exclamation was, 'O Granny, what a happy life mine has been! Everything has come just as I wished it. Sunshine everywhere!'

There was cloudless sunshine beaming in his eyes just then, and his grandmother saw it. The feeling which lay so deep down seemed to inundate his face with such a ray of happiness as she had never seen there before. It was a look which lived in her memory all her days; and told her then, and more afterwards, that the joy with which no stranger intermeddleth was there.

The next day came in warm and bright. Early in the morning John drove to the station with the Vicar to meet the Bishop, who was to stay at the Manor-house until the hour for the service. One more thorough investigation of the church, and then John knew he must go to the school-room, as the choir would be waiting for him. As he entered the church, Edwin Mortimer, now in priest's orders, advanced to meet him; he had been putting the vases of flowers on the retable, and had the preparations for a high service to make. They went into the vestry, and together talked of their respective responsibilities.

'The Church will have her own to-day, John; and—'

'She gives to you your charge,' interrupted John, in order to stop the thanks that were about to be added, and which he considered were not due to him.

When the Bishop and the other clergy arrived at the school-house, they found the choir already surpliced. Altogether they made a very long procession, and the singing was almost without a fault. As Giles struck the first chord on the organ, the crowded congregation rose; and many eyes wandered round the building, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the founder's face—little recking that they must look for him amongst the surpliced forms: and only those who knew and loved him, watched him coming on and on, recognized his voice, and knew that body, soul, and spirit, were rendering a holy and acceptable service: and they knew too, that he was scarcely conscious of aught, save that the house which he had builded was now God's House, consecrated to Him by a fitting service—prayer and the breaking of bread. It was all over now, and the Church had her own again. John Treville might well lengthen out his thanksgiving: might well return, after taking off his surplice, to render an additional one!

He had written a note in haste to Agnes early in the morning, asking her to wait for him after the service; and as he rose from his knees he went to seek her. She was standing in the porch. He took her hand, and slipping her betrothal ring upon her finger, bent down and kissed her. The bells rang out a merry peal, and in those two young hearts there was nothing but love and gladness.

'I hope we shall find the chaise waiting,' John said, as they left the church, 'or we shall be late for luncheon.'

The chaise was waiting; and they drove off, both already feeling that they belonged to each other more than to anybody else. Dr. Murray and Mrs. Treville met them at the door, the latter with the intention of protecting Agnes in the uncomfortable newness of her position.

Agnes' cheeks were very glowing, as Mrs. Treville kissed her and took her up-stairs. She wanted a little quiet time to herself; but it was too late, she could only just put her hair in order, kiss Mrs. Treville again, and then go down into the drawing-room. John came up, as soon as she made her appearance, and led her to the Bishop, who had expressed a wish to be introduced to her; and again her cheeks were crimson with blushes.

'You have managed matters very badly, Mr. Treville,' said Grace Allyn, in an undertone, a few minutes afterwards. 'You have dragged that poor child through a regular ordeal. Shew your contrition now by taking me in to luncheon.'

'I have no doubt I shall be able to have my revenge upon you before long, Miss Allyn,' John answered gaily; 'and until that period arrives, I shall endeavour to keep as much as possible out of your company.'

'I am afraid though,' he whispered to Agnes afterwards, 'it has been rather trying to you?'

'No matter, John,' she said; 'it could not be helped.'

The Bishop left as soon as the luncheon and speeches were over; and the stranger guests departed also, leaving behind them Mrs. Treville, who was going to remain for a few days, the Murrays, and the Allyns.

'I must shew you over the house, Agnes, that you may know what a dungeon-like home you will have.'

Agnes was sitting on a sofa with Mrs. Treville when John said this, and it brought a smile into his grandmother's face: she asked him what he would say if the gloominess of the house made the young lady repent of her bargain? He laughed, without answering, and led Agnes away. When they were by themselves, he asked her if she would be afraid of the experiment.

'What experiment?' she said timidly.

'Having the dreariness of your future home pointed out to you.'

He waited for an answer, so she was compelled to give it.

'You will be here, John,' was all she said, and all he needed.

After Evensong, John was compelled to own himself fairly tired out. Strangely tired and sleepy, he had expressed it to his grandmother; and the night's rest, which both had prophesied would banish all signs of fatigue, was disappointing, for he awoke the next morning unrefreshed, and feeling stiff and chilly. The attempt to dress was frustrated by an increased throbbing in his temples; and throwing himself down on his bed, he remained there until his servant came to him. A message to Mrs. Treville soon brought her to his bed-side with a cup of tea, which revived him, though any attempt to rise brought back the throbbing. A violent cold was pronounced by the doctor to be the cause of his sudden prostration—an opinion he held until the third day, when the illness assumed a more alarming form, and fever set in.

John Treville lay on his bed, prostrate alike in body and mind, in the house of his fathers, while the dark cedar and cypress surrounded it like a funeral pall. Quietly and sadly footsteps echoed through the long passages, and left a leaden weight on the heart of the Grandmother. Her presence gave him no pleasure now; the soft touch of her hand was unrecognized: she knew this, and knew also how unconscious he was of the sweet flowers that lay on his pillow; yet, when Agnes gathered them, could she tell her the painful truth, or refuse to place them there! The doctors bade her wait; in time the fever would have a turn: and she did wait, gathering strength and patience by a prayerful and a loving waiting.

'My own Johnny! Always Johnny to me!' she murmured, as she hung over him one morning, and laid her cool hand on his forehead.

For the first time since his illness began, those restless eyes looked at her full in the face, and his lips feebly uttered, 'Granny!' the name so dear to her! what joy! It was with the utmost difficulty that she could restrain herself; could preserve her calmness, while her heart was throbbing with such thankful gladness. The gloominess and length of the passages were as nothing now: 'Granny!' that word was still sounding in her ears.

'Would you like to see him, Agnes?' she asked, as she noticed the inquiring look turned upon her as soon as she entered the room where the young girl was waiting. 'I would not take you to him in his restless delirium, but my Johnny has recognized me once more.' Tears came now to relieve her overburdened heart.

Did John know Agnes! Oh the wild agony of that young heart, as she noted the ravages that fever had already made! She knelt down by his bed, and took one of the hot hands in hers, and let one tear, wrung from her by her heart's agony, drop upon it, as she kissed it.

Once more those wandering eyes were arrested: that bright glance she so much loved fell upon her, while he murmured, 'Agnes, my own! It ringeth out to Evensong!' It was still all song to him! Agnes felt that, even amidst the bitterness of her sorrow, and was comforted.

It was eventide! The doctors were holding a consultation in the library: Mrs. Treville and Agnes were watching in the sick-room. The crisis had come; and John Treville was asleep—asleep, while life was ebbing fast away.

A start, a lifting up of the hands, and the sudden exclamation, 'Hark! the marriage bells!' and the crisis was over. His spirit was breathed out into the air, and his soul carried by the angels to its rest. Rest had come—not here, but there, where there is perpetual sunshine.

The bells of St. Bartholomew's Church—the church that he had founded, where he had received his last communion, and prayed his last public prayer—rang out a muffled peal, and spread the painful news that the last of the Tydvil Trevilles was dead.

And in that old Elizabethan house, in the unfurnished little east sitting-room, the newly betrothed made a cross of white flowers for his breast, and wept over her bright new ring. Agnes was quiet in the Grandmother's presence, remembering the words spoken long ago—'I know I may trust you to take care of my grandmother.' But Mrs. Treville's grief sank into insignificance when compared with that of Agnes, and she would fain have had every tear wept out on her bosom. To leave her to herself was perhaps the kindest way; and with this idea, Mrs. Treville would not follow her into her retreat—the room which would have been her own.

Dr. Murray sought her there, on the day before the funeral; she was not crying then, but walking up and down. Her kiss was a very gentle one; she was afraid of any kind of demonstration.

'Aggie dear,' he said, feeling his way, 'Giles wants to know about the Altar and the pulpit.'

She put her hand on her forehead for a minute, then removed it, and looked up inquiringly.

'Mrs. Yardley has asked to be allowed to supply the flowers; and the choir beg earnestly that it may be their work: will you decide?'

Mrs. Treville came in before she could answer, and was told the Doctor's errand.

'And what would you wish, love?' she asked.

'I think,' she replied, 'I should like to see Giles myself.'

'It would be too much for you, my child.'

'Then I should like him to be told how glad I shall be that the choir should have the work to do.' She stopped, then added, 'I should like all who loved him to do something for him.'

Something in her voice forbade any reply while she paused; and presently she continued: 'Giles will manage the singing; he knows the kind of music he loved. Papa! Grandmother! he lived a life of song!'

'And does still, my own darling,' said Mrs. Treville, folding her arms round her; restraining even her tears at the sight of Agnes' sudden wild burst of grief. It was soon over, and she was her own calm gentle self again; and the next day, very early, her trembling hands laid the last cross of white flowers on him; looked her last look, and was led away, feeling very quiet and calm still. She suffered herself to be dressed; any effort would upset her, she knew; to remain passive was all she could do.

Every demonstration of sorrow was checked in her presence, and every eye was lowered as she left the carriage and followed as chief mourner up the path to St. Bartholomew's Church. The way was strewn with flowers; and Agnes even then noticed how beautiful the singing was: she missed *his* voice, but would not grudge it to that Choir whose song is louder and sweeter than the angels'.

There was a cross with a wreath of immortelles on the pulpit; and the chancel screen was hung with wreaths varying in hue and species, the work of those who loved him; and the altar was vested in violet, with a cross of white flowers on the frontal. A wreath of white rosebuds and forget-me-nots was laid by Mrs. Yardley on the coffin, and a smaller one of daisies, by one of old Ben's grandchildren, who had also been John's godchild.

The Blessed Feast was spread, and the living partook of it, in the presence of the dead: then with lowly reverence they bore the coffin away, the clergy and choir going before, and singing 'Brief life is here our portion,' and leaving Agnes behind, still kneeling, with her ungloved hands clasped, and the cross of diamonds on her betrothal ring glittering on her finger.

She knelt a long time; not praying, not looking back nor on, but feeling a sense of repose she was reluctant to lose. Her father and Mrs. Treville were with her; for their sakes she had not attempted to go on to the parish church, where he was to be buried, and where he was followed by all his tenants and servants. The service was still choral, and although the grave-yard was crowded, a reverent quiet was on all. It was not until the choir commenced 'O Paradise,' on leaving the grave, that any sound of sorrow was heard; but Giles's voice faltered at the first 'Where faithful hearts and pure,' and his example was infectious, for an immediate and universal sob followed, and some minutes elapsed before any more singing could be attempted.

It was hard work to begin every-day life again—to go back to her father's house, and give thought and heart to tasks too trivial to excite anybody's interest. John's will, made immediately after he had attained his majority, was the means of furnishing her with some stipulated duties; giving her an opportunity of carrying on his work, and thereby seeming to bring her nearer to him. He had bequeathed five thousand pounds to Dr. Murray, and the row of cottages he had built for the people from Nunn's Court. He had held the land on which they stood, on a building lease, not wishing to include them in the estate. When this was made known to Agnes, she immediately regarded the people as her own particular legacy; and under Edwin Mortimer's direction, and by his request, she took the superintendence of the girls school.

The winds of the early winter tried poor old Ben's remaining strength, and he faded like the leaves that rustled by in the stormy blast.

Agnes was with him daily, ministering to his comfort in every way. Mrs. Treville often thought these daily visits, with her usual avocations, were too fatiguing for her; and watched with tender anxiety the increasing paleness of her cheek and languor of her manner. Edwin Mortimer had noticed also a growing pensiveness, which he feared betokened fretfulness; and he was sometimes inclined to think she nursed her sorrow in a way that was not good for her. He came away from old Ben with her one day after they had Eaten and Drank together with the dying man.

Agnes was unusually sad; not speaking until they neared the schoolhouse, when she said, with a sigh, 'When Grace comes to the Parsonage, Edwin, I must give up my place in the girls school.'

'No, indeed,' he answered quickly; 'Grace does not wish it; she will give you all the assistance you like; but I do not think she is so well fitted to take the head as you are, Agnes.'

'But, as your wife, will it not be her duty? Edwin, you must not humour me too much.'

'This is not a common instance, Agnes. No, believe me, we could not do without you at the head.'

The tears were fast gathering in Agnes' eyes; and with the intention of diverting her mind, he stopped to speak to some of the children, who were coming from school. She made an effort to rally herself, but could not speak.

'What are you looking at so earnestly, my little maiden?' he asked, at the same time patting the child he addressed on her head.

'Please, Sir, at the lady's beautiful bright cross.'

Agnes heard and walked on, clasping her ungloved hands yet tighter. Edwin soon followed; when she looked up smilingly, and begged him to let her go on alone, as she wanted to see the Grandmother; and finding her quite composed, he yielded.

'You are looking better, my child,' said Mrs. Treville, as Agnes knelt at her feet, and throwing back her black veil, revealed a pair of glowing cheeks.

'Grandmother,' she returned, 'the work left for me to do is good and true; and the cross laid upon me is bright and beautiful, like my betrothal ring.' She held up her hand as she spoke, and the Grandmother took it in both hers. 'I have been slow in seeing it; I have been restless and chafing, while seemingly resigned,' she continued, 'and needed a little child to tell me how bright and beautiful my cross is. Granny, when I look at this, it shall remind me of what I have so long forgotten!'

The Grandmother folded her in her arms, and murmured, 'My bright and happy Johnny!'

(Concluded.)

PRACTICAL HINTS ON ILLUMINATION.

II.

WE have criticized in general terms the defects of modern Illumination, and endeavoured to point out how to avoid them, and how to use the rules by which it, in common with all other branches of decorative art, should be directed. In conclusion, we will examine a few published examples of book-ornamentation, and comparing them with those of the mediæval school of Illumination, observe the difference between the two systems.

Among the numerous drawing-room books which are published every season is an illuminated copy of 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' executed by two architects in 1865. The border-patterns are for the most part strictly geometrical, and the colouring is in some pages glaring and heavy from the undue prominence of one tint, in others so pale and washy-looking as to seem faded. One page, evidently suggested from an old model, has a large zig-zag running round it, and dividing it into triangular compartments, which in old MSS. are always filled with groups of flowers, graceful and varied, but in the book before us contain merely straight stalks with conventional leaves, and are all alike. Only one border in the book has anything suggestive of flowers. The design is not ungraceful, and the stalks twine prettily in and out, but the flowers are like nothing on earth. One, which may be conjectured to be a blue-bell, is half as long again as nature ever made one, and the petals are turned up with orange.

An illustrated 'History of Joseph' contains a series of borders purely Egyptian in pattern and colours, and we must suppose were chosen from their appropriateness to the subject. They are nothing but a succession of plaits, zig-zags, lines, squares, and lotus flowers, and therefore there is very little to be said about them. Such patterns are common to the early and barbaric art of all nations; and to those who think that the repetition of lines and squares is worthy of the name of design, it is hardly worth while to say anything in contradiction.

Another book, illustrated by a lady, is called 'The Year: its Leaves and Blossoms.' In this there is no attempt at Illumination, properly so called. Each month is illustrated by the flowers belonging to it, in realistic painting, and are of full life-size. Enormous roses and bunches of grapes seem to hang in mid-air, and others are twisted round the pages in various uncomfortable ways, till one wonders that the very difficulty of managing the stalks did not suggest the necessity of a leading line.

These, we believe, are fair specimens of modern book-ornamentation; and it would be to little purpose, even were it not wearisome and uninteresting, to criticize them at greater length.

Let us turn to one of the manuscripts of the fourteenth century, and glance through its pages.

It is a large tome, measuring sixteen inches by twelve, containing in closely-written French verse, a romance of Alexander the Great. Almost every page has a miniature or an elaborate capital; and these last ornaments are all formed of the beautiful cinque-foiled foliation so familiar to us in thirteenth and fourteenth century illuminations, twined about with exquisite grace of design, and inexhaustible changefulness. The title-page is one large picture, and one or two other pages are quite covered with painting: the other miniatures are about four inches square, with backgrounds of embossed gold or diapered patterns, gleaming with purple, scarlet, and gold, and delicate with exquisite tracery, of which no two designs are alike. The subjects are the actions and exploits of Alexander. Page after page shews him, first taming Bucephalus, then fighting in single combat, beleaguering cities, feasting with his men—graphic pictures, too numerous to describe, of battle and festivity, of war-councils and beast-hunting. Then come his illness, death, and funeral. Every picture is a story, every face a character, and living action moves in every figure. And up and down the border, peeping in and out of the leaves, are little figures, sounding trumpets, beating drums, shooting arrows—imps flying, and monsters grinning. Round the last few pages of Alexander's illness and death, the tiny forms change into groups of men, women, and children, weeping and hiding their eyes, and gesticulating mournfully, while little birds sit dolefully on the boughs, looking on in a melancholy way with their heads on one side. At the bottoms of the pages are a series of scenes in mediæval life—employments and recreations. Snaring birds, cooking dinners, dogs and huntsmen chasing stags, killing ducks, forging iron; men and women playing chess and all manner of games; grotesque animals imitating them; caricatures of dresses—quite a history of every-day life in the middle ages. And all this glittering with burnished gold, and perfect groups of colour, delicate as brilliant, soft as rich.

Five years were spent, we find noted at the end, in producing this book—we may venture to add, well spent; since after five hundred years have passed away, the work of the unknown artist still lives, to claim and to receive the reverence due to all noble Art in all time, and to call out, alike in the thoughtful and the ignorant, the instincts of admiration for the unchanging laws of beauty. And whoever has done that has not lived in vain, even though but one thing may remain to represent the work of a life. With this example before us—but one among thousands—and the thought which it suggests, it is impossible to do other than pause and consider if it be not within our power to raise a standard somewhat less feeble and puerile than is that of the Illuminated work of the present day. If it is worth while to give time and labour to such work at all, would it not be wiser and more worthy of educated and thinking persons, to set on it the seal of knowledge and thought, and so at least to save it from being contemptible? This is possible to all in degree; and it is not demanding very much of persons who follow any one branch of Art, to expect of them that they shall first make themselves acquainted with a few of the laws of beauty and harmony. Surely it must be more pleasure to paint one thing in which hand and mind combine to do their very best, even though it occupied months, than to go on year after year, manufacturing a series of useless things, reproductions it may be of others' work, which perhaps the painter scarcely cares to look at again when finished. Some of us may have had, in looking through the pages of a beautiful manuscript, a feeling of gratitude to the painter of it for the enjoyment which it gives us; and there is no reason why modern Illumination should not also wile away many an hour pleasantly to others besides the painters themselves, with the passing jest or thought, with the ingenuity of design and harmony of colour.

Power of design, which is so essential to the beauty of illuminated ornament, is a natural gift, and cannot be acquired to any great extent, though it may be developed by study. Those who have it not in any degree had better give up Illumination, and turn their knowledge of drawing to account in some other branch of Art. The first thing which is necessary for those who possess the faculty and wish to cultivate it, is to acquire some knowledge of the laws which regulate it. This may be done by careful study of some such book as Owen Jones's 'Grammar of Ornament;' but chiefly by drawing from good models, and studying fine conventional ornament, especially, if possible, the designs in twelfth and thirteenth century MSS.

It has been said before that conventional ornament must have for its chief object the representation of natural facts. In Illumination, vegetable and lower animal forms will generally predominate; and the study of these in their several characteristics—the growth of flowers and leaves, the ways and movements of birds and insects—is a labour of love in itself. To draw these things, it is necessary to know something of them, and of the way they move and grow; which knowledge can only be acquired by watching them. It is not enough to know of a flower that it is red or blue, that its leaves are round or pointed, four or six in number. No one could paint a plant to much pleasure of purpose, who had not seen and tried to express the way in which the leaves sprouted and the buds uncurled; and the more attentively and thoughtfully he had looked, the greater amount of truth would the drawing convey. The question of how much or little of nature it is well to represent in Illumination, and the practical difficulties which it involves, must be solved by everyone for himself. But setting aside that, it is certain that knowledge of natural form is equally necessary for good design in even purely conventional ornament. The power of drawing the finest lines and most subtile curves is only attained by watching nature in the broad sweeps and delicate pencilings of her forms. The old masters, most perfectly versed in the knowledge of all the higher forms of natural life, have always produced, when they chose, the most inimitable designs in conventional ornament. And those who attempt to design systematically without regard to nature, will soon find that they have limited their range and cramped their hands, and that they repeat themselves again and again. Of course designs will often consist of purely conventional ornament. This must be the case sometimes in branches of inferior art, as in the engraving of metals and the printing of dresses; and patterns of this kind may often be very beautiful in Illumination, if drawn by persons constantly practising in higher studies.

Something of colouring may be learned from the books written on the subjects, and some knowledge of the theory of colour is very necessary to anyone engaged in ornamental design. But natural delicacy of perception, trained by study of good colouring, can alone give the power of producing compositions as brilliant and lovely as those of the mosaics and illuminations of the middle ages. If a group of colouring will bear another fragment of any tint, it is imperfect without that tint: if there is one piece of colour which could be dispensed with, that piece is spoiling the whole. In this gift of colouring the French school is unrivalled. It came to perfection towards the close of the twelfth century, and continued through the thirteenth century an almost faultless system of brilliant colouring. With the fourteenth century appears to have grown up a taste for paler colouring, and though very lovely, the harmonies are rarely so perfect as in the preceding century.

There is one kind of book ornamentation, which seems to be rarely practised, but which is specially suitable for printed works, and of which neither the execution nor the printing would be attended by so many difficulties as real Illumination. Borders and initial letters well designed, and drawn in outline with coloured inks, would constitute a very effective species of decoration, and one which was in fact practised to some extent by the illuminators of the fourteenth century. An edition of 'The Imitation of Christ,' published some years since by Mr. Parker, is a very good specimen of this kind of ornamental drawing.

It does not seem probable that Illumination will ever occupy a more prominent position than it does now; but so far as it furnishes employment and interest to a number of educated persons, it is a means of developing an appreciation of Art, and therefore of all beauty. There are many occupations of young ladies in our day, far less healthful and profitable than would be the illustration of some poem or volume of a favourite author, of Tennyson or of Keble. Moreover, there appears to be at least as much prospect of advancement in knowledge and feeling for Art by steady practice in this branch of it, as the average kind of landscape sketches give promise of. But at any rate, it is certain that to learn day by day something in any one branch of knowledge, is one of the best and purest pleasures granted to men; as also it is one of the chief sources of helpfulness to others.

(Concluded.) A. C. OWEN.

THE EIGHT-POINTED CROSS; OR, STARS IN THE EAST.

'Star of the East, how sweet art thou,
Seen in life's early morning sky.'

IN the chief room of the Grand Palace of St. Juan de Panetes, in Saragossa, is a fine collection of pictures or busts of the principal Knights of St. John; and hanging on the wall, just over the raised seat of honour, there is a most curious interesting relic.

It was a representation of the St. John's Cross—known generally as the 'Maltese'—the design clearly indicating the full deep symbolical meaning attached to that cross, the chief Order-decoration of the Knights of St. John, under which bravely fighting, they made their deeds immortal in the history of all nations.

In the centre of the representation stands the cross of the Order, over the cross a crown. From each of the eight points of the cross, a line stretches out to a circle, over which a word is written, supposed to have some special knightly reference. The two upper northern points, over which the crown hangs, have the following: over the left point, '*Terror*,' over the right, '*Turcorum*.' In the circle under '*Terror*,' is written '*Beati pauperes spir., quoniam ipsorum est regnum cœlorum;*' under '*Turcorum*,' '*Beati mites quoniam ipsi possiderunt terram*.' The two points on the left, have '*Prudencia*,' and the Spanish word '*Fortaleza*.' In the circle under '*Prudencia*,' is '*Beati qui lugent* *quoniam consolabuntur;*' under '*Fortaleza,*' '*Beati misericordes,*' &c. From the two points on the right, are '*Justicia,*' and '*Temblanza.*' Under the former, '*Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiæ,*' &c.; under the latter, '*Beati cand. cordis, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt.*' Under the lower southern points, are the words, '*Sub istis Signis,*' and '*Militamus;*' and in the respective circles, '*Beati pacifici,*' &c., and '*Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam, quoniam ipsorum est regn. cœl.*'

The eight-pointed cross worn by the Knights, has the double meaning of a star and a cross. As a star, from whose rays stream out the blessings to the true followers of St. John, it is white, as being the sign of purity, spotlessness, the lustre of that Star of Promise, which shone out to the shepherds on the Holy night; the clear Light of Truth, which burst upon the dwellers in the region and shadow of death. It is at once the symbol of Light and Life, and of the death-sacrifice of the greatest Love! Thus the representation, with its lines and symbols, gives the whole guiding code of the Order of the Knights of St. John.

Romance, superstition, bigotry, are the only fruits some bring out from the perusal of the knightly record, judging merely from the rusty over-growth and withered fruits, and maybe poisonous parasites, instead of considering the seed, the root, the core, and the first-fruits. Well would it be for all Christians, whether in reporting of the deeds of the 'Dark ages,' or of the deeds of this 'Age of Light,' to bear in mind, that 'There was never anything by the wit of man so well devised, or so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted,' and to draw largely on their faith, hope, and charity, when they find that the 'original and ground of the same was not ordained but of a good purpose, and for a great advancement of godliness.'

Fortunately my pen cannot keep pace with my thoughts—or this paper might expand to an undesired degree—as they flit back, far back, to the early days; even to the lonely desert, listening with the first followers of St. John, to

'the lore the Baptist taught,
The soul unswerving, and the fearless tongue;'

bringing away a lesson of self-setting-aside, and the power springing therefrom to win others. He preached not himself. He counted 'it gain his light should wane, so the whole world to Jesus throng.'

Back to the Angel-guarded sepulchre; back to the days when the Emperor Constantine ordered a splendid cupola to be built over what was believed to be the same. Lingering amongst the glories and sufferings of the crusading times, the comparatively peaceful days enjoyed

'In the golden prime
Of good Haroun-al-Raschid!'

Then to the renewed pitiless persecutions of the Christians, and the undaunted increasing vigour of the brave Knights of St. John; their dispersion, the scenes in Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta! their splendid buildings, churches, hospitals, noble ruins of them remaining to this day—all this I must leave, to bring you without further delay to my intended starting point, to the sunny land of Syria, to beautiful Beyrout.

Just out of the town is a good carriage-road, many buildings along the same worth noting, but now I must linger only on one point of interest. On the left-hand side of the road are to be seen large iron gates, the white eight-pointed cross introduced into the design. On entering, one sees natural terraces, one upon the other, formed of huge rocks. Further on, a flight of regular stone steps leads up to the highest terrace, which is bordered by flower-beds. And what a view! just below are white, one-storied, green-shuttered, flat-roofed houses, standing in gardens of orange trees, olive, and palm trees, with sturdy cactus hedges. And beyond is the calm blue sea, with its many fishing and sponge-collecting boats; and steamers, Turkish, Austrian, English, Russian, and French, looking often more like 'painted ships upon a painted ocean.' But this same calm blue sea has its stormy dark moods. It is not often demonstrative, but I *have* seen it chafe and dash against the rocks, and heave up mighty waves, send them roaring and foaming on the shore, as if to give some indications of its hidden power. And to the right is the glorious range of the Lebanon, with its wonderful contrast of wintry snowy summits, and lower points of summer glow, and at its base the emerald embroidery of spring.

Across the terrace, then a few more stone steps, and you stand at the entrance door of a fine, large, modern building; it is the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, founded by that Order in 1866. On the roof waves the blood-red banner, with its white cross proclaiming, not as in olden times, war, death to the Infidel! but, 'Peace on earth, good will towards men,' the star pointing out where Christ, in His poor, is to be found. (St. Matt. xxv. 40.)

Lately, the newspapers have been full of Eastern descriptions; the brilliant doings at Constantinople, the opening of the Suez Canal, &c. Grand and surprising as all must have been, I would place in rank of equal surprise and interest, a scene which took place in this Hospital a few days ago. In the reception-room—a fine large lofty room, with a dark massive-beamed ceiling, and a marble floor, in the centre of which is a large Maltese cross white on black; the same design, but white on red, over the entrance to the room—a party was assembled to witness the Christmas Tree which was provided for all the patients who could manage to crawl from their rooms. The tree, a present from the Pacha, was brought from the pine forest on the Damascus road. It was the best arranged one I have seen. It had the customary amount of glittering pendants, and wreaths formed of leaves cut out of red leather, and white paper flowers, and gilded leather leaves and acorns. At the foot of the tree was a model of a three-storied tower. It was made simply of sugar and almonds, by one of the patients, a native of Damascus. The natural taste and delicate handiwork of the Orientals is really wonderful. If, with these weak materials, he can produce such a work of art as this undoubtedly is, what would he not accomplish with due fitting help? I thought of Canova's early attempts, his 'Lion,' first modelled in butter! The tree was a blaze of light; and on the wall, just behind the tree, were placed two palm branches, looking like huge feathers with glittering diamonds, tapers being fixed all along the firm middle stem. The gifts were arranged on a table, a plate of oranges, nuts, bonbons, and cakes, (strong garments to some,) and a bag of tobacco, with a box of matches, to each sick man; mandilles (coloured handkerchiefs) &c., to the women; toys and bags to the Arab children. One patient who had left, sent the handkerchiefs; and another who had been a year in the Hospital, gave the bags of tobacco. The trouble of arrangement fell on the Sisters; and hard work it must have been for them, in their short intervals of rest from attending to the sick, to provide a present for each, and to get through all the needle-work which the men's garments required. An English gentleman, who has never seen the Hospital, but who was interested in accounts of it, has lately sent from Liverpool a first-rate sewing-machine, which will be of great use, also many toys for the children.

About five o'clock all was ready. The men patients, dressed in striped blue and white, came in and took their seats quietly, then the women, then the children, two and two. The harmonium was played in the next room, and a sweet Christmas hymn was sung. Afterwards the children sang a Christmas carol in Arabic. Short addresses, explaining the holy Christmas story, were given in German and Arabic. On this occasion one felt that the tree of light, with its manifold gifts, was no unmeaning toy, but a clear symbol. One man, a Druse, brought back his presents, and said, 'They are all very good and beautiful, but I dare not take them, they are from the Messias.' All of earth's pilgrims are admitted, on due application: they who can, pay; others are received gratis. North, South, East, and West, have their suffering representatives. At one time there were even natives of Finland, sailors. English sailors are often brought to this Hospital; and last summer, a captain was here for some weeks. A poor Greek priest remained for many months; I believe it was a case of foot-amputation. The doctor, a highly educated Prussian, has been wonderfully successful in most difficult surgical operations, and in apparently incurable cases of eye-disease.

I forgot to mention, with the other tree-accompaniments, some ingeniously formed baskets, which an Arab had made out of the palm leaves, which had been put up in honour of the Crown Prince of Prussia's visit to the Hospital, November 9th.

I could relate many circumstances connected with the Hospital, which I am sure would interest; but I must bring my little sketch, imperfect as it is, to a close.

Beyrout, December, 1869. T. G. E.

FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

ENGLAND'S DOINGS GREAT AND SMALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST.'

THE war has called forth many sympathies, and much good feeling and kind-heartedness from England; although the countries concerned are something slow and loath to recognize the fact. We can scarcely go for a call or a friendly visit into one house in five, (to keep within the mark,) without being asked either for a contribution of linen, or to help to pull charpie or sew bandages. Every day as we read our morning paper, we note with warm interest the rapid increase of the funds for the 'Sick and Wounded.' If we are shopping in town, we perceive one and another large house of business—a circulating library at the West-end, a restaurant in Oxford Street, a chemist here, a large china warehouse there, and so forth—with the red-cross flag hung out as a signal that subscriptions are received within. Even at the corners of the streets we find boys in badge and uniform with closed boxes, entitled to take our money 'for the sufferers in the present war.' Music is composed and sold for their benefit;* concerts are given in their aid. We have sermons for them. Part of our Offertories are spared for them; and many are the little and great acts of self-denial that are being practised, that something more still shall go to the Patriotic Funds; although we do not, and cannot perhaps be expected to do, so much as the young pupils of certain Pensions at St. Denis, of whom we heard at the commencement of the war: 'Les élèves de la maison de la Légion d' Honneur à St. Denis, celles des maisons d' Ecouen, et des Loges, ont demandés spontanément que la somme consacrée annuellemet á l' époque des grands concours, à l' achat de prix, fût envoyée aux soldats de l' armée du Rhin. Elles la destinent à soulager les blessés de notre vaillante armée.'

Alas for this valiant army, of whom we are told that scarcely one remains at the present moment not dead, or wounded, or sick, or imprisoned!

It is pleasant to know, however, that also at St. Denis—and it may be a probable type of other places—'pendant toute la durée de la guerre, les employés du ministère, des lettres, des sciences, et des beaux arts, abandonneront chaque mois pour la souscription patriotique une journée de leurs appointements'—and that numberless youths of the medical schools at once volunteered to use their vacation in helping in the ambulance service.

However, to return at once to our own home doings, we must not forget that some of our most hard-worked medical men have also thus self-devoted themselves this summer, and that, in their wake, self-denying women have followed, whose heart's yearning shall one day be fulfilled in the Saviour's words: 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me: inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

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* We have before us a spirited rendering of the 'Wacht am Rhein,' with music by F. Weber, resident organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace; which is sold by the composer, (price one shilling,) for the benefit of the sick and wounded, and which has already realized the sum of forty pounds!

Last, not least, we would mention that the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have set apart for the service of the German army a staff of well-trained colporteurs. They follow the movements of the soldiers from place to place. They have authority to distribute gratuitously any number of Gospels or Testaments, where there is manifest eagerness to possess a copy, without the means of paying for it. In other cases, a New Testament may be obtained for a groschen, (a penny farthing.) Some of the colporteurs having themselves served in the ranks, know the best modes of reaching those, whose habits, associations, and temptations, are connected with military life.

To the French Association for the Sick and Wounded, the Bible Society has sent 390 Bibles, 2250 Testaments, and 4315 Gospels. An additional supply of 10,000 Testaments has been asked for, and 25,000 Gospels. A colporteur distributed 4,000 Gospels amongst the marines alone, at Cherbourg. Another colporteur has found his way among the three hundred Turkos, who are prisoners at Ulm. All that we have hitherto heard of these savage troops, has been repulsing and horrifying in the extreme, apparently justifying their not infrequent cognomen of 'wild beasts;' but M. Lowitz, having been employed as a missionary in Algiers, and knowing Arabic well, has visited them 'on behalf of an English religious society,' and seems to have succeeded in bringing to light some better aspect of their dark character. He recently received permission from the military authorities at Ulm to address them. They were accordingly directed to meet in an out-work of the fort for a religious sermon. Many of the officers, curious to see what would take place, were present. First appeared a priest, who had somehow managed to gain access to them, and who read one after the other several chapters of the Kòran, but in so low a voice, as to be scarcely understood; and presently they all began to say, 'Stop now, we have had enough.'

Then M. Lowitz came forward, took the Kòran from the hands of the priest, and read out the first chapter slowly and distinctly, causing each sentence to be repeated after him by the Turkos, which attracted their interest. When he delivered an address, they nodded, and called out frequently, 'That is true, that is true.' At the close he prayed. After which, the Turkos came up to him, kissed his hand, and said, 'You are sent by God.'

Side by side with these greater efforts, smaller have run hand in hand, as already intimated.

One of these that will be perhaps the least known out of London, is the 'Exhibition of Works of Art' gratuitously presented for the relief of destitute widows and orphans of Germans killed in the war; and under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Crown-Princess of Prussia, and their Excellencies the Ambassadors of the North German Confederation and Bavaria; held at the Gallery of the New British Institution, 39, Old Bond Street.

Some people have objected to it as being *only* for the Germans. We will not now enter into the right or wrong of this objection, but merely make some slight notice of the Exhibition itself.

A little introduction to the catalogue of pictures gives the following account of its intention and origin.

'The project of this Exhibition originated with the German Academic Society, supported by the German artists of London; but its promoters have to gratefully acknowledge the large and very generous assistance they have received from English artists and amateurs, and also from several Continental artists.

'The measure of success which the Exhibition may attain will doubtless be also largely due to the attraction of the contributions graciously presented by Her Royal Highness the Crown-Princess of Prussia, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, for which the Committee humbly tender their sincerest thanks.

'The Committee have the gratification to add that Her Royal Highness the Crown-Princess of Prussia has graciously consented to place the Exhibition under her immediate patronage, and to superintend the distribution of its proceeds, and that of the subscriptions connected therewith. The Committee have further gratefully to acknowledge the kind patronage of His Excellency Count Bernstorff, Ambassador of the North German Confederation, and His Excellency Count Hompesch, Ambassador of Bavaria. The Committee desire also to thank the Proprietor for the loan of the Gallery, together with the services of the attendants, during the period the Gallery is not engaged for the Exhibitions of the New British Institution.'

Contributions of works of art are still invited, and continue to be thankfully received.

We hear that it is proposed to continue the Exhibition until Christmas, but cannot at present say whether it positively will be so. Works remaining unsold will be disposed of by the Committee, for the benefit of the Fund, by means of the Prize Drawing, particulars of which are annexed.

Subscriptions for the Fund will be thankfully received (of any amount) at the Union Bank, Argyll Place, Regent Street; by Herr J. Wolf, Treasurer, 59, Berners Street; Herr Kümpel, Honorary Secretary, 20, Newman Street; and Mr. T. J. Gullick, Honorary Secretary, at the Gallery, 39, Old Bond Street.

Tickets for the Prize Drawing are sold at one shilling each, or can be had in books of twenty for £1.

The Prize Drawing is fixed to take place on the 30th and 31st of December, 1870, at the German Academic Society, 4, Hanway Street, London, between the hours of nine and twelve a.m. The results of the Drawing will be publicly advertised in the 'Daily News,' and the German papers, on January 2nd.

Remittances and applications for tickets, to be addressed to the Treasurer, J. Wolf, 59, Berners Street, W., or to any member of the two Committees, and at the Exhibition Gallery.

The works of art, already designated for the Prize Drawing, are labelled in the Exhibition, 'Reserved for the Prize Drawing.'

On looking through the catalogue one feels a little surprised, and perhaps disappointed at first, on finding so few names of any note, or indeed that one knows at all. The eye and mind rest gladly on such as Carl Haag, Britton, Rivière, Goodall, and one or two others of that stamp; and with interest on those of our loved and talented Princesses; C. Bauerle's, Count Gleichen's, and two or three other familiar names, greet us further on, and then we soon become lost in a maze and wilderness of lady-amateurs.

A friend, on looking through our catalogue, exclaimed, 'Oh, I thought all our English artists would have joined, and sent some of their best.' But we explained that what went was to be *sold* for the benefit of the Fund, not only *exhibited* for it. This, of course, altered the case; and yet what some have done, others might also have managed to do, more or less perhaps, if it had occurred to them. Meanwhile, the managers of the Exhibition express themselves most thankfully and gratefully for the success so far attained and the measure of interest shewn.

Certainly there is a great deal of trash in the collection, among a few very good things. But we are bidden by an old English proverb not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and these being all gift-horses, the Committee very wisely did not attempt to look them in the mouth; but, as one of the Secretaries said to us, 'What we received, we hung. It was not a case of examining into merits, and accepting or refusing, as at the Academy, you know!'

And so there they all are, from some daubs of unframed illuminations, to a set of etchings by Sir Edwin Landseer; and from the crudest of lady's sketches to Carl Haag's original study of the Arciere Veniziano, which is one of those reserved for the Prize Drawing, valued at £42; up to the finished pictures of their Royal Highnesses, some of which are priced at £525.

'Five hundred pounds!' grunted a bluff country visitor, as he shaded his eyes and scanned one of these; 'and it's worth about ten!'

'I dare say it's worth what it says,' suggested his mild little wife. And we thought she was probably right. If only for the interest of knowing whose autograph the picture bears, and for sympathy with the occasion of its exhibition, someone who can afford it, will probably gladly pay the sum.

The two pictures thus highly priced are, however, to our mind, not so attractive as their pathetic companion-piece, also by the Crown-Princess of Prussia, bearing the title, 'Widowed and Childless,' and representing a poor old peasant woman, in her little close-fitting German cap, cowering in the dark over the dying embers on her lonely hearth, with hands clasped on her knees, and downcast eyes, a few pieces of scant old-fashioned furniture all that bears an approach to any aspect of comfort about her. This is priced at £262. Above it hangs a 'Portrait of a Canadian Lady,' a sweet young face, half sad, half frolicsome, excellently rendered in coloured chalks, by the Princess Louise, who has also contributed a marble bust of Her Highness Princess Amelie of Saxe Coburg, and some paintings.

There is a very lovely enamel painting of the 'Madonna at the Cross,' after the original of Delaroche at Berlin, by C. Schmidt, for the Prize Drawing, which we gazed at long with pleasure, so soft and sweet and tender is the expression, and the rendering. Not so did we feel about a more vigorously executed 'Head of the Saviour,' enamel, after Guido, by Miss M. Tekusch. It is not the face of Him that one would have chosen to copy.

Just close by there hangs a quaint picture, called the 'The Old Grandmother,' by C. Webb. A wrinkled but kindly-faced old lady sits life-like in her tall Swiss cap of dark print, her feet on a wooden chauffrette filled with charcoal, her crutch laid aside, while she peels her potatoes into a large red earthen bowl on her lap. She has no son at the war. Perhaps she is thanking God for it in her humble way; or maybe she is just saying to herself that Fritz will be glad of his coffee and potatoes when he gets home with the cows from pasture.

There is a pretty view of the old bridge at Bedd Gelert, with a very good effect of a distant rain shower on the mountains; and a capital picture of Sancho Panza finding his lost pet. This is for the Prize Drawing. Near it is another for the Prize Drawing, called 'Broadwater Meadows,'—a flat cold thing, against which we wrote, 'Hope we sha'n't get it,' for we took a ticket 'in aid of the Fund.'

A study of a head of an old Eastern, by Carl Haag, is of course good; and there is a street view in Cairo, with mosque of the Grand Vizier, by J. A. Bemell, which is also good—an interesting group, but too pale and tender in colour, and everyone much too trim and clean looking, from the old Mussulman whiffing his hookah as he ponders his next move on the chess-board, to the camels and their drivers passing near at hand: the doves indeed may be allowed their silken looks, for they *can* come out of the potsherds and dust-heaps on the roof-tops with silver wings and feathers like gold; but we scarcely know any other living things in or about Cairo that look ever so proper and clean as do these of Mr. Bemell's.

Miss C. G. Cruikshank has contributed a very beautiful girl's face, with the motto, 'Pregar, pregar, ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati.'

Of course we have magnum-bonum plums and fruits and flowers, and still life, and sketches from nature; but why *will* artists in such cases choose such unnatural looking nature?

There are two other pictures for the Prize Drawing; one called 'Nursing the Baby,'—a raw boned *bona-fide* cow, licking her calf in a stable; and the other called 'A Sketch:' against the one we wrote, 'What should we do with the cow and calf if we get it?' and against the other, 'or with this young lady?'

Lady Theodore Grosvenor has sent a beautiful copy from Cuyp—which in Holland, we may observe, is pronounced Coyp—the cows, the bridge, and the herds-boy, all standing clear, as if carved in relief, against the background of evening sky.

Someone sends a 'seascape' from nature, the only thing to be noted about it being its title.

E. A. Goodall has sent a pretty picture of Pallanza on Lago Maggiore; and P. R. Morris, a touching little thing called 'The Prisoner's Charity—an oil study for a picture,'—a haggard criminal stretching forth his lean hand through his prison bars, with a morsel of bread for two wandering minstrels, a woman and her emaciated sleeping boy.

It is invidious to single out pictures by name: there are several pretty landscapes; one of Arran, by Miss Gillies, in which a girl reaper, with white sun-bonnet, pinned back by the flap, looks picturesquely Italian; A Race-day on Minehead Sands; A View of the River Derwent; 'A Scene in Harvest Time,' by Britten Willis; Frondjem, Norway, by F. Dillon; Chillon, by Lady Louise Cotes; and others; and among the sculpture we would mention especially a dancing girl, cast in stearine, by Count Gleichen; a portfolio of prints, drawings, and photographs, have been contributed by various people; also a silver enamelled wine-cup by Mr. Carl Krall, and an oxydized card-tray by Mr. Burkentin.

We looked around us with deep interest at all—good, bad, and indifferent; and hoped that, 'many men' being of 'many minds,' those that did not please us might please someone else, and that each might at least fulfil in some way the charitable intentions of the donor. At all events, it is a good thing to be ready to give and to distribute; and looked upon in that light, not a picture there but had its own little halo of interest. May others go and do likewise!

THINGS.

'"What! from Disorder do you frightened start?"
Matilda clasped sweet Order to her heart,
And said, "From thee, best friend, I'll never part."'

'Oh dear me! here we are in the last week but one of the holidays. How dreadfully fast the days do go!' said a little girl of seven, yawning as she looked about her for something to do.

'Ah, Jessie, you don't know *something*,' said a sister three or four years older. 'Mamma came in here while all of you were out yesterday, and looked into all the drawers and cupboards, and said that they were not fit to be seen, and we must have a regular great tidying before Miss Jones comes back, and *your* shelf was the worst of all; and when Mamma opened the cupboard door, your doll that the mice ate came tumbling out, and the bran came pouring out of her arm, and there *was* such a mess.'

'Well, I'm sure it's not my fault, at any rate,' exclaimed Sarah, the eldest sister. 'I am always telling Jessie and the boys to put away their things, but they always say they will presently, and then they leave them and leave them till the tea comes in, and then I have to clear everything on to the piano, and they get all mixed up with the music and things, and there they stay.'

'It isn't so much the *things* that I care about,' said Millicent, 'it's the things that aren't exactly *things* at all that make it so tiresome; and when I told Mamma that, what do you think she said? (I think that part will be rather fun,)—that we had better have a sort of parliament, and get the boys to come too, and all make speeches, and consider what could be done—for all she would settle about it was that *something must* be done.'

'I don't believe it will be much good,' said Sarah. 'Arthur might help, certainly—but Reggie and Freddie! I know what they'll do—make a most fearful noise, and turn out their shelves and drawers on the floor, and then go off, and leave us to put them in again.'

'Oh, but Sarah! do let them come too,' said Jessie; 'it won't be anything like a parliament with only four.'

At this both the others laughed very much, and it was agreed that as it seemed to be setting in for a regular wet afternoon, Jessie should be sent to look for the boys.

'And mind you bring *Arthur*, at any rate,' was Sarah's parting injunction; 'the others will be unbearable without him.'

A quarter of an hour later, Arthur (a pleasant-looking boy of seventeen) was stationed with his back against the mantel-piece, and an absorbed expression in his eyes and mouth. The rest having arranged themselves round him in a sort of semi-circle, waited for him to speak, till Freddie, who had seated himself on the table, grew restless, and in re-arranging himself, sat down on the ink-bottle, over-tipping it, and breaking several quill pens which had been left in it.

This brought down a chorus of indignation on poor Freddie, who was desired to come down and sit on a stool by the fire; and when order was in some degree restored, Arthur cleared his throat in an impressive manner, and began.

'In the present alarming crisis, I am sure you must all feel that strong measures are necessary, and that no time should be lost; but in the first place I wish to propose, that everyone present should prepare a paper (to be read at our next meeting) on untidiness in general, and on what he considers to be the reasons (I should say causes) of the deplorable condition in which we behold our beloved school-room, and the best means of avoiding the same for the future, when once order has been restored.'

Arthur then bowed low to the audience, and sat down amidst a deafening applause, which lasted for several minutes, and ended in Freddie's foot coming down on the handle of the poker, which kicked up and hit him on the nose.

'Order! order!' cried Reginald in a thundering voice, as he rose to reply.

'Stop! wait! not quite so fast, please,' objected his brother. 'I spoke first, as chairman of the meeting; but I think we'll hear the opinions of the ladies before you and Freddie speak.'

Now Reginald being as near in age to one brother as he was to the other, had a particular objection to being classed with Freddie, and liked to consider that he was one of the elder ones, whenever his inveterate love of noise and commotion allowed him to think about it. So he sat down again with rather a cross face, and Sarah began.

'Well, what I think about it is, that we shall spend all the time in talking and writing these grand essays which won't be any good, when this wet afternoon is just the time to get it all done.'

This had some sense in it, no doubt; but it sounded very uninteresting, and no one clapped except Jessie, who was afraid that Sarah would be disappointed.

After this short speech delivered in rather a desponding manner, Sarah sat down, leaned back, and waited with rather a contemptuous expression to hear what the others would say.

Millicent took her place, stood silent for a minute, and during that time grew very red, and then said, 'I don't think I know what to say; Jessie, do speak first.'

'Oh yes, do, Millie,' said Arthur encouragingly. 'You needn't make much of a speech, but just say whether you agree with Sarah or me.'

'Well, then, I think *you* are right,' said Millie, 'for if we could make out what makes the shelves and things do like that, perhaps they wouldn't get just as bad again directly after we've done them, as they always do.'

'Hear! hear!' cried Arthur, delighted; and he clapped and stamped so vigorously, that Sarah said he was 'as bad as Reggie and Freddie.'

Jessie said that 'she should like to write about it, because then they need not begin to tidy directly, and tidying was so nasty.'

Reginald, who had been impatiently waiting for his turn, then sprang to his feet, and began. 'In my opinion, the honourable gentleman who first honoured us with—who first—who spoke first—left out the most important part of what he ought to have said, which is, that while you are all settling how to prevent the place from getting into the same state another time—the real difficulty is what to do with it now; where are you to begin? just look at Sarah's shelf, for instance; did you ever see such a pig-sty?'

'Order!' cried Arthur; 'it isn't manners to mention names in parliament;' and as Reginald tried to proceed without minding the interruption, he added very loud, 'Time's up! Now, Freddie, it's your turn.'

Freddie, who had not been paying very particular attention to anything, said, 'That he rose to second everybody,' (laughter and cheers.) 'and that he saw nothing for it but a bonfire of almost everything, in which he would help with great pleasure; and then they could make a fresh start with empty shelves, which could easily be kept tidy; and Miss Jones would be so pleased to find all the books gone, because then she could teach what she liked all out of her own head.' Then he resumed his seat, and helped in the clapping and stamping with great good will.

Arthur then got up again, and said, 'At the suggestion of a certain honourable gentleman, I rise to propose that in the papers we are going to write, we should also consider the chief difficulties in the way of putting the room in order now.'

'Hear, hear!' cried Reginald, much flattered.

'Now then, Sarah, do let us find some paper and pencils, and begin,' exclaimed Millicent; and they were soon all seated round the table, writing busily, or thinking deeply.

Jessie was the first to speak. 'Please, Sarah, how am I to begin? My dear—like a letter? but then, my dear who?'

Sarah laughed; and Arthur said, 'If you like, you can begin "Dear Mr. Chairman,"—that will mean me, you know.'

Jessie stared at him for a minute, and then said, 'Oh! then I think I'll begin "My dear Mrs. Chair-woman," because I'd rather mean Sarah.'

'All right,' said Arthur, laughing; 'that will do just as well.'

Everyone was very quiet for about half an hour, and then Freddie suddenly pushed back his chair, exclaiming as he did so, 'I say, what rot this all is, when we might be doing something jolly! I shall go.'

'Oh no, Freddie; do finish first,' said Millicent.

'Well, I've said everything there is to say; and if you act upon it, my dear, it'll be all right,' said Freddie, making a comical face; and he went out, slamming the door.

Reginald heartily wished himself with him, but he chose to do as Arthur did, and stayed where he was.

Presently a servant came in with the tea-things, and they were all obliged to move from the table.

'Who has finished?' said Arthur.

'I have,' said Sarah, handing him a folded paper.

Millicent and Jessie said they 'hadn't quite,' and went on writing at the piano while the tea-things were being set.

Reginald said it was 'such a silly sort of thing, he didn't believe there was anything worth saying about it,' but nevertheless he continued to scribble.

'Arthur,' cried Freddie, bursting into the room, 'Mamma wants (Oh! here's the grub already, that's first-rate!) Mamma and Papa want to know what's been keeping you and Sarah so quiet all the afternoon, so of course I had to tell them what we've been doing, and they say they want us to come and read them down-stairs after tea.'

'O Sarah!' cried Millicent, 'how can we? what shall I do? I never should have written anything if I had known that Papa was going to hear them.'

'But you see you're caught now,' said Arthur; 'and it's just as bad for me. *I'm* awfully frightened, but I think we had better do it; and we can shuffle them all up together, and read them as they come, and then no one will know which is which, you know.'

Millicent brightened up a little at this new idea, and they took their places at the table.

Arthur usually dined with his father and mother at half-past seven, but that did not prevent him from coming to tea in the school-room at half-past five; and Sarah was glad of his help sometimes, for Freddie always considered that Miss Jones's absence gave him a certain liberty, and the consequence was that he tried many and surprising experiments with his tea and bread and butter. To-night, however, he did nothing worse than attempting to re-fill his own cup while Sarah was not looking, and in his hurry getting his elbow into some jam on Jessie's plate. In spite of this little accident, however, tea was over sooner than Millicent could have wished it to be; and she felt rather queer, as she would have expressed it, as she followed the others to the drawing-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey soon joined them there; and when they had all collected round the fire, Arthur produced the papers, and began to read the one which happened to be uppermost. It was called

'THE GREAT MESS THAT THE SCHOOL-ROOM'S IN.'

'The reason why it's in such a dreadful state, I think is partly that Miss Jones is away.' Some of the audience laughed, and Millicent looked into the fire, while Arthur went on, 'But one thing is that we are often in a hurry, because we want to do something different; and then we put things away just for now to make room on the table, and mean to put them right presently, and then we don't, but put in some more things on the top, and then everything gets full, and then the room gets full; and when once it is tidy, if we always put everything away properly, it will keep tidy. But why it is so difficult to put it tidy, is because of the things that we don't want, and that are not any good, and yet they are so odd that they can't be burnt; but I have not time to say all about them, so I must stop.'

'That's exceedingly good,' said Mr. Carey; 'which of you wrote it? You must tell me, for I can't guess.'

'No, no, Papa,' said Arthur; 'you mustn't be told till you have heard the others; we mixed them all up on purpose.'

'I know,' said Reginald, 'as well as if I had looked at the writing.'

'Very likely,' replied Arthur. 'This paper is headed

"ORDER."'

'Some people have what is called the organ of order, and that is very lucky for them, because it saves them a great deal of trouble, for they always *like* to put their things neatly away when they have done with them, and to mend them when they are broken, and so of course they have not any trouble about it; and therefore, if it can be found out which of the family has this gift most, the best way will be for that one to have the business of keeping the school-room tidy, and then it will all be easy. The chief difficulty in the way of getting it into order to begin with is, the lots of things that don't belong to anyone; but there ought to be an auction of them, and then they will be done with.'

'And what must all the others do, I wonder, to make up for throwing so much work on one?' said Mrs. Carey, smiling. 'I am afraid I know the old lazy-boots that wrote that, but of course I must not guess till we have heard the others.'

'This one has no title,' said Arthur, and began to read.

'Very few people really like to live in an untidy room, except perhaps Irish people; and I don't think that many people would be untidy if they lived alone, but seeing other people's things lying about that they can't put away because they don't know where to put them, makes them think that it's no use to put away their own things.'

Arthur read the last few words in rather a shaky voice, and then fairly gave it up and went off into fits of laughing. As soon as he could speak, he said, 'I am very sorry, it's very rude of me, but I really couldn't help it, so I hope the author won't mind; it's so exactly like somebody, that I thought you must have guessed.'

'I don't know at all,' said Mr. Carey.

'I can't think,' said Jessie; 'and I think Arthur is a very funny boy to sit laughing.'

'Well, I think I can finish now,' he answered; and went on reading.

'I think it would be a good plan if we took it in turns to be the one to put the room tidy in the evening, and then that one must take everything that is left about up into the old lumber-room in the attics; and having the trouble of fetching them when we want them, might make us remember to put them away next time.'

Arthur stamped with one foot as he finished reading it, and Mr. and Mrs. Carey said it was 'a capital idea, whoever it came from.'

'Here is a very short one,' said Arthur.

'TIDINESS.'

'Keeping places tidy is a most awful bother, but girls ought to do it, because when men have wives they always do it.'

'I hope somebody's wife will agree with him,' said Mr. Carey, laughing. 'I wonder what Mamma would say to me if I was never to put away anything that I took out.'

'Well, then,' said Freddie, forgetting that he was betraying himself, 'when I am grown up I shall have a servant on purpose.'

'O Freddy, your tidying servant would soon give warning, I am afraid,' said his mamma.

Arthur took up the next paper, and began.

'We let our places get untidy, not because we like it, or even because we don't care, but simply to save trouble: leaving a thing on the table, instead of putting it on a shelf; or putting pens and pencils into the paper drawer, because the right drawer is on the other side of the table; or stuffing things into a cupboard through a small opening without looking, because a chair happens to be standing against it, instead of using a second hand—are expedients that save very little trouble certainly, but they seem worth while at the time that we do them, even though we might not be able to give any particular reason why a *minute then* is more valuable than *half an hour* a week or two afterwards. In the same way, people often try to carry more things than they can, and spend a good deal of time in piling them up, and drop half of them on the way, and have to pile them up a second time, and still after all feel pleased that they have saved themselves a second journey, although only of a few yards.

'So much for the great trouble people take to save themselves trouble.

The difficulties in the way of putting the places to rights, seem to me to require another meeting of parliament, when everyone might exhibit specimens of the things that he is most at a loss to dispose of.'

'And here is the last,' said Arthur, and began to read without leaving time for any comments.

'My dear Mrs. Chair-woman, I wish the mess was tidy. I think the dolls make some of it, but the littel doll's-house *was* tidy, and you have put big Sophy in there on the tabel wile they were at diner, plese dont.'

'That was *very* shocking,' said Mrs. Carey; 'if it was my house I don't think I should employ that char-woman any more.'

'Now then for the guessing,' said Mr. Carey. 'I can't be quite sure whether the last but one was Arthur's or Sarah's.'

'Oh! I thought Arthur had betrayed me,' said Sarah; 'it was too bad of you, Arthur, to laugh so much.'

'Poor old Sally! so it was,' he answered; 'but if I begin to laugh when I am reading, I can't stop.'

'So that was yours about the lumber-room, Sarah,' said her father. 'I liked that very much; and yours too, Arthur.—As for yours, Sir,' turning to Reginald, 'come here and let me feel your head, and if I find a bump of order, we'll lead you a life that will soon cure you of laziness.'

But unhappily there was a hollow where order should have been, so he only got his hair pulled.

'And now, Millie, I want to see some of these things that are too odd to be burnt; run and fetch some of them.'

So Millie and Jessie were despatched to the school-room to collect specimens; and after a few minutes they returned with a very remarkable collection. Clothes belonging to deceased dolls, and which were too big or too small for any of their successors; boxes which had lost their lids, and lids which had lost their boxes, &c.; besides which, they each had a special burden of their own, which had been lying heavy on their hearts for some time. Millie's was a half-finished little piece of wool work, which Jessie thought she had given her at some former tidying of their shelves; but Millie could not remember the transaction, and as she said, 'she didn't want it to be hers, because there was a long bit to unpick before she could go on with it; and besides, the needle was lost.' And Jessie was in trouble about a doll's head, which was in very good preservation, but destitute of a body. They sighed deeply as they spread out the different articles on the rug for inspection, and did not quite know what to make of it when they found that their elders could do nothing but laugh; but presently Mrs. Carey said, 'What is the matter with that pretty wax head, Jessie, my dear? If you bring me the body to-morrow, I think I can sew it on for you.'

'But, Mamma,' said poor Jessie, looking very dismal, 'it's been off a long while, and now the body's quite gone, I can't find it anywhere.'

'Well,' said her mamma, 'but I think I see a body without a head among the things on the rug; bring it here.'

'O Mamma,' said Jessie, fairly beginning to cry, 'but that would be Emily's head and Margaret's body, I shouldn't know which she was.'

With some difficulty Mrs. Carey soothed her outraged feelings, and promised to keep Emily's head till the right body should be found. 'And as for that poor little piece of work,' she added, 'that and all other things that don't belong to anyone, may be brought to me for the present, and all the things that are too odd to be burnt; and I rather think I can find some children, whose cupboards are not quite so full as yours, and whose dolls might not mind wearing clothes that are not a very good fit.'

E. T. N.

'MY LIFE.'

[The following poem was found among the papers of a young lady recently deceased. Her parents are not aware whether it is original, and if any of our readers recognize it, would be glad of an intimation.]

'Give me my life, my God!' she cried,
  'Oh, give my life to me!
Are not the threescore years and ten
  The span that it should be?

'Why take me from this lovely world
  Full twoscore years and ten
Before the allotted time which Thou
  Hast given unto men?'

'My daughter,' said an aged man,
  Who knelt with her in tears,
'Thou hast no right thus angrily
  To clamour for thy years:

'They never did belong to thee;
  No! not one single day;
But always to that God, Who gave,
  And now Who takes away.'

The old man paused with lifted eye,
  And silent heartfelt prayer:
'My God! make Thou this erring child
  To own the loving care

'Which Thou hast ever shewn to her,
From her first long-drawn breath
Till now, when in the flush of life
Thou bidd'st her taste of death.'

* * * * *

Six weeks have passed, and once again
That aged man is there,
And kneeling by her, as before,
In silent heartfelt prayer:

But he now no longer prays for peace
On that weary heart and brain;
For the lovely blessed change has come
In that short six weeks of pain.

She now no longer wildly prays
For the time God has not given;
But awaits in faith His blessed gift,
Eternity in Heaven.

There is within her little room
A table dressed in white;
Brother and parents round it stand,
To share with her to-night

The precious Body and Blood of Him
Who came the world to save,
That so, with blessings on her path,
She may pass the still dark wave

Which Death spreads over all alike,
Though only to some it is given
To see through its gloomy shadow straight
To the bright white gates of Heaven.

'Tis ended: and peace unearthly falls
On all who witness the flight
Of that soul from the earthly tenement,
When 't has fought the bitter fight

Which everyone here below must fight,
Though everyone does not win:
Pray *thou* to the God Eternal,
That *thy* soul may enter in

To that glory inexpressible,
Which her soul has gone to view;
That so, in God's own perfect time,
Thou mayest be ready too.

BITS FROM A NOTE BOOK.

A DISTINCTIVE characteristic of woman is that she can admire at a distance, and even appreciate that which she cannot imitate, and what she knows to be most unlike herself. Men in general treat with contempt that which is out of their own line of thought or action, and one seldom values in a brother that of which there is no counterpart in himself; thus the mathematician rarely admires the poet; the meditative philosopher is seldom appreciated by the man of business. But woman is by nature a worshipper; she loves to look up and wonder and admire, nor is she reluctant to confess her inferiority; and her power of appreciation is very far in advance of her own attainments.

No doubt the whole includes its parts; yet very often the parts are withheld under the idea that the whole is given. We sometimes see a wife or mother or sister neglect little attentions, and thwart in little things, in a way she would not venture to do if she did not solace herself with the thought that 'she is altogether devoted to his happiness;' and sometimes we see a failure in consideration and domestic courtesy on the part of the man who lives and labours for his family. Many are less attractive, less polite and gentle, to their own households than to strangers, simply from this feeling; a sort of careless and unloving confidence in the reality and strength of the affection that binds them together. So that we often find the husband whose rudeness, or the wife whose fretfulness, have injured home-born happiness moment by moment, till moments amounted to days and days to years, in utter despair when separated by death; proving by their anguish when too late, that a true attachment existed, though its gentle auxiliaries were withheld. This worm gnaws at the root of a plant even holier than domestic love.

It sometimes happens that one who takes a high stand in religious profession, whose general life tends to religious objects, who feels himself one of those who are valiant for the truth upon earth, may be less startled by a wandering thought or irritable movement, less strict in devotional observances, less watchful against idle words and harsh judgements, than he would be if he were not so confident that he is on the Lord's side and altogether devoted to the Lord's service. Our present state is not like one grand sheet of water, or like the expanse of the sky; time is made up of moments, life of actions and emotions, each perhaps scarcely to be distinguished as apart from the rest, and all combining to form either a galaxy of light or a cloud of gathering gloom; yet in either case composed of small particles; and each particle must be given to its right owner none the less carefully because we intend the whole to shine to His glory. There are two opposite evils in domestic intercourse, which find their antitype in the religious life. In some there is a love of expression which gives a graceful utterance to shallow emotions, and which wins a confidence which there is not strength of purpose and depth of feeling to justify, which is calculated to win more than it bestows; in others there is a stiff and hard reluctance to all the more delicate and refined charities of society, so that there is more readiness to perform a great service than to do a gentle courtesy or avoid a slight offence; there are many who see no guilt in giving pain, no charity in giving pleasure. The one character, supposing both to have vitality, is like a tree chiefly decorated by the ivy wreaths that entwine its branches and add to its apparent foliage by a verdure not its own; the other is like a gnarled trunk, displaying neither leaf nor blossom, whereas the loving heart should ever be as a tree of life whose leaf withers not, and which ceases not from yielding fruit.

C. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. SWITHUN'S HOME.

November 14th, 1870.

My dear ——,

I want to tell you about a Home for Destitute Boys, which has been lately established in Winchester; and whether your readers regard street boys as public nuisances, or keep a warm corner in their hearts for them, I think they will alike be pleased to hear of a place where these neglected little mortals are gathered in, and trained up in good industrious ways.

The idea of attempting something for the benefit of these friendless urchins was first conceived by the Rector of the parish in which the Home is situated; and it happened that just as he was wishing to find someone who might be able to carry out his views, a young citizen, who had passed some time in a religious Brotherhood, and felt drawn towards charitable work, voluntarily came forward and offered his services. They began the undertaking very quietly and privately, without any ambitious programme or flourish of trumpets; and Marie Thérèse de Lamourou's saying—'People fancy many things needful to form a Refuge. What is wanting? This: A house of four rooms, food for a day, work for a week, six francs in the pocket,'—almost exactly sums up their notions of what was necessary for the realization of their scheme. After an experimental attempt in some rooms which were lent for the purpose, Brother William's first care was to procure a permanent house, and he lighted on a queer old tumble-down place, which had once been the Assembly Rooms of Winchester, and part of which stood on a site that had formerly been occupied by an ancient church, dedicated to St. Swithun. In remembrance of this, he determined to call the house 'St. Swithun's Home;' and after completing the purchase, removed there at once; and with the help of the few boys he had gathered round him, proceeded to make it habitable. His funds had been expended in buying the building, and therefore for its repairs he had to depend on his own hands and those of his small helpers; and for furniture and food chiefly on the kindness of the few friends who began to be interested in the undertaking, some of whom after a while formed themselves into a committee, with the Rector at their head, and undertook to a certain limited extent the supervision of the establishment.

Now, at the end of some months, St. Swithun's Home is weather-tight, clean, orderly, and sufficiently comfortable; six boys are resident in it, and four come in daily to be taught and fed, the teaching being given by Brother William and another Brother who has lately joined him, and who hopes to make himself useful in mission work among the ignorant poor around. The necessary supply of food is chiefly procured by a daily gathering from the houses of some of the gentry of the neighbourhood, who willingly give their scraps for the use of the Home; and presents of bread, rice, vegetables, &c., are received from time to time, and help out the heterogeneous store which is thus collected. Every week-day evening one of the Brothers or two of the most trustworthy of their scholars set forth on this quête, carrying with them a bag and a can, and when they return with their provender it is carefully sorted and stowed away in the little larder which opens out of the Refectory, a long low chamber with a brick floor, deal benches and tables, and a very ingenious stove, which serves both for warmth and cookery. This room is used as a school and workshop in the intervals between meals, and looks into a little cloister—the arches of which were once filled up by the bricks that now have been made to serve as flooring—and beyond that again into a small court, with a raised garden-bed and neat path along one side of it, and a pile of rock-work in the centre, among which may be seen some remains (lately dug up) of the ancient church before mentioned. Above it is a very large room, with an arched ceiling, the walls of which once echoed to the strains of minuets and cotillions and the laughter of county belles and beaux. This is now used as an Oratory, and looks like what its name implies, though its ecclesiastical decorations are necessarily few and humble. Here the household assemble to recite a short office morning and evening, and on Sundays are often joined by a number of lads from the streets, sometimes as many as seventy being got together there to take part in the simple service, and receive instruction from the Brothers. It is proposed, if funds can be obtained, to improve the fittings of this room, supplying it with chairs and so on, and thus to make it available for mission work generally; and it is especially wished that it should be ready in time for some mission services, which the Rector proposes to hold during Advent.

The second room up-stairs serves as a dormitory for the boys, and does not contain much furniture beyond a neat little row of iron bedsteads; while the second on the ground floor has just been rescued from a state of shapeless ruin, and is being converted into a community-room and study for the Brothers. Much yet remains to be done in the way of improvement, but the dwellers in St. Swithun's Home are content to get on by degrees; and as an instance of their ingenuity in making the most of what they have, it may be mentioned that their first wash-hand stand was an old stone chimney-pot, surmounted by a broken-rimmed basin which happened to fit nicely into the opening! Not that I would be understood to mean that the gamins had to scramble up to the roof to wash, like the giant who had to go up a ladder to comb his own hair; the chimney-pot had been brought down from its elevated position and safely placed on terra firma, before it was turned to this novel use.

Five of the lads now in the Home have been received gratuitously; the sixth, who comes from another town, has an annual payment of £10 made for him by someone interested in his case; and destitute boys from any part of England would be gladly received on the same terms, as there is ample accommodation for more boys in the house, though not as yet means for their gratuitous support. All six are fatherless, and were growing up untaught and uncared for, one being so neglected in health that when first admitted he seemed not likely to live, though now he has recovered and is flourishing nicely. They are all dressed alike in tunics of dark blue serge, and in future are to have a small badge, to be worn or not in token of their behaviour. In the morning they do house-work, carpentering and gardening, or make faggots for sale; in the afternoon they read, write, and cypher; and there are certain times for religious instruction, for recreation, and so on. Occasionally they have the treat of a long country walk, and collect ferns for their rockery; and each morning at 7.30 they attend Matins at the parish church, which is close at hand. Their ages vary from eight to twelve; and it is hoped that as they get older, and are sufficiently trained, places may be found for them in shops or private families. One little bright-faced fellow already earns two shillings a week by going errands for a tradesman of the city. The Brothers are very anxious to extend the work, to admit more boys as boarders, and to influence as far as possible their relations and friends, who are of the most degraded class; but it cannot be done without help. Even now the supply of food does not always quite suffice for the eight inmates of the Home and the four day-scholars, though it is not the *boys* who go without, but the kind-hearted Brothers. Gifts of plain useful furniture, especially chairs for the Oratory, kitchen utensils, blankets, clothing for the boys, food of any sort, suitable books and pictures, would be gratefully welcomed; while money of course would be *especially* acceptable. Post-office orders and stamps should be sent to

The Rev. G. A. SEYMOUR,
HOLY TRINITY RECTORY, WINCHESTER,

and gifts in kind may be sent either to him or to the Home itself, (Upper Brook Street, Winchester,) where visitors will be gladly received at any time.

With many thanks for giving me space for this letter,

I am, yours &c.,
FLORENCE WILFORD.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

28, Cottage Grove, Bow Road,
Nov. 9th, 1870.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I send with this a list of contributions to St. Luke's Church-House, for which an appeal was made by Ivanovna in the April *Monthly Packet*. It is a very favourable response, and the words I have added may induce other friends to help out the £100 for which I am liable. Let me tell you what is done. I think I sent you an extract from the *Times*, which shewed that we had completed and paid for our Church. On October 18th, the very last payment, a balance reserved for a year on the builder's account, was paid.

The beautiful mosaic reredos, and equally beautiful stained East Window, the anonymous benefaction of the giver of the chancel, were opened on September 30th, our Quarterly Service, for the first time, and the order for the North Chapel East Window has been given, another person's gift.

The Board of the Hamlet has put down the footpath flagging on Burdett Road, after a year's patient endurance of mire and wet; and now the railings on that side are to be got at once.

We had a Harvest Festival on October 6th, which was 'utterly magnificent.' I had nothing to do with it, but wonder, and preach—'Giving Him thanks.'

On October 18th, and through its octave, we had good congregations. In 26 days, from September 30th to October 25th, in 35 services the total congregations were 6,244 persons, 5 Eucharists having 80 Communicants. Of these services, 22 were evening week-day congregations, in all 3,029 persons, and averaging 138 each time, the highest we have had for such a period. The total Offertory was £33 11s. 7¾d., (£13 being special,) and since then the Offertories have been above the average.

By God's help service has always been held from day to day in St. Luke's, and now we enter on its second year with thanks and hope.

As to the Church-House, the ground and three houses on it were purchased by a friend for £740, and on October 18th we were given the keys of two houses for use as choir-vestry, place for mothers' meeting, &c., and will be given the ownership of the third house on condition that £100, in addition to £220 paid in, be made up at Easter. I shall be glad if the gifts of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* enable me to meet this.

The new movement about schools left us no time to breathe, and although I may not succeed, I may be allowed to mention our prospects. The site, which is large and convenient for the 7,500 in St. Luke's District, was purchased last year by the Bishop of London's Fund. They have also given £975 grant towards the building, and all things are prepared for the Privy Council, the National Society, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. If the grants from these sources are given, I think some friends who have been liberal beyond measure before are about to add this to all, to guarantee the taking of a contract for schools for 225 boys, 180 girls, 230 infants. If this be so, will it not be allowed me to say, 'It is His doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'

So, dear Sir, we enter on Advent and Christmas-tide: may God be with us, for Christ's sake.

Yours very sincerely,
William Wallace.

Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will the Authors of Ireland's Sorrow *and of* Things *communicate with us?*

Declined with thanks.—The Children's Friend; *Three Poems—of which* The Highland Widow's Lament *is one—with no address on them;* Appeal for Schools at Cheltenham.

Belston Rectory *adds to the information given last month to* Ella, *that Hymn* 360 *was brought from Genoa, but again the giver's name was forgotten.*

Elizabeth *asks for a book of sacred verses, to be* read *aloud on Sundays at Family Worship.——Dr. Monsell's* Spiritual Songs, (*Parker,*) *Mrs. Alexander's* Verses for Sacred Seasons, (*Masters,*) *or* The Child's Christian Year, (*Parker,*) *would either of them answer her purpose.*

H. B. and a former Correspondent.—*A literary Correspondent of the New Orleans* Sunday Times *solves the question considering the origin of the hitherto untraceable quotation,* 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.' *It first appeared in verses written in an old memorandum-book, the author not recollected.*

'Sweet-heart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
  Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale,
  My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
  These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm,
  Though lost to sight to memory dear.'

A. B. *will be very much obliged for any information respecting* Holy Cross Home, Walworth, London.

Martina.—'*Your affectionate bother*' *is a case in which printers will be too correct, and authors cannot be a match for them. We stand corrected as to St. Canace or Kenny being a man.—Another Correspondent brings us to book as to the chronology of* The Pillars of the House. *We own that contemporary anachronisms are great pit-falls.*

Sister Elvira *begs for some hints on the study of Hebrew Poetry.*

Margaret *would be very glad to be recommended a good book of Christmas Carols, with music.*

A Constant Reader *of* The Monthly Packet *would be much obliged if the Editor would recommend her a good Commentary on the Gospels and Epistles.——If this means the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays, the Rev. Isaac Williams's* Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels (*Parker*) *is best to use. As to the Gospels themselves, we should recommend either Isaac Williams, Walsham How,* (*S.P.C.K.*) *or Ridley.* (*Rivingtons.*) *For the Epistles,* A Cottage Commentary.

F. M. P. *begs for information on the working of* Crèches.